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RESTORATION DRAMATISTS
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JONSON
VOLUME 2

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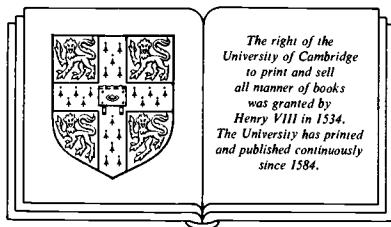
The selected plays of Ben Jonson, volume 1, edited by Johanna Procter: *Sejanus*; *Volpone*; *Epicoene*, or *The Silent Woman*

The selected plays of Ben Jonson, volume 2, edited by Martin Butler: *The Alchemist*; *Bartholomew Fair*; *The New Inn*; *A Tale of a Tub*

THE SELECTED PLAYS OF
BEN JONSON
VOLUME 2

The Alchemist
Bartholomew Fair
The New Inn
A Tale of a Tub

EDITED BY
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PREFACE TO THE SERIES

This series provides the best plays (in some cases, the complete plays) of the major English Renaissance and Restoration dramatists, in fully-annotated, modern-spelling texts, soundly edited by scholars in the field.

The introductory matter in each volume is factual and historical rather than critical; it includes, where appropriate, a brief biography of the playwright, a list of his works with dates of plays' first performances, the reasons for the volume editor's choice of plays, a short critical bibliography and a note on the texts used. An introductory note to each play then gives the source material, a short stage-history, and details of the individual editions of that play.

Short notes at the foot of the page are designed to gloss the text or enlarge on its literary, historical or social allusions. Editors have added explanatory notes and have commented on textual variants.

The volumes are intended for anyone interested in English drama in two of its richest periods, but they will prove especially useful to students at all levels who want to enjoy and explore the best work of these dramatists.

Graham Storey

INTRODUCTION

Life

Ben Jonson was born between October 1572 and May 1573, the posthumous son of an impoverished gentleman who had 'turned Minister' of religion. His mother's remarriage to a master bricklayer of Westminster and the temporary apprenticeship to his stepfather's craft which the young man would later undergo left him especially sensitive to imputations of meanness of birth, but despite being 'brought up poorly' he was educated (through the good offices of an unknown benefactor) at Westminster School under the great schoolmaster William Camden; with this man, and with other scholars of his circle, such as John Selden and Robert Cotton, Jonson maintained an enduring friendship. Before appearing in the books of the theatre financier Philip Henslowe in 1597, Jonson had served as a soldier in Flanders (during which service, he later claimed, he had killed an enemy in single combat), and spent some time as a strolling player. He had also married; his wife, 'a shrew yet honest', was to bear him at least two children, both of whom died in infancy.

The first title connected with his name was the 'sedytious' comedy *The Isle of Dogs*, part authorship of which earned him two months' imprisonment in 1597. In the next two years he saw prison twice more: once for debt, once for the manslaughter of a fellow actor, Gabriel Spencer, killed in a duel after a quarrel. During this third imprisonment he became a Catholic (he was later to act as a government agent against the Gunpowder conspirators, and returned to the Church of England around 1610). By 1599 he was already being listed as among 'our best for Tragedie', but his earliest surviving successes were comedies performed by the Lord Chamberlain's Men, *Every Man in his Humour* (1598) and *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599); the latter was the first of three 'comical satires' that broke away from the norms of Elizabethan romantic writing represented by his own *The Case is Altered* (1598), a play he chose not to include among his collected works. In the other comical satires, *Cynthia's Revels* and *The Poetaster*, both staged in 1601 by the Children of the Chapel, Jonson attempted to work out his highly individual and experimental ideas of comic form, but found himself embroiled with John Marston and Thomas Dekker in the so-called 'War of the Theatres'. Hostilities were not so acrimonious that Jonson was unwilling to collaborate with Marston in *Eastward Ho!* (1605), but he did retire temporarily from

the stage after *Poetaster* to live on the patronage of Sir Robert Townshend and Lord Aubigny.

The product of retirement was the massive, scholarly and almost equally experimental tragedy *Sejanus* (1603), a play which, though unsuccessful at the Globe, seems to have been a personal catalyst for the establishment of the mature Jonsonian comic form in *Volpone* (1605), *Epicoene* (1609–10), *The Alchemist* (1610) and *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), of which only *Epicoene* was written for a children's troupe. The plays of this decade deservedly established Jonson in the eyes of contemporaries as the foremost literary figure of the age; only the demanding classical tragedy *Catiline* (1611) failed to find an 'understanding auditory', while *The Masque of Blackness* (1605) had already initiated what would become a twenty-year career as foremost writer of masques for performance at court. However, his relationship with the court remained ambivalent, as his conservative predilection for a stable, responsible monarchy was compromised by his moral idealism and his realism about the nature of the Jacobean dispensation. *Sejanus* brought him to the council table in 1604 to explain passages deemed treasonable, and jokes against the new king's Scottish favourites in *Eastward Ho!* left him in prison and in danger of losing his ears.

By 1616, Jonson was poet laureate in all but name. He had a small court pension; poems and dedications attest to his friendships with powerful aristocratic families such as the Sidneys, the Herberts and the Cecils; he had travelled on the continent as tutor to the son of Sir Walter Raleigh (not without misadventure). The folio volume of his *Works*, meticulously edited and published in 1616 (the same year as the *Works* of King James), marked a moment of personal culmination. And yet, after *Bartholomew Fair*, *The Devil is an Ass* (1616) seems a curiously impoverished comedy, and there are suggestions of an attempt by Jonson to modify or redefine his form. Both of these plays hint at a dissatisfaction with the playwright's public, and after 1616 Jonson ceased temporarily to write for the professional stages altogether.

In the following ten years honours continued to come – he was fêted by the Scots gentry and banqueted by the city of Edinburgh during his walking tour to the north in 1618–19, and he received an honorary MA from the University of Oxford in 1619 – but his dramatic output was confined to masques for Whitehall, and the years 1618–20 seem to have been occupied with literary projects other than plays (such

as an English grammar and a versified life of Henry V); when in 1623 a fire in his house destroyed his current projects, only 'parcels of a play' were among them. Moreover, having become so closely identified with the court, Jonson now began to find that his position was being undermined from within Whitehall. King James granted him the reversion of the office of Master of the Revels in 1621 and there were rumours of a knighthood, but Jonson's relationship with the new order arising under Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham was uneasy, and his place at court was made difficult by his personal and intellectual disagreements with his collaborator in the court masques, the architect Inigo Jones. Although in the 1620s he presided happily over a literary society, the 'Tribe of Ben', at the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern, he was severely piqued by the failure of the court to invite him to contribute to the preparations being made in 1623 to welcome Charles's intended bride, the Spanish Infanta, and after the death of James in 1625 the slender financial allowance he received from the crown fell increasingly into arrears. Jonson was rather out of place in the polite, elegant and attenuated atmosphere of Caroline Whitehall. Only once, in 1631, did Charles invite him to write a court masque, and on this occasion Jonson's poor relationship with Inigo Jones came to a head in a major public row over artistic responsibility for the masque; from this quarrel Jonson emerged the loser. Several of Jonson's friends (such as Cotton, Selden and Edward Hyde, the future Earl of Clarendon) were moderate critics of the court in the late 1620s, and after the Duke of Buckingham's assassination in 1628 Jonson was among those questioned about the authorship of verses in praise of his assassin. A series of begging letters and poems at this time testifies to his reduced circumstances, and though he was appointed to the unlikely office of Chronologer of the City of London in 1628, his salary was withheld from 1631 to 1634 owing to non-performance of his duties. By this stage he had suffered a stroke and was confined to his bedchamber; a project for a second volume of his works collapsed in 1631. A combination of circumstances was conspiring to force him back to the professional stage again.

Jonson's late plays (*The Staple of News*, 1626; *The New Inn*, 1629; *The Magnetic Lady*, 1632; *A Tale of a Tub*, 1633; and the unfinished *Sad Shepherd*) have been overshadowed by the catastrophic failure of *The New Inn*, which was hissed from the Blackfriars stage, provoking an angry

exchanges in verse between the playwright and several of his spectators. The other plays, if not fully successful, were better treated and, though they do not equal Jonson's best work, as a group all five do not deserve the label 'dotages' which Dryden stuck on them. They are, rather, an astonishing period of renewed activity in a career already remarkable for its length, and mark a courageous and hard-won return to a changed theatre by a master playwright working under conditions of considerable difficulty. The formal innovations that they involve (their country settings, romantic plots, and nostalgia for earlier or better times) suggest a dramatist reassessing both his own theatrical preferences and his relationship to the dominant cultural modes of an unsympathetic age.

Though in the 1630s Jonson was shamefully neglected by the court (one courtier in 1632 expressed surprise to hear that he was still alive), his last years were not devoid of friends and supporters. His last patron, the Earl of Newcastle, provided financial help and commissioned two entertainments for presentation to the king when he visited the earl's Nottinghamshire estates; and Jonson's friendship with Edward Hyde put him in touch with a circle that included the Earl of Falkland, Kenelm Digby, John Earle, Tom May and Thomas Carew. It seems to have been largely from this group that the initiative came for the volume of posthumous elegies, *Jonsonus Virbius*. Jonson died on 6 August 1637. 'All or the greatest part of nobility and gentry then in the town' attended his funeral at Westminster Abbey. His goods were valued at £8 8s 10d.

The text of this edition

Jonson was unique in his own time for the close personal interest he took in the publication of his plays. Consequently, apart from *A Tale of a Tub*, which was first published after Jonson's death as part of the so-called third volume of the second edition of his *Works* (1640–1), the early published texts of the plays in this volume carry an unusually heavy weight of authorial intention in the matter of accidentals, even taking into account the unreliability of seventeenth-century typesetting. *The Alchemist* was first published in 1612, then lightly revised for inclusion in the great folio volume of *Works* (1616). In 1631, *Bartholomew Fair* was prepared in connection with a projected second volume of works, but the bedridden Jonson was dissatisfied with the inadequacies of his printer, John Beale, and the

scheme collapsed with most of the already printed sheets being left unissued; they remained in the hands of successive printers until 1640, when they became part of the second volume of the second edition of the *Works*. *The New Inn* was published separately in octavo in 1631, and this time Jonson was much better served by a new printer, Thomas Harper. He had revised the text, and he made corrections in proof.

In preparing my text, I have tried to conserve as much as is appropriate in a modernised edition of Jonson's intentions as manifested in these early editions. As far as possible (in slightly different textual circumstances) this volume follows the procedures adopted for volume I of *The Selected Plays of Ben Jonson*. The main differences from other modernised texts are

(1) This edition preserves some of Jonson's contracted verbal forms, particularly observing *yo'are* and *yo'were* which distinguish tenses obscured by the modernised *you're*, and for which Jonson exhibits a marked preference.

(2) Proper names are conservatively modernised, especially where modernisation involves a significant difference in pronunciation (as is the case with *Ursla*, in *Bartholomew Fair*, where I have followed G. R. Hibbard's New Mermaids edition in acknowledging the force of Jacobean pronunciation).

(3) In punctuating I have endeavoured to respect Jonson's indications of dramatic emphasis as far as is consistent with modernisation. A very strong case can be made out for the practical value of Jonson's punctuation. Jonson had sophisticated notions of the function of punctuation (for which see his *English Grammar*), and evolved his own highly developed system of pointing which, though it seems heavy to modern readers and has been dismissed as merely rhetorical or grammatical, can repeatedly be shown to carry real theatrical force. For example, though Druggier's language embodies the hesitation with which he unfolds his dreams to the cunning man, it is Jonson's sudden rash of ungrammatically-sited commas that causes him to stumble and stutter helplessly before us (*The Alchemist*, I.iii.6-16). Similarly, the proliferation of Mammon's subordinate clauses that expand one after another seemingly to infinity is allowed not only by the loose syntax that barely governs his speech but also by Jonson's casually interlocked commas and semicolons that offer no serious containment to his inexhaustible mind (II.ii.41-87). On the other hand, the brilliant but erratic

flashes of bravura wit that issue from Quarlous result in sustained passages of barely coherent syntax underpinned by a jumble of commas, colons, semicolons and stops which it would be unreasonable to put down in its entirety to the inadequacies of the printer (*Bartholomew Fair*, I.iii.151–68). So too in *The New Inn* Jonson's freer use of marks of exclamation signals the heightened and slightly strained emotionalism that afflicts participants in the game of honour and love (I.vi.139–48, IV.iv.256–64).

Inevitably, there has to be some lightening and regularising of Jonson's pointing for the convenience of the modern reader, but simply to repunctuate from scratch, following modern principles, is to forfeit an important dimension of the Jonsonian text: a comparison between the contemporary editions and any of the more radically repointed modern versions reveals starkly the loss of dramatic immediacy and even clarity which is involved. I have tried to punctuate positively rather than negatively: that is, as far as possible to respect punctuation which could be held to have potential as theatrical signals, and only to revise Jonson's punctuation where it threatens to obscure the sense. Where the conventions of punctuation have changed (such as our use of ' . . . , . . . ! ' where Jonson might write ' . . . ! . . . , ') I have modernised but attempted to do so in the spirit of such pointing. However, these strictures apply with greater force to *The Alchemist* and *The New Inn* (where Jonson oversaw the publication) than they do to *Bartholomew Fair* (where he complained about the printer's shortcomings) and the posthumously published *Tale of a Tub*.

I have followed the discretion of other editors of *Bartholomew Fair* in leaving Jonson's stage-Irish, Welsh and Scots largely as he prints it, and I have tried to acknowledge what seem to be conscious archaisms in *A Tale of a Tub* (this means, for example, printing 'bride-ale' for 'bridal').

The standard edition of Jonson, to which all subsequent editors are indebted, not least for its substantial introductions and notes, is the monumental 11-volume Clarendon text, *The Works of Ben Jonson* (ed. C. H. Herford, and Percy and Evelyn Simpson, Oxford, 1925–52), hereafter referred to as Herford and Simpson or H&S. A remarkable achievement for its time, this edition is not likely to be superseded in the foreseeable future. The principal editions before Herford and Simpson were those of Peter Whalley (7 vols., 1756), William Gifford (9 vols., 1816),

and Francis Cunningham's revision of Gifford (3 vols., 1871). A modernised version of Herford and Simpson in four volumes with inadequate commentary has been prepared by G. A. Wilkes (1981–2). The many single-volume editions of individual plays are listed in the introductions to each play; inevitably I have drawn heavily on most of these and would like to acknowledge here my very considerable indebtedness to the labours of those who have gone before.

Select bibliography

Biography

It is remarkable that the life of this many-sided figure has attracted so little serious attention. At the moment, the choice of biographies is between Marchette Chute's *Ben Jonson of Westminster* (London: Robert Hale, 1954) and Rosalind Miles's *Ben Jonson, His Life and Work* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1986); the former inclines to the leisurely and sentimental, the latter to the workmanlike and breezy. Richard Helgerson has studied Jonson's processes of self-definition as a writer in *Self-Crowned Laureates* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983), and Jonathan Goldberg, in his dense and provocative book *James I and the Politics of Literature* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1983), has investigated Jonson's contribution to the language and iconography of Stuart kingship. The shape of Jonson's career has been examined in relation to the cultural and political pressures of the day by Philip Edwards in *Threshold of a Nation* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979) and by David Norbrook in *Poetry and Politics in the English Renaissance* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1984), but there is still plenty of room for a full-scale literary and intellectual biography, if a scholar can be found brave enough to attempt it. Much the best direct approaches to Jonson the man are through the comments of contemporaries collected in Herford and Simpson (XI, pp. 305–494) and in *The Jonson Allusion-Book* (ed. J. F. Bradley and J. Q. Adams (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1922)), and through Jonson's *Conversations with William Drummond* (Herford and Simpson, I, pp. 128–78), his own informal, unreliable but utterly fascinating self-assessment.

Criticism

Jonson has always received sympathetic commentary from practising poets. Detailed criticism begins with Dryden's account of *Epicoene* in *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668). To Coleridge, Jonson seemed a 'Mammoth or Megatherion', but he praised his 'sterling English diction' and accounted *The Alchemist* one of 'the three most perfect plots ever planned' (R. F. Brinkley (ed.), *Coleridge on the Seventeenth Century* (Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press, 1955), pp. 637–49). T. S. Eliot's ambivalent praise in his famous essay of 1919 (collected in *Selected Essays* (London: Faber and Faber, 1932)) has had an ambivalent effect on succeeding criticism; but A. C. Swinburne's *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1888–9), though ridiculed by Eliot, deserves to be much better known, not least for its enthusiasm and its endearingly eccentric preference for *The Staple of News*.

The seminal work for modern scholarship has been L. C. Knights's *Drama and Society in the Age of Jonson* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1937), which made the first serious attempt to assess Jonson's plays in the light of their socio-economic context. Knights's approach has been refined by Brian Gibbons in *Jacobean City Comedy* (London: Rupert Hart-Davis, 1968), and criticised by Don E. Wayne, 'Drama and society in the age of Jonson: an alternative view' (*Renaissance Drama*, n.s. 13 (1982), pp. 103–29). Nicholas Grene examines the implications of Knights's failure to take *Bartholomew Fair* seriously in 'L. C. Knights's *Drama and Society in the Age of Jonson*' (*Themes in Drama*, I (1979), pp. 291–8).

Dryden's neo-classical account of the principles of Jonsonian comic form was attacked by Freda L. Townsend in *Apologie for Bartholomew Fayre: The Art of Jonson's Comedies* (New York: The Modern Language Association of America, 1947), but Townsend's structural formula of 'unity in variety' has itself been modified by Wallace A. Bacon in 'The magnetic field: the structure of Jonson's comedies' (*Huntington Library Quarterly*, 19 (1955–6), pp. 121–53). Gabriele Bernhardt Jackson's wide-ranging *Vision and Judgment in Ben Jonson's Drama* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1968) includes a brilliant analysis of the structural mechanics of Jonsonian comedy; some of her analyses have been built upon by Gail Kern Paster in 'Ben Jonson's comedy of limitation' (*Studies in Philology*, 72 (1975), pp. 51–71). Jonson's formal debt to the Tudor

morality play is investigated by A. C. Dessen in *Jonson's Moral Comedy* (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1971), while Leo Salinger has examined the influence of Aristophanes in 'Comic form in Ben Jonson' (reprinted in his *Dramatic Form in Shakespeare and the Jacobean* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1986), pp. 157-64). Thomas M. Greene traces one structural pattern in 'Ben Jonson and the centred self' (*Studies in English Literature*, 10 (1970), pp. 325-48).

Amongst recent book-length studies, the most important has been Anne Barton's *Ben Jonson, Dramatist* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), which traces throughout Jonson's career his twin rages for order and chaos, radically revising the traditional stereotype of an aloof, Horatian dramatist. A similarly complex Jonson emerges from Richard Dutton's rather uneven book, *Ben Jonson: To the First Folio* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1984), while he is altogether less genial a figure in Douglas Duncan's *Ben Jonson and the Lucianic Tradition* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1979) which tellingly investigates the humanist roots of Jonson's strategies for teasing his audience towards judgement. A range of Jonsonian topics is treated by Alexander Leggatt in *Ben Jonson: His Vision and His Art* (London: Methuen, 1981) and by George Parfitt in his brief but suggestive collection of essays, *Ben Jonson: Public Poet and Private Man* (London: Dent, 1976). Katharine Eisaman Maus's *Ben Jonson and the Roman Frame of Mind* (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1984) is an important study of Jonson's personal investment in classical Latin literature, while the most recent study, Peter Womack's *Ben Jonson* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1986), attempts to approach Jonson from within a Bakhtinian perspective.

All of the books noticed above give space to *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*. The imagery of *The Alchemist* is studied separately in a chapter of Edward B. Partridge's *The Broken Compass* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1958), and the thematic significance of the play's concern with language is described in Ian Donaldson's 'Language, noise and nonsense: *The Alchemist*' (in Earl Miner (ed.), *Seventeenth Century Imagery* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1971), pp. 69-82). William Empson's characteristically provoking essay '*The Alchemist* and the critics' appeared in *The Hudson Review*, 22 (1969-70), pp. 595-608. These three are collected with other commentaries on the play and a fine introductory

essay in R. V. Holdsworth (ed.), *Jonson: 'Every Man In His Humour' and 'The Alchemist', A Casebook* (London: Macmillan, 1978). The play's structure is analysed by R. E. Knoll in 'How to read *The Alchemist*' (*College English*, 21 (1960), pp. 456–60), and D. F. Finnigan considers Surly's contribution in 'The role of Surly in *The Alchemist*' (*Papers on Language and Literature*, 16 (1980), pp. 100–4). Contrasting accounts of the ending are provided by Judd Arnold in 'Lovewit's triumph and Jonsonian morality: a reading of *The Alchemist*' (*Criticism*, 11 (1969), pp. 151–66) and Wayne A. Rebhorn in 'Jonson's "Jovy boy": Lovewit and the dupes in *The Alchemist*' (*Journal of English and Germanic Philology*, 79 (1980), pp. 355–75). In two closely related essays, Richard Dutton ('*Volpone* and *The Alchemist*: a comparison in satiric techniques', *Renaissance and Modern Studies*, 18 (1974), pp. 34–62) and R. L. Smallwood ('"Here in the Friars": immediacy and theatricality in *The Alchemist*', *Review of English Studies*, 32 (1981), pp. 141–60) suggest how the play's illusion of a familiar and exactly contemporaneous setting works to undermine the audience's complacent superiority to the play's gulls. Harry Levin has drawn telling comparisons with Shakespeare in 'Two magian comedies: *The Tempest* and *The Alchemist*' (*Shakespeare Survey*, 22 (1969), pp. 47–58).

The outstanding essay on *Bartholomew Fair* is a brilliant chapter in Jonas Barish's *Ben Jonson and the Language of Prose Comedy* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1960) which ranges far beyond Barish's immediate concern with Jonson's prose; however, Barish takes the play to be rather more indulgent towards its fools than do Gibbons, Duncan and Dutton in the volumes cited above. An influential earlier essay on the play's concern with authority is Ray L. Heffner Jr's 'Unifying symbols in the comedy of Ben Jonson' (reprinted in R. J. Kaufmann (ed.), *Elizabethan Drama: Modern Essays in Criticism* (London: Oxford University Press, 1961), pp. 170–86). No less than five essays have found a point of departure in the play's staging. Richard Levin analyses the structure of the action in intricate detail in *The Multiple Plot in English Renaissance Drama* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1971). R. B. Parker in 'The themes and staging of *Bartholomew Fair*' (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, 39 (1969–70), pp. 293–309), Guy Hamel in 'Order and judgment in *Bartholomew Fair*' (*University of Toronto Quarterly*, 42 (1973–4), pp. 48–67), and Joel H. Kaplan in

'Dramatic and moral energy in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*' (*Renaissance Drama*, n.s. 3 (1970), pp. 137–56) all examine ways in which Jonson's staging reinforces his thematic concerns. Leo Salinger argues a connection between the bustling crowd on stage and Jonson's pre-occupation with defining his literary public in 'Crowd and public in *Bartholomew Fair*' (*Dramatic Form in Shakespeare and the Jacobean*, pp. 189–205). Ian Donaldson considers the play as a festive comedy in *The World Upside Down* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1970) and discusses the implications of its court performance, as does William Blissett in 'Your Majesty is welcome to a fair' (*The Elizabethan Theatre*, IV (ed. G. R. Hibbard, Ontario, 1974), pp. 80–105). Jonathan Haynes develops a rather more sceptical view of the play's carnivalesque features in 'Festivity and the dramatic economy of *Bartholomew Fair*' (*ELH*, 51 (1984), pp. 645–68). The play's vapours are studied from the point of view of theme by James E. Robinson in '*Bartholomew Fair*: comedy of vapours' (*Studies in English Literature*, 1, no. 2 (1961), pp. 65–80), and in relation to seventeenth-century science by Patrick Grant in *Literature and the Discovery of Method in the English Renaissance* (Basingstoke: Macmillan, 1985), pp. 48–76. The religious resonances of the play's language are explored (rather over-ingeniously) by Jackson I. Cope in '*Bartholomew Fair* as blasphemy' (*Renaissance Drama*, 8 (1965), pp. 127–52).

The most exciting recent development in Jonsonian criticism has been the gradual recuperation of the last plays from Dryden's charge in the *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* of being Jonson's 'dotages'. Earlier attempts at a defence of *The New Inn* by Edward B. Partridge (*The Broken Compass*, pp. 189–205) and Larry S. Champion (*Ben Jonson's 'Dotages': A Reconsideration of the Late Plays* (Lexington: University of Kentucky Press, 1967) had granted the essential truth of Dryden's position while falling back desperately on to ironic readings of the play. Succeeding critics have been more willing to credit Jonson's seriousness, and have begun to read the last plays as an extraordinary and belated (if only partly successful) departure into new artistic territory against a background of complex changes in society, audience and theatrical taste. This has been taken furthest by D. F. McKenzie in '*The Staple of News* and Jonson's late plays' (in William Blissett (ed.), *A Celebration of Ben Jonson* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1973), pp. 83–128) and by

Anne Barton in the book cited above. Professor Barton's emphasis on the Shakespearean dimension of *The New Inn* was partially anticipated by C. G. Thayer in *Ben Jonson: Studies in the Plays* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1963), while the play appears as a kind of culmination in Mary Chan's *Music in the Theatre of Ben Jonson* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1980). The concern with theatricality in *The New Inn* has been sensitively treated by Harriet Hawkins ('The idea of a theatre in Jonson's *The New Inn*', *Renaissance Drama*, 9 (1966), pp. 205–26) and by Douglas Duncan ('A guide to *The New Inn*', *Essays in Criticism*, 20 (1970), pp. 311–26), though (to Hawkins) Lovel's speeches and (to Duncan) the last act still sound like parody. Patrick Cheney examines one detail of Lovel's arguments in 'Jonson's *New Inn* and Plato's myth of the hermaphrodite' (*Renaissance Drama*, n.s. 14 (1983), pp. 173–94), and Jon S. Lawry reads the play as a critique of what he (rather unhelpfully) terms 'modernism' in 'A prospect of Jonson's *The New Inn*' (*Studies in English Literature*, 23 (1983), pp. 311–27). *A Tale of a Tub* still awaits full reevaluation, but has been sympathetically handled by Anne Barton, by Muriel Bradbrook (*The Living Monument* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1976), pp. 249–52), and by L. A. Beaurline (*Ben Jonson and Elizabethan Comedy* (San Marino: The Huntington Library, 1978), pp. 274–86).

Finally, mention should be made of an important study of the theatre history of Jonson's plays, R. G. Noyes's *Ben Jonson on the English Stage 1660–1776* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1935). There is a fairly recent consolidated bibliography of Jonson by William L. Godshalk in T. P. Logan and Denzell S. Smith (eds.), *The New Intellectuals* (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1977), pp. 3–116.

Addendum

Three important studies have recently appeared, and must be added here. On *The Alchemist*, Robert N. Watson's 'The Alchemist and Jonson's conversion of comedy', in B. K. Lewalski (ed.), *Renaissance Genres* (Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1986), pp. 332–65. On *Bartholomew Fair*, Peter Stallybrass and Allon White's *The Politics and Poetics of Transgression* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1986). And on *Bartholomew Fair* and *A Tale of a Tub*, Leah Marcus's *The Politics of Mirth* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1986).

THE ALCHEMIST.

A Comædie.

Acted in the yeere 1610. By the
Kings MAIESTIES
Seruants.

The Author B. I.

LVCRET.

*— petere inde coronam,
Vnde prius nulli uelant tempora Musa.*

LONDON,
Printed by WILLIAM STANSBY

M. D C. XVI.

Motto

'To seek the Muses' garland where no one has won it
before' (Lucretius, *On the Nature of the Universe*,
IV.1).

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sources

The classical lines of the construction of *The Alchemist* are evident in its scrupulous regard for the unities and in its Aristophanic scheme of a central fantastic project which brings the various characters together at a common centre. There is a specific structural debt in Act V to Plautus's *Mostellaria* (*The Haunted House*) in which a master returns home to find his servant attempting to prevent him from entering the house, and from finding the disorder which has taken place in his absence, by pretending that the house is haunted. The main action may owe something to Lucian's satirical biography *Alexander*, in which a charlatan sets up a fake oracle and attracts crowds of credulous visitors, but essentially its design remains Jonson's own invention, a triumph of multiple plotting.

There was a long tradition of satire on alchemy, particularly as a topos illustrative of man's perennial willingness to be deceived. Alchemists had been lampooned in the Italian *commedia erudita*, but Jonson was more likely to have been conscious of precedents in *The Canon's Yeoman's Tale* of Chaucer, and in Erasmus's colloquy *Alcumistica* (in which the gull is as much the object of laughter as the rogue). Doubtless he took much from observation and experience. The Tudor and Stuart periods saw a series of cheaters who claimed to be in touch with the fairies, and the Dapper plot builds on the actual experiences of one Thomas Rogers, who had given money in the hope of marriage with the Queen of the Fairies, which became public knowledge in 1609. Jonson claimed that he had once disguised himself as an astrologer 'in a long gown and a white beard' and had been visited by a gullible lady (Herford and Simpson, I, p. 141).

Jonson's alchemical expertise was genuine. He drew on many authorities: Arnald of Villanova, Geber, Paracelsus, Robertus Vallensis, Sendivogius and Martin del Rio, besides a German collection of treatises *De Alchemia* (1541) and English writings by George Ripley and (attributed to) Roger Bacon. His borrowings are set out in full in Herford and Simpson's commentary. He presented the theory of alchemy with a minimum of distortion, and told William Drummond he knew how to 'set horoscopes, but trusts not in them' (Herford and Simpson, I, p. 141).

Dol's ravings in IV.v were adapted from *A Concoct of Scripture* (1590), a treatise on biblical chronology by the Puritan Hugh Broughton.

Stage history

The play was intended for the Blackfriars playhouse in the autumn of 1610, for it contains many details of time and place carefully designed to create an illusion of exact contemporaneity (see especially III.ii.129–32, which dates the action of the play to 1 November). But the plague may have prevented any London performance before mid November, and the first record of performance is at Oxford in September, where it received ‘very great applause . . . Our religious men, shame to say, flocked there most eagerly’ (Herford and Simpson, IX, p. 224).

The Alchemist has had the most dazzling success on stage of all Jonson’s plays, and has a virtually continuous history down to 1815. It was seen at court in 1613 and 1623, and is mentioned as revived again in 1631 and 1639, by which time it had also reached Dublin. Several Caroline comedies show plain signs of indebtedness to it. It continued to be current while the playhouses were closed from 1642 to 1660 in a short ‘droll’ or abridgement, for casual or surreptitious staging.

After the Restoration, *The Alchemist* became one of the principal ‘old stock’ plays of the King’s Company, with Clun (later Wintershall) playing Subtle, Mohun as Face, and Lacy as Ananias. Dryden defended his failure to punish his vicious characters in *An Evening’s Love* (1671) by citing the precedent of Face; Jeremy Collier replied (in 1698) that Jonson had made Face apologise for the lapse in decorum. There are no records of performance between 1675 and 1701, but by 1709 Richard Steele was calling it ‘as great a masterpiece as has ever appeared by any hand’.¹

Between 1709 and 1776 the play was continually in vogue; the *South Sea Bubble* (1720) gave it a special topicality. Cibber achieved particular success in his portrayal of Druggier (1731–46), but he was outshone by Garrick whose performance in this role was legendary. A contemporary described it as ‘the ridiculous above all conception’:

When he first opens his mouth, the features of his face seem, as it were, to drop upon his tongue; it is all caution; it is timorous, stammering, and inexpressible. When he stands under the conjuror to have his features examined, his teeth, his beard, his little finger, his awkward simplicity, and his concern, mixed with hope

¹ R. G. Noyes, *Ben Jonson on the English Stage*, 1935, p. 112.

and fear, and joy and avarice, and good-nature,
are above painting.²

Drugger was given extra business, including the accidental breaking of a urine-bottle in Act I (which originated with Cibber), and a prominent part in the baffling of Surly in IV.vii (which seems to have turned into a boxing match). In other respects the play was shortened by 900 lines, and its vulgarities excised.

Garrick played the role until 1776, and Drugger's popularity inspired a farcical abridgement of the play centring on him, *The Tobacconist* by Francis Gentleman (1770), a sequel, *The Pantheonites* (1773), and a comic monologue, *Abel Drugger's Return from the Fete Champetre at Marylebone Gardens* (1774). One enterprising London tobacconist named his shop the Abel Drugger. A revival of *The Tobacconist* with Edmund Kean as Drugger marks the last trace of *The Alchemist* before its revival by Poel's English Stage Company in 1899.

Notable modern revivals have included the Malvern Festival production, with Ralph Richardson as Face, in 1932, and the Old Vic Theatre Company production, at the New Theatre in 1947, again with Richardson as Face, but on this occasion outshone by another remarkable Drugger, that of Alec Guinness:

his wistful, happy eyes moving, in dumb wonder from Face to Subtle: a solid little fellow, you felt, and how eager to help. At last he puts in a tolerable contribution to the conversation. *O altitudo!* His face creases ruddily into modest delight, and he stamps his thin feet in glee.³

Tyrone Guthrie's 1962 Old Vic production, with Charles Gray as Mammon and Leo McKern as Subtle, was disastrously modernised. Stuart Burge's New Theatre production (1970) featured a revolving house, vaudeville plate-juggling and bravura quick changes. The outstanding recent revival has been by the Royal Shakespeare Company (1977), 'at top speed and point-blank range on a diminutive trick set', with Ian McKellen as a 'greasy and mean' Face, John Woodvine 'grim and misanthropic' as Subtle, and Trevor Nunn directing, in a version adapted by Peter Barnes.⁴ The Marlowe Society at Cambridge in 1982

2 R. V. Holdsworth (ed.), *Jonson's 'Every Man in His Humour' and 'The Alchemist': A Casebook*, 1978, p. 220.

3 K. Tynan, *A View of the English Stage*, 1975, p. 67.

4 *The Times*, 15 May 1977; *New Statesman*, 1977, p. 908.

broke the play's back by putting the interval between Acts IV and V.

The text

The play appeared first in quarto in 1612, and was overhauled by Jonson for its appearance in the 1616 folio. Many of the changes were made to avoid some of the play's more blatant profanities. I have followed the corrected state of the folio text, but I have restored the obviously superior quarto reading at I.ii.56. The edition of C. M. Hathaway (1903) was superseded by Herford and Simpson, and the most important subsequent editions are those of Douglas Brown (*New Mermaids*, 1966), F. H. Mares (*Revels*, 1968), S. Musgrove (*Fountainwell*, 1968) and Alvin B. Kernan (Yale, 1974). Mares's and Kernan's editions include particularly fine introductions and useful accounts of alchemy. A facsimile of the 1612 quarto has been published by the Scolar Press (Menston, 1970).

A note on alchemy

Alchemy – the quest for the manufacture of the Philosophers' Stone (actually a powder) which could transmute base metals into gold (or, as an elixir, could rejuvenate and prolong life) – had its roots in the sophisticated metallurgical, cosmetic, glass and dyeing industries of ancient Egypt and the Middle East. It flourished at Alexandria and in the Islamic empire, eventually reaching Europe in the twelfth century.

Material transmutation was theoretically possible in the universe as described by Aristotle since all substances were believed to have a common origin in an indeterminate primal matter. This, impressed with varying qualities of hot, cold, moist and dry, produced substances which differed according to their varying proportions of the basic elements of earth, air, fire and water. In gold, the four elements were in a condition of perfect balance, and imperfect substances were capable of transmutation into gold by the adjustment of the balance of their elements. Moreover, metals were understood to be generated from exhalations trapped inside the earth, and hence could be reproduced artificially within the laboratory.

In outline, the alchemical work seems to have consisted of resolving a mineral substance to its basic elements, purging and refining these, then recombining and 'nourish-

ing' them at length until the pure Essence was generated. In practice it was rarely so simple, this outline becoming a bewildering array of often-repeated distillations, solutions, crystallisations, condensations, coagulations and so forth. Mercury and sulphur were prominently employed, since they were believed to be constituents of all metals, yet not in their naturally occurring states but in ideal 'sophic' forms. Some twelve steps in the work were generally recognised, involving a series of degrees of heat in the furnace and sequential colour-changes in the magisterium, but there was general vagueness about details and a chaos of conflicting opinion over procedure. Suffice it to say the process was long, expensive, smelly and futile.

The confusion was compounded by the esoteric nature of the literature of alchemy, which was understood as a repository of ancient and secret wisdom, and heavily infected with the language and concerns of astrology, Neoplatonism and Cabbalism. In the recondite and picturesque symbolism of the treatises, substances were designated after the planets which governed them, or after kings and queens, lions, dragons, hermaphrodites and toads, etc., and chemical processes were recounted as births, mutilations, digestions, copulations and drownings. All writers believed alchemy to have a spiritual dimension: the miraculous transformations, refinements, deaths and resurrections which took place in the crucible carried mystical signification, just as scriptural fables or classical myths could be interpreted alchemically. For some adepts, for whom it was entirely a spiritual science, the stone would not be discovered until such time as they had – ironically – lost the desire for worldly wealth altogether.

The theoretical basis of the science was exploded in the seventeenth century, but alchemical textbooks are still being written, and Jonson, for one, was clearly fascinated by it. There are sane and informative introductions by J. Read (*Prelude to Chemistry*, 1936) and E. J. Holmyard (*Alchemy*, 1957). C. A. Burland's *The Arts of the Alchemists* (1967) and A. Coudert's *Alchemy: The Philosophers' Stone* (1980) are both well illustrated.

[DEDICATORY EPISTLE]

TO THE LADY, MOST
DESERVING HER NAME,
AND BLOOD:
MARY,
LADY WROTH

Madam,

In the age of sacrifices, the truth of religion was not
in the greatness, and fat of the offerings, but in the
devotion, and zeal of the sacrificers: else, what could
a handful of gums have done in the sight of a 5
hecatomb? Or how might I appear at this altar, except
with those affections that no less love the light and
witness, than they have the conscience of your virtue?
If what I offer bear an acceptable odour, and hold the
first strength, it is your value of it, which remembers 10
where, when, and to whom it was kindled. Other-
wise, as the times are, there comes rarely forth that
thing so full of authority or example, but by assiduity
and custom grows less, and loses. This, yet, safe in
your judgement (which is a Sidney's) is forbidden to 15
speak more; lest it talk, or look like one of the
ambitious Faces of the time: who, the more they
paint, are the less themselves.

Your Ladyship's true honourer,
BEN JONSON 20

Mary, Lady Wroth: addressee of three poems by Jonson (*Epigrams*, 103, 105, and *Underwoods*, 28). Daughter of Robert Sidney, first Earl of Leicester, niece of Sir Philip Sidney, and herself a poetess. Her husband's name could also be spelled 'Worth', hence 'most deserving her name'.

2-5 from Seneca, *De Beneficiis*, I.vi.2.

8 *conscience*: knowledge.

13 *assiduity*: frequency.

[EPISTLE TO THE READER]

TO THE READER

If thou beest more, thou art an understander, and
then I trust thee. If thou art one that tak'st up, and
but a pretender, beware at what hands thou receiv'st
thy commodity; for thou wert never more fair in the
way to be cozened than in this age in poetry, 5
especially in plays: wherein, now, the concupiscence
of dances and antics so reigneth, as to run away from
nature, and be afraid of her, is the only point of art
that tickles the spectators. But how out of purpose
and place do I name art, when the professors are 10
grown so obstinate contemnners of it, and presumers
on their own naturals, as they are deriders of all
diligence that way, and, by a simple mocking at the
terms when they understand not the things, think to
get off wittily with their ignorance? Nay, they are 15
esteemed the more learned and sufficient for this by
the many, through their excellent vice of judgement.
For they commend writers as they do fencers, or
wrestlers; who if they come in robustuously, and put
for it with a great deal of violence, are received for 20
the braver fellows: when many times their own
rudeness is the cause of their disgrace, and a little
touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force
the foil. I deny not, but that these men, who always
seek to do more than enough, may sometime happen 25
on something that is good and great; but very seldom:
and when it comes it doth not recompense the rest of
their ill. It sticks out perhaps, and is more eminent,
because all is sordid and vile about it: as lights are
more discerned in a thick darkness than a faint 30

Passages from the preface based on Quintilian (II. xi, xii) were repeated by Jonson in comments on the practitioners and audience of poetry in *Discoveries* (Herford and Simpson, VIII, pp. 583, 586–7).

- 1 *understander*: a common Jonsonian theme. Jonson addresses himself to the discerning reader or spectator, who can appreciate his 'art', and repudiates the vulgar, who lack informed judgement. This lofty attack on popular taste continues in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*.
- 7 *antics*: grotesques, such as would be seen on the popular stages, but not at indoor theatres like the Blackfriars.
- 10 *professors*: practitioners.
- 12 *naturals*: natural gifts; but a *natural* was also a fool.
- 17 *excellent vice*: supreme viciousness.

shadow. I speak not this out of a hope to do good on any man against his will; for I know, if it were put to the question of theirs and mine, the worse would find more suffrages: because the most favour common errors. But I give thee this warning, that there is a great difference between those that (to gain the opinion of copy) utter all they can, however unfitly; and those that use election, and a mean. For it is only the disease of the unskilful, to think rude things greater than polished: or scattered more numerous than composed.

37 *copy*: copiousness.

40 *numerous*: abundant; but also harmonious, properly measured.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

SUBTLE, <i>the alchemist</i>	
FACE, <i>the housekeeper</i>	
DOL COMMON, <i>their colleague</i>	
DAPPER, <i>a clerk</i>	
DRUGGER, <i>a tobacco-man</i>	5
LOVEWIT, <i>master of the house</i>	
EPICURE MAMMON, <i>a knight</i>	
[PERTINAX] SURLY, <i>a gamester</i>	
TRIBULATION [WHOLESOME], <i>a pastor of Amsterdam</i>	
ANANIAS, <i>a deacon there</i>	10
KASTRIL, <i>the angry boy</i>	
DA[ME] PLIANT, <i>his sister, a widow</i>	
NEIGHBOURS	
OFFICERS	
MUTES	15
The Scene	
LONDON	

-
- 6 LOVEWIT: his name, crucial to the play's resolution, is never spoken.
 - 7 EPICURE: strictly, a follower of Epicurus (342–270 BC); an atheist and materialist.
 - 8 PERTINAX: obstinate. Also the name of a Roman emperor (d. AD 193) who lost his life through a failure 'to comprehend that one cannot with safety reform everything at once' (Dio Cassius, *Roman History*, lxxiv.10.3).
 - 9 TRIBULATION WHOLESOME: Puritan families frequently gave their children invented godly names (see III.ii.92–7). *Amsterdam*: some English Puritan groups fled to Holland, where there was greater tolerance of extreme Protestant opinion.
 - 10 ANANIAS: the name of a worthy Christian who baptised Saul (Acts 9.10–18) but also of a greedy brother who withheld money due to the community (Acts 5.1–10), as Subtle gleefully points out (II.v.72); Ananias is exposed by his name.
 - 11 KASTRIL: a small hawk, the windhover (see *Epicoeue*, IV.iv.171). Note also *coistrel*, a troublemaker.
 - 15 MUTES: the only candidate is the silent chaplain of V.v.

THE ARGUMENT

T he sickness hot, a master quit, for fear,
H is house in town: and left one servant there.
E ase him corrupted, and gave means to know
A cheater and his punk; who, now brought low,
L eaving their narrow practice, were become 5
C oz'ners at large: and, only wanting some
H ouse to set up, with him they here contract,
E ach for a share, and all begin to act.
M uch company they draw, and much abuse,
I n casting figures, telling fortunes, news, 10
S elling of flies, flat bawdry, with the stone:
T ill it, and they, and all in fume are gone.

1 *sickness*: the plague, virulent in 1609 and 1610.

5 *narrow practice*: i.e. simple swindling and prostitution.

10 *figures*: horoscopes.

11 *flies*: familiar spirits.

the stone: the philosophers' stone, for turning base metals to gold.

PROLOGUE

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
 We wish away; both for your sakes, and ours,
Judging spectators: and desire in place,
 To th'author justice, to ourselves but grace.
Our scene is London, 'cause we would make known 5
 No country's mirth is better than our own.
No clime breeds better matter, for your whore,
 Bawd, squire, impostor, many persons more,
Whose manners, now called humours, feed the stage:
 And which have still been subject for the rage 10
Or spleen of comic writers. Though this pen
 Did never aim to grieve, but better men,
Howe'er the age he lives in doth endure
 The vices that she breeds, above their cure.
But when the wholesome remedies are sweet, 15
 And, in their working, gain and profit meet,
He hopes to find no spirit so much diseased,
 But will, with such fair còrrectives, be pleased.
For here, he doth not fear who can apply.
 If there be any, that will sit so nigh 20
Unto the stream, to look what it doth run,
 They shall find things they'd think, or wish, were
 done;
They are so natural follies, but so shown,
 As even the doers may see, and yet not own.

8 *squire*: pimp.

9 *humours*: alluding to the physiological theory that a man's temperament was determined by the disposition of his *humours*, or bodily fluids (blood, phlegm, choler and bile).

19 *apply*: interpret stage characters as specific real-life individuals (which would bring the author into danger of official censure).

THE ALCHEMIST

ACT I

SCENE I

[Enter] FACE, SUBTLE [and] DOL COMMON.

[FACE.] Believe't, I will.

SUBTLE. Thy worst. I fart at thee.

DOL. Ha'you your wits? Why gentlemen! for love –

FACE. Sirrah, I'll strip you –

SUBTLE. What to do? Lick figs

Out at my –

FACE. Rogue, rogue, out of all your sleights.

DOL. Nay, look ye! Sovereign, General, are you madmen?

SUBTLE. Oh, let the wild sheep loose. I'll gum your silks

With good strong water, an' you come.

DOL. Will you have
The neighbours hear you? Will you betray all?

Hark, I hear somebody.

FACE. Sirrah –

SUBTLE. I shall mar

All that the tailor has made, if you approach.

FACE. You most notorious whelp, you insolent slave,
Dare you do this?

SUBTLE. Yes faith, yes faith.

FACE. Why! who

Am I, my mongrel? Who am I?

SUBTLE. I'll tell you,

Since you know not yourself –

FACE. Speak lower, rogue.

SUBTLE. Yes. You were once (time's not long past)
the good,

5

10

15

1 *fart*: the first vapour in a play full of fumes and noise.

3 *figs*: piles or stools. Herford and Simpson detect an allusion to Rabelais, *Pantagruel*, IV.xlv, but it hardly seems necessary to look for literary sources.

4 *out of all your sleights*: give over your tricks.

7 *strong water*: acid. Subtle is threatening Face with a vial, while Face, we learn, is wielding a sword.

Honest, plain, livery-three-pound-thrum; that
 kept
 Your master's worship's house, here, in the Friars,
 For the vacations –

FACE. Will you be so loud?

SUBTLE. Since, by my means, translated suburb-
 captain.

FACE. By your means, Doctor Dog?

SUBTLE. Within man's memory, 20
 All this, I speak of.

FACE. Why, I pray you, have I
 Been countenanced by you? Or you, by me?
 Do but collect, sir, where I met you first.

SUBTLE. I do not hear well.

FACE. Not of this, I think it.
 But I shall put you in mind, sir, at Pie Corner, 25

Taking your meal of steam in, from cooks' stalls,
 Where, like the father of Hunger, you did walk
 Piteously costive, with your pinched-horn nose,
 And your complexion, of the Roman wash,
 Stuck full of black and melancholic worms, 30
 Like powder corns, shot, at th'artillery yard.

SUBTLE. I wish you could advance your voice a little.

FACE. When you went pinned up, in the several rags
 You'd raked, and picked from dunghills, before
 day,
 Your feet in mouldy slippers, for your kibes, 35
 A felt of rug, and a thin threaden cloak,
 That scarce would cover your no-buttocks –

16 *livery-three-pound-thrum*: a rascally servant (wearing *livery*), ill-paid (£3 a year) and shabby (*thrum*, in weaving, is waste thread).

17 *Friars*: Blackfriars, where the King's Men had their indoor playhouse, the immediate vicinity of the performance.

18 *vacations*: periods outside the law terms, when fashionable society left town.

19 *suburb-captain*: bogus captain, living dishonestly in the disreputable suburbs.

22 *countenanced*: supported; but also transformed, given a face.

25 *Pie Corner*: near Smithfield, an area of small cookshops (named after the Magpie Inn).

28 *pinched-horn*: long and thin, like a shoe horn.

29 *Roman wash*: (?) sallow; (?) undergoing skin treatment.

31 *powder corns*: grains of gunpowder.

artillery yard: the practice ground of the city trained bands.

35 *kibes*: chilblains.

36 *felt of rug*: coarse woollen hat.

- SUBTLE. So, sir!
 FACE. When all your alchemy, and your algebra,
 Your minerals, vegetals, and animals,
 Your conjuring, cozening, and your dozen of
 trades, 40
 Could not relieve your corps with so much linen
 Would make you tinder, but to see a fire;
 I ga'you count'nance, credit for your coals,
 Your stills, your glasses, your materials,
 Built you a furnace, drew you customers, 45
 Advanced all your black arts; lent you, beside,
 A house to practise in –
- SUBTLE. Your master's house!
 FACE. Where you have studied the more thriving skill
 Of bawdry, since.
- SUBTLE. Yes, in your master's house.
 You, and the rats, here, kept possession. 50
 Make it not strange. I know yo'were one could
 keep
 The buttery-hatch still locked, and save the
 chippings,
 Sell the dole beer to aqua-vitae men,
 The which, together with your Christmas vails
 At post and pair, your letting out of counters, 55
 Made you a pretty stock, some twenty marks,
 And gave you credit, to converse with cobwebs,
 Here, since your mistress' death hath broke up
 house.
- FACE. You might talk softlier, rascal.
- SUBTLE. No, you scarab,
 I'll thunder you, in pieces. I will teach you 60
 How to beware to tempt a fury again
 That carries tempest in his hand and voice.
- FACE. The place has made you valiant.

39 *vegetals*: plants.

41 *linen*: underclothing.

52 *chippings*: scraps; like the drink *dole beer* (53), they were intended for distribution to the poor, but Face has secretly sold them on the open market.

54 *vails*: tips.

55 *post and pair*: a card game.

counters: gambling chips, which the butler would hire out to guests at Christmas.

56 *twenty marks*: about £13 sterling. The mark was worth 13s 4d or two-thirds of a pound.

59 *scarab*: dung beetle.

- SUBTLE. No, your clothes.
 Thou vermin, have I ta'en thee out of dung,
 So poor, so wretched, when no living thing 65
 Would keep thee company, but a spider, or
 worse?
 Raised thee from brooms, and dust, and wat'ring
 pots?
 Sublimed thee, and exalted thee, and fixed thee
 I'the third region, called our state of grace?
 Wrought thee to spirit, to quintessence, with pains 70
 Would twice have won me the philosophers' work?
 Put thee in words, and fashion? Made thee fit
 For more than ordinary fellowships?
 Given thee thy oaths, thy quarrelling dimensions?
 Thy rules, to cheat at horse-race, cockpit, cards, 75
 Dice, or whatever gallant tincture else?
 Made thee a second, in mine own great art?
 And have I this for thank? Do you rebel?
 Do you fly out, i'the projection?
 Would you be gone, now?
- DOL. Gentlemen, what mean you? 80
 Will you mar all?
- SUBTLE. Slave, thou had'st had no name –
 DOL. Will you undo yourselves, with civil war?
 SUBTLE. Never been known, past *equi clibanum*,
 The heat of horse dung, under ground in cellars,
 Or an alehouse, darker than deaf John's: been lost 85
 To all mankind, but laundresses, and tapsters,
 Had not I been.
- DOL. Do you know who hears you, Sovereign?
 FACE. Sirrah –

- 68 Subtle describes his effect on Face as an alchemical transmutation. Face has been vaporised (*sublimed*), concentrated (*exalted*), and his volatility stabilised (*fixed*).
- 69 *third region*: purest region of the air.
- 70 *spirit*: in Paracelsian alchemy, the element of 'sophic' mercury in a substance, a fundamental component.
- 71 *work*: the stone, for transmuting base metals to gold.
- 73 *ordinary*: tavern.
- 74 *dimensions*: rules. Subtle describes turning Face into a shark and a spiv.
- 76 *tincture*: colour (in alchemy, tingeing a metal, to seem golden).
- 79 *fly out*: evaporate, or explode.
projection: the final stage, transforming molten metal to gold by throwing on the powdered stone.
- 83 *equi clibanum*: the very first stage of the process; horse dung provided alchemists with their mildest heat.

- DOL. Nay, General, I thought you were civil –
 FACE. I shall turn desperate, if you grow thus loud.
 SUBTLE. And hang thyself, I care not.
 FACE. Hang thee, collier, 90
 And all thy pots and pans, in picture I will,
 Since thou hast moved me –
 DOL. (Oh, this'll o'erthrow all.)
 FACE. Write thee up bawd, in Paul's; have all thy
 tricks
 Of cozening with a hollow coal, dust, scrapings,
 Searching for things lost, with a sieve and shears, 95
 Erecting figures in your rows of houses,
 And taking in of shadows with a glass,
 Told in red letters: and a face cut for thee,
 Worse than Gamaliel Ratsey's.
 DOL. Are you sound?
 Ha'you your senses, masters?
 FACE. I will have 100
 A book, but barely reckoning thy impostures,
 Shall prove a true philosophers' stone to printers.
 SUBTLE. Away, you trencher-rascal.
 FACE. Out, you dog-leech,
 The vomit of all prisons –
 DOL. Will you be
 Your own destructions, gentlemen?
 FACE. Still spewed out 105
 For lying too heavy o'the basket.

- 90 *collier*: worker with coals; also a nickname for the devil.
 91 *in picture*: in a public advertisement.
 93 *Paul's*: St Paul's Cathedral, in Stuart times a place of business where bills were posted.
 94 *a hollow coal*: device to fake alchemical success. When secretly filled with silver and placed in the fire, it would leave a nugget behind as if a transformation had really taken place.
 95–7 Face lists the various esoteric public services of the 'cunning man'.
 95 *sieve and shears*: divination (of the names of thieves) by magical contrivances.
 96 *Erecting figures*: casting horoscopes.
houses: divisions of the zodiac.
 97 *taking in . . . glass*: 'scrying'; raising spirits in a crystal.
 98 *face*: portrait (here, a woodcut).
 99 *Ratsey*: highwayman (executed 1605) who wore a hideous mask.
 103 *trencher-rascal*: good only for eating.
dog-leech: quack.
 106 *lying too heavy o'the basket*: exceeding his share of scraps collected for prisoners (see *The New Inn*, 'Ode to Himself', 25).

SUBTLE. Cheater.
 FACE. Bawd.
 SUBTLE. Cowherd.
 FACE. Conjuror.
 SUBTLE. Cutpurse.
 FACE. Witch.
 DOL. O me!
 We are ruined! Lost! Ha'you no more regard
 To your reputations? Where's your judgement?
 'Slight,
 Have yet some care of me, o'your republic – 110
 FACE. Away this brach! I'll bring thee, rogue, within
 The statute of sorcery, *tricesimo tertio*
 Of Harry the eight: ay, and (perhaps) thy neck
 Within a noose, for laundering gold, and barbing
 it.
 DOL. You'll bring your head within a coxcomb, will
 you? 115
*She catcheth out FACE his sword:
 and breaks SUBTLE's glass.*
 And you, sir, with your menstrue, gather it up.
 'Sdeath, you abominable pair of stinkards,
 Leave off your barking, and grow one again,
 Or, by the light that shines, I'll cut your throats.
 I'll not be made a prey unto the marshal 120
 For ne'er a snarling dog-bolt o'you both.
 Ha'you together cozened all this while,
 And all the world, and shall it now be said
 You've made most courteous shift to cozen
 yourselves?
 You will accuse him? You will bring him in 125
 Within the statute? Who shall take your word?
 A whoreson, upstart, apocryphal captain,
 Whom not a puritan in Blackfriars will trust
 So much as for a feather! And you, too,

110 *republic*: commonweal, joint interests.

111 *brach*: bitch.

112 *statute*: the statute of 1541 (33 Henry VIII) prohibited sorcery, witchcraft and the conjuration of spirits.

114 *laundering*: washing (in acid, to dissolve some of the surface); *barbing* = clipping gold.

116 *menstrue*: liquid for dissolving metals.

121 *dog-bolt*: blunt arrow, noisy but of little value.

127 *apocryphal*: uncanonical, i.e. without authority.

129 *feather*: the sale of feathers, for fashionable wear, was largely in the hands of the Blackfriars Puritans.

- Will give the cause, forsooth! You will insult, 130
 And claim a primacy in the divisions?
 You must be chief? As if you, only, had
 The powder to project with, and the work
 Were not begun out of equality?
 The venture tripartite? All things in common? 135
 Without priority? 'Sdeath, you perpetual curs,
 Fall to your couples again, and cozen kindly,
 And heartily, and lovingly, as you should,
 And lose not the beginning of a term,
 Or, by this hand, I shall grow factious too, 140
 And take my part, and quit you.
- FACE. 'Tis his fault,
 He ever murmurs, and objects his pains,
 And says the weight of all lies upon him.
- SUBTLE. Why, so it does.
- DOL. How does it? Do not we
 Sustain our parts?
- SUBTLE. Yes, but they are not equal. 145
- DOL. Why, if your part exceed today, I hope
 Ours may, tomorrow, match it.
- SUBTLE. Ay, they may.
- DOL. May, murmuring mastiff? Ay, and do. Death
 on me!
 Help me to throttle him.
- SUBTLE. Dorothy, mistress Dorothy,
 'Ods precious, I'll do anything. What do you
 mean? 150
- DOL. Because o'your fermentation, and cibation?
- SUBTLE. Not I, by heaven –
- DOL. Your *Sol*, and *Luna* – help me.
- SUBTLE. Would I were hanged then. I'll conform
 myself.
- DOL. Will you, sir, do so then, and quickly: swear.
- SUBTLE. What should I swear?
- DOL. To leave your faction, sir. 155
 And labour, kindly, in the common work.

131 *primacy in the divisions*: first share in the loot.

133 *powder*: i. e. the stone, which was used in transmutations in powdered form; here, the cheater's art.

137 *couples*: hunting-dogs worked in pairs.

139 *term*: law term, when society came to London.

150 *'Ods precious*: by God's precious body (or blood).

151 *fermentation, and cibation*: infusing with air, and with liquid (alchemical processes).

152 *Sol, and Luna*: sun and moon, jargon for gold and silver.

- SUBTLE. Let me not breathe, if I meant aught beside.
 I only used those speeches as a spur
 To him.
- DOL. I hope we need no spurs, sir. Do we?
- FACE. 'Slid, prove today who shall shark best.
- SUBTLE. Agreed. 160
- DOL. Yes, and work close, and friendly.
- SUBTLE. 'Slight, the knot
 Shall grow the stronger for this breach, with me.
- DOL. Why so, my good baboons! Shall we go make
 A sort of sober, scurvy, precise neighbours
 (That scarce have smiled twice, sin' the King came
 in) 165
 A feast of laughter at our follies? Rascals,
 Would run themselves from breath to see me ride,
 Or you t'have but a hole, to thrust your heads in,
 For which you should pay ear-rent? No, agree.
 And may Don Provost ride a-feasting, long, 170
 In his old velvet jerkin, and stained scarfs
 (My noble Sovereign, and worthy General)
 Ere we contribute a new crewel garter
 To his most worsted worship.
- SUBTLE. Royal Dol!
 Spoken like Claridiana, and thyself! 175
- FACE. For which, at supper, thou shalt sit in triumph,
 And not be styled Dol Common, but Dol Proper,
 Dol Singular: the longest cut, at night,
 Shall draw thee for his Dol Particular.
- SUBTLE. Who's that? One rings. To the window,
 Dol. Pray Heaven 180
 The master do not trouble us, this quarter.
- FACE. Oh, fear not him. While there dies one a week
 O'the plague, he's safe, from thinking toward
 London.

164 *sort*: set.

precise: Puritanical.

165 *King*: James, shortly after his accession (1603), declared himself against further reform in the English church.

167 *from*: out of.

ride: carted through the streets; a punishment for whores.

169 *pay ear-rent*: have one's ears cropped, in the pillory.

170 *Don Provost*: the provost marshal; but here, the hangman, who was entitled to his victims' clothes.

173 *crewel*: thin worsted yarn.

175 *Claridiana*: heroine of a popular romance.

178 *cut*: straw, drawn as a lot.

Beside, he's busy at his hopyards, now:
 I had a letter from him. If he do, 185
 He'll send such word, for airing o'the house
 As you shall have sufficient time, to quit it:
 Though we break up a fortnight, 'tis no matter.

SUBTLE. Who is it, Dol?

DOL. A fine young quodling.

FACE. Oh,
 My lawyer's clerk, I lighted on last night, 190
 In Holborn, at the Dagger. He would have
 (I told you of him) a familiar,
 To rifle with, at horses, and win cups.

DOL. Oh, let him in.

SUBTLE. Stay. Who shall do't?

FACE. Get you
 Your robes on. I will meet him, as going out. 195

DOL. And what shall I do?

FACE. Not be seen, away.
 [Exit DOL.]

Seem you very reserved.

SUBTLE. Enough. [Exit.]

FACE. God b'wi'you, sir.
 I pray you, let him know that I was here.
 His name is Dapper. I would gladly have stayed,
 but –

SCENE II

[Enter] DAPPER.

[DAPPER.] Captain, I am here.

FACE. Who's that? He's come, I think, Doctor.
 Good faith, sir, I was going away.

DAPPER. In truth,
 I'm very sorry, Captain.

FACE. But I thought
 Sure, I should meet you.

DAPPER. Ay, I'm very glad.
 I had a scurvy writ, or two, to make, 5

189 *quodling*: unripe apple; someone 'green'.

192 *familiar*: a personal spirit, to help Dapper to gamble (*rifle*) successfully.

And I had lent my watch last night, to one
That dines, today, at the sheriff's: and so was
robbed
Of my pass-time.

[Enter] SUBTLE.

Is this the cunning man?

FACE. This is his worship.

DAPPER. Is he a doctor?

FACE. Yes.

DAPPER. And ha'you broke with him, Captain?

FACE. Ay.

DAPPER. And how? 10

FACE. Faith, he does make the matter, sir, so dainty,
I know not what to say –

DAPPER. Not so, good Captain.

FACE. Would I were fairly rid on't, believe me.

DAPPER. Nay, now you grieve me, sir. Why should
you wish so?

I dare assure you I'll not be ungrateful. 15

FACE. I cannot think you will, sir. But the law
Is such a thing – and then, he says, Read's matter
Falling so lately –

DAPPER. Read? He was an ass,
And dealt, sir, with a fool.

FACE. It was a clerk, sir.

DAPPER. A clerk?

FACE. Nay, hear me, sir, you know the law 20
Better, I think –

DAPPER. I should, sir, and the danger.
You know I showed the statute to you?

FACE. You did so.

DAPPER. And will I tell, then? By this hand of flesh,
Would it might never write good court-hand more,
If I discover. What do you think of me, 25

6 *watch*: a rare possession at this time. Dapper is being modestly ostentatious.

8 *cunning man*: man with magical and other esoteric skills.

11 *dainty*: awkward, difficult.

17 *Read's matter*: Dr Simon Read, a physician, was censured in 1607 for having invoked spirits to discover the whereabouts of stolen money.

24 *court-hand*: the crabbed script used in legal documents.

- That I am a chiaus?
 FACE. What's that?
 DAPPER. The Turk, was here –
 As one would say, do you think I am a Turk?
 FACE. I'll tell the Doctor so.
 DAPPER. Do, good sweet Captain.
 FACE. Come, noble Doctor, pray thee, let's prevail,
 This is the gentleman, and he is no chiaus. 30
 SUBTLE. Captain, I have returned you all my answer.
 I would do much, sir, for your love – but this
 I neither may, nor can.
 FACE. Tut, do not say so.
 You deal, now, with a noble fellow, Doctor,
 One that will thank you, richly, and he's no chiaus: 35
 Let that, sir, move you.
 SUBTLE. Pray you, forbear –
 FACE. He has
 Four angels, here –
 SUBTLE. You do me wrong, good sir.
 FACE. Doctor, wherein? To tempt you, with these
 spirits?
 SUBTLE. To tempt my art and love, sir, to my peril.
 'Fore Heaven, I scarce can think you are my
 friend, 40
 That so would draw me to apparent danger.
 FACE. I draw you? A horse draw you, and a halter,
 You, and your flies together –
 DAPPER. Nay, good Captain.
 FACE. That know no difference of men.
 SUBTLE. Good words, sir.
 FACE. Good deeds, sir, Doctor Dogs-meat. 'Slight, I
 bring you 45
 No cheating Clim-o'-the-Cloughs, or Claribels,
 That look as big as five-and-thirty and flush,
 And spit out secrets, like hot custard –

26 *chiaus*: a cheat; from the deceptions of the Turk Mustapha, elaborately entertained in England in 1607, after he claimed he was the Sultan's *chaush*, or messenger.

37 *angels*: coins worth ten shillings, stamped with an angel (hence *spirits*, 38).

42 *horse draw you*: i. e. to Tyburn, to be hanged.

43 *flies*: familiar spirits.

46 *Clim-o'-the-Clough*: outlaw in a popular ballad.

Claribel: a 'lewd knight' in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, IV. ix. 20.

47 *five-and-fifty and flush*: an unbeatable hand in the card game primero.

- DAPPER. Captain.
- FACE. Nor any melancholic underscribe,
 Shall tell the Vicar: but a special gentle, 50
 That is the heir to forty marks a year,
 Consorts with the small poets of the time,
 Is the sole hope of his old grandmother,
 That knows the law, and writes you six fair hands,
 Is a fine clerk, and has his ciphering perfect, 55
 Will take his oath, o'th'Greek Testament,
 If need be, in his pocket: and can court
 His mistress out of Ovid.
- DAPPER. Nay, dear Captain.
- FACE. Did you not tell me so?
- DAPPER. Yes, but I'd ha'you
 Use master Doctor with some more respect. 60
- FACE. Hang him, proud stag, with his broad velvet
 head.
 But for your sake, I'd choke, ere I would change
 An article of breath, with such a puck-fist –
 Come let's be gone.
- SUBTLE. Pray you, le'me speak with you.
- DAPPER. His worship calls you, Captain.
- FACE. I am sorry 65
 I e'er embarked myself in such a business.
- DAPPER. Nay, good sir. He did call you.
- FACE. Will he take, then?
- SUBTLE. First, hear me –
- FACE. Not a syllable, 'less you take.
- SUBTLE. Pray ye, sir –
- FACE. Upon no terms, but an *assumpsit*.
- SUBTLE. Your humour must be law.
He takes the money.
- FACE. Why now, sir, talk. 70
 Now I dare hear you with mine honour. Speak.

50 *Vicar*: bishop's deputy, acting in ecclesiastical courts (which would try cases of witchcraft).

51 *forty marks*: about £26 sterling.

54 *six . . . hands*: court-hand, English and French Secretary hand, italic, Roman, and chancellor.

55 *ciphering*: book-keeping.

56 see Textual Note, p. 519 below.

61 *velvet head*: a stag's down-covered antlers; here, a doctor's velvet cap.

63 *puck-fist*: puff-ball fungus; an empty boaster.

69 *assumpsit*: voluntary verbal agreement, confirmed by a fee (legal term).

- So may this gentleman too.
 SUBTLE. Why, sir –
 FACE. No whispering.
 SUBTLE. 'Fore Heaven, you do not apprehend the
 loss
 You do yourself in this.
 FACE. Wherein? For what?
 SUBTLE. Marry, to be so importunate for one, 75
 That, when he has it, will undo you all:
 He'll win up all the money i'the town.
 FACE. How!
 SUBTLE. Yes. And blow up gamester after
 gamester,
 As they do crackers, in a puppet play.
 If I do give him a familiar, 80
 Give you him all you play for; never set him:
 For he will have it.
 FACE. Yo'are mistaken, Doctor,
 Why, he does ask one but for cups, and horses,
 A rifling fly: none o'your great familiars.
 DAPPER. Yes, Captain, I would have it, for all games. 85
 SUBTLE. I told you so.
 FACE. 'Slight, that's a new business!
 I understood you, a tame bird, to fly
 Twice in a term, or so; on Friday nights,
 When you had left the office: for a nag
 Of forty, or fifty shillings.
 DAPPER. Ay, 'tis true, sir, 90
 But I do think, now, I shall leave the law,
 And therefore –
 FACE. Why, this changes quite the case!
 Do you think that I dare move him?
 DAPPER. If you please, sir,
 All's one to him, I see.
 FACE. What! For that money?
 I cannot with my conscience. Nor should you 95
 Make the request, methinks.
 DAPPER. No, sir, I mean
 To add consideration.
 FACE. Why, then, sir,
 I'll try. Say, that it were for all games, Doctor?
 SUBTLE. I say, then, not a mouth shall eat for him

81 *set*: bet against.84 *great familiars*: a major demon, such as Dr Faustus had.97 *consideration*: a gratuity.

- At any ordinary, but o'the score,
That is a gaming mouth, conceive me. 100
- FACE. Indeed!
- SUBTLE. He'll draw you all the treasure of the realm,
If it be set him.
- FACE. Speak you this from art?
- SUBTLE. Ay, sir, and reason too: the ground of art.
He's o'the only best complexion 105
The Queen of Faery loves.
- FACE. What! Is he!
- SUBTLE. Peace.
He'll overhear you. Sir, should she but see him –
- FACE. What?
- SUBTLE. Do not you tell him.
- FACE. Will he win at cards too?
- SUBTLE. The spirits of dead Holland, living Isaac,
You'd swear, were in him: such a vigorous luck 110
As cannot be resisted. 'Slight, he'll put
Six o'your gallants to a cloak, indeed.
- FACE. A strange success, that some man shall be born
to!
- SUBTLE. He hears you, man –
- DAPPER. Sir, I'll not be ingrateful.
- FACE. Faith, I have a confidence in his good nature: 115
You hear, he says he will not be ingrateful.
- SUBTLE. Why, as you please, my venture follows
yours.
- FACE. Troth, do it, Doctor. Think him trusty, and
make him.
He may make us both happy in an hour:
Win some five thousand pound, and send us two
on't. 120
- DAPPER. Believe it, and I will, sir.
- FACE. And you shall, sir.
You have heard all?
- FACE *takes him aside.*

100 *ordinary*: tavern.

o'the score: on credit. Dapper will beggar all the other
gamesters.

103 *set him*: staked against him.

109 *dead Holland, living Isaac*: Dutch alchemists, actually of the
fifteenth century.

111–12 *put . . . to a cloak*: reduce to their last garment.

118 *make*: enrich; also, transform.

119 *happy*: fortunate; but also rich (as in the Latin *beatus*).

- DAPPER. No, what was't? Nothing, I, sir.
 FACE. Nothing?
- DAPPER. A little, sir.
 FACE. Well, a rare star
 Reigned at your birth.
- DAPPER. At mine, sir? No.
 FACE. The Doctor
 Swears that you are –
- SUBTLE. Nay, Captain, you'll tell all, now. 125
 FACE. Allied to the Queen of Faery.
- DAPPER. Who? That I am?
 Believe it, no such matter –
- FACE. Yes, and that
 Yo'were born with a caul o'your head.
- DAPPER. Who says so?
 FACE. Come.
 You know it well enough, though you dissemble it.
- DAPPER. I'fac, I do not. You are mistaken.
 FACE. How? 130
 Swear by your fac? And in a thing so known
 Unto the Doctor? How shall we, sir, trust you
 I'the other matter? Can we ever think,
 When you have won five, or six thousand pound,
 You'll send us shares in't, by this rate?
- DAPPER. By Jove, sir, 135
 I'll win ten thousand pound, and send you half.
 I'fac's no oath.
- SUBTLE. No, no, he did but jest.
 FACE. Go to. Go, thank the Doctor. He's your friend
 To take it so.
- DAPPER. I thank his worship.
 FACE. So?
 Another angel.
- DAPPER. Must I?
 FACE. Must you? 'Slight, 140
 What else is thanks? Will you be trivial? Doctor,
 When must he come, for his familiar?
- DAPPER. Shall I not ha'it with me?
 SUBTLE. Oh, good sir!
 There must a world of ceremonies pass,
 You must be bathed, and fumigated, first; 145

128 *caul*: cap, membrane enclosing the foetus. A lucky omen.

130 *I'fac*: in faith (the pettiest of oaths); see *Every Man in his Humour*, I.ii.88.

135 *by this rate*: if you carry on like this.

Besides, the Queen of Faery does not rise
Till it be noon.

FACE. Not if she danced tonight.

SUBTLE. And she must bless it.

FACE. Did you never see

Her royal Grace, yet?

DAPPER. Whom?

FACE. Your aunt of

Faery?

SUBTLE. Not since she kissed him, in the cradle,
Captain,

150

I can resolve you that.

FACE. Well, see her Grace,

Whate'er it cost you, for a thing that I know!

It will be somewhat hard to compass: but,

However, see her. You are made, believe it,

If you can see her. Her Grace is a lone woman,

155

And very rich, and if she take a fancy,

She will do strange things. See her, at any hand.

'Slid, she may hap to leave you all she has!

It is the Doctor's fear.

DAPPER. How will't be done, then?

FACE. Let me alone, take you no thought. Do you

160

But say to me, Captain, I'll see her Grace.

DAPPER. Captain, I'll see her Grace.

FACE. Enough.

One knocks without.

SUBTLE. Who's there?

Anon. (Conduct him forth, by the back way.)

Sir, against one o'clock, prepare yourself.

Till when you must be fasting; only, take

165

Three drops of vinegar in at your nose;

Two at your mouth; and one, at either ear;

Then, bathe your fingers' ends; and wash your

eyes,

To sharpen your five senses; and cry 'hum',

Thrice; and then 'buz' as often; and then, come.

170

FACE. Can you remember this?

DAPPER. I warrant you.

FACE. Well, then, away. 'Tis but your bestowing

Some twenty nobles, 'mong her Grace's servants;

147 *tonight*: last night.

152 *for a thing that I know*: I can tell you.

173 *twenty nobles*: almost £7 sterling. A noble was worth 6s 8d or one-third of a pound.

And put on a clean shirt: you do not know
 What grace her Grace may do you in clean linen. 175
 [Exeunt DAPPER and FACE.]

SCENE III

[Enter] DRUGGER.

[SUBTLE.] Come in. (Good wives, I pray you forbear
 me, now.

Troth I can do you no good, till afternoon.)

What is your name, say you, Abel Drugger?

DRUGGER. Yes, sir.

SUBTLE. A seller of tobacco?

DRUGGER. Yes, sir.

SUBTLE. Umh.

Free of the Grocers?

DRUGGER. Ay, an't please you.

SUBTLE. Well – 5

Your business, Abel?

DRUGGER. This, an't please your worship,

I am a young beginner, and am building

Of a new shop, an't like your worship; just,

At corner of a street, (here's the plot on't).

And I would know, by art, sir, of your worship, 10

Which way I should make my door, by
 necromancy.

And, where my shelves. And, which should be for
 boxes.

And, which for pots. I would be glad to thrive, sir.

And, I was wished to your worship, by a

gentleman,

One Captain Face, that says you know men's

planets, 15

And their good angels, and their bad.

SUBTLE. I do,

If I do see 'em –

[Enter] FACE.

FACE. What! My honest Abel?

Thou art well met, here!

1–2 Subtle speaks to women outside the door.

5 *Free of the Grocers*: a full member of the Grocers' Company.

9 *plot*: ground plan.

- DRUGGER. Troth, sir, I was speaking,
Just, as your worship came here, of your worship.
I pray you, speak for me to master Doctor. 20
- FACE. He shall do anything. Doctor, do you hear?
This is my friend, Abel, an honest fellow,
He lets me have good tobacco, and he does not
Sophisticate it with sack-lees, or oil,
Nor washes it in muscadel and grains, 25
Nor buries it in gravel, underground,
Wrapped up in greasy leather, or pissed clouts:
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that opened,
Smell like conserve of roses, or French beans.
He has his maple block, his silver tongs, 30
Winchester pipes, and fire of juniper.
A neat, spruce-honest fellow, and no goldsmith.
- SUBTLE. He's a fortunate fellow, that I am sure on –
- FACE. Already, sir, ha'you found it? Lo thee Abel!
- SUBTLE. And in right way toward riches –
- FACE. Sir!
- SUBTLE. This summer, 35
He will be of the clothing of his company:
And, next spring, called to the scarlet. Spend what
he can.
- FACE. What, and so little beard?
- SUBTLE. Sir, you must think
He may have a receipt, to make hair come.
But he'll be wise, preserve his youth, and fine for't: 40
His fortune looks for him another way.
- FACE. 'Slid, Doctor, how canst thou know this so
soon?

24–7 Face's tobacco would arrive from America dry or mouldy, since curing was not yet understood. He describes means of moistening and, incidentally, adulterating it.

24 *sack-lees*: dregs of wine.

28 *lily-pots*: ornamental vases.

29 *French beans*: broad beans, which bear a sweet-smelling flower.

30 *maple block*: for shredding tobacco leaf.

tongs: for holding the coal used to light a pipe.

31 *Winchester*: where the best pipes were made.

juniper: which burns slowly and steadily.

32 *goldsmith*: usurer (an in-joke: Robert Armin, who played Drugger, was apprenticed to a goldsmith before becoming an actor).

37 *scarlet*: the colour of aldermanic robes.

38 *so little beard*: Face makes another joke about Armin's looks at III.iv.125.

40 *fine*: pay a fine and so avoid the burden of office.

- I'm amused, at that!
- SUBTLE. By a rule, Captain,
In metoposcopy, which I do work by,
A certain star i'the forehead, which you see not. 45
Your chestnut, or your olive-coloured face
Does never fail: and your long ear doth promise.
I knew't by certain spots too, in his teeth,
And on the nail of his mercurial finger.
- FACE. Which finger's that?
- SUBTLE. His little finger. Look. 50
Yo'were born upon a Wednesday?
- DRUGGER. Yes, indeed, sir.
- SUBTLE. The thumb, in chiromancy, we give Venus;
The forefinger to Jove; the midst, to Saturn;
The ring to Sol; the least, to Mercury:
Who was the lord, sir, of his horoscope, 55
His house of life being Libra, which foreshowed
He should be a merchant, and should trade with
balance.
- FACE. Why, this is strange! Is't not, honest Nab?
- SUBTLE. There is a ship now, coming from Ormuz,
That shall yield him such a commodity 60
Of drugs – This is the west, and this the south?
- DRUGGER. Yes, sir.
- SUBTLE. And those are your two sides?
- DRUGGER. Ay, sir.
- SUBTLE. Make me your door, then, south; your
broad side, west:
And, on the east side of your shop, aloft,
Write Mathlai, Tarmiel, and Baraborat; 65
Upon the north part, Rael, Velel, Thiel.
They are the names of those Mercurial spirits
That do fright flies from boxes.
- DRUGGER. Yes, sir.
- SUBTLE. And
Beneath your threshold, bury me a loadstone

43 *amused*: puzzled.

44 *metoposcopy*: the pseudo-science of reading character from facial features.

52 *chiromancy*: palmistry.

56 *house of life*: the sign of the zodiac on the ascendant at the time of Drugger's birth. See Additional Note, p. 528 below.

59 *Ormuz*: Hormuz, a spice centre in the Persian Gulf.

65–6 *Mathlai* . . . *Thiel*: names of angels governing the east and the north on days when Mercury is dominant, taken from Pietro d'Albano's *Elementa Magica* (1567?).

- To draw in gallants, that wear spurs: the rest, 70
They'll seem to follow.
- FACE. That's a secret, Nab!
- SUBTLE. And, on your stall, a puppet, with a vice,
And a court-fucus, to call city dames.
You shall deal much with minerals.
- DRUGGER. Sir, I have,
At home, already –
- SUBTLE. Ay, I know, you've arsenic, 75
Vitriol, sal-tartar, argaile, alkali,
Cinoper: I know all. This fellow, Captain,
Will come, in time, to be a great distiller,
And give a say (I will not say directly,
But very fair) at the philosophers' stone. 80
- FACE. Why, how now, Abel! Is this true?
- DRUGGER. Good Captain,
What must I give?
- FACE. Nay, I'll not counsel thee.
Thou hear'st what wealth (he says, spend what
thou canst)
Th'art like to come to.
- DRUGGER. I would gi'him a crown.
- FACE. A crown! And toward such a fortune? Heart, 85
Thou shalt rather gi'him thy shop. No gold about
thee?
- DRUGGER. Yes, I have a portague I ha'kept this half
year.
- FACE. Out on thee, Nab; 's slight, there was such an
offer –
Shalt keep't no longer, I'll gi'it him for thee?
Doctor, Nab prays your worship to drink this: and
swears
He will appear more grateful, as your skill 90

71 *seem*: be seen.72 *vice*: mechanism.73 *court-fucus*: face paint, fashionable at court.76 *Vitriol*: sulphuric acid.*sal-tartar*: carbonate of potash.*argaile*: crude cream of tartar.*alkali*: caustic soda.77 *Cinoper*: cinnabar, i.e. mercuric sulphide. Much used in alchemy.79 *give a say*: have a shot.84 *crown*: worth five shillings.87 *portague*: Portuguese gold coin, worth up to £4 10s.

- Does raise him in the world.
 DRUGGER. I would entreat
 Another favour of his worship.
 FACE. What is't, Nab?
 DRUGGER. But to look over, sir, my almanac,
 And cross out my ill days, that I may neither 95
 Bargain, nor trust upon them.
 FACE. That he shall, Nab.
 Leave it, it shall be done 'gainst afternoon.
 SUBTLE. And a direction for his shelves.
 FACE. Now, Nab?
 Art thou well pleased, Nab?
 DRUGGER. Thank, sir, both your worships.
 FACE. Away.
 [Exit DRUGGER.]
 Why, now, you smoky persecutor of nature! 100
 Now do you see that something's to be done,
 Beside your beech-coal, and your cor'sive waters,
 Your crosslets, crucibles, and cucurbites?
 You must have stuff brought home to you to work
 on?
 And, yet, you think, I am at no expense 105
 In searching out these veins, then following 'em,
 Then trying 'em out. 'Fore God, my intelligence
 Costs me more money than my share oft comes to,
 In these rare works.
 SUBTLE. Yo'are pleasant, sir. How now?

SCENE IV

[Enter] DOL.

- [SUBTLE.] What says my dainty Dolkin?
 DOL. Yonder fishwife
 Will not away. And there's your giantess,
 The bawd of Lambeth.
 SUBTLE. Heart, I cannot speak with 'em.

95 *ill days*: unlucky days.96 *trust*: give credit.100 *persecutor*: torturer, as the alchemist 'tortures' natural substances in the furnace.102 *beech-coal*: beech was considered to make the best charcoal.103 *crosslets*: melting-pots.*cucurbites*: gourd-shaped retorts.107 *intelligence*: information.3 *Lambeth*: notorious for its brothels.

- DOL. Not afore night, I have told 'em, in a voice
 Thorough the trunk, like one of your familiars. 5
 But I have spied Sir Epicure Mammon –
- SUBTLE. Where?
- DOL. Coming along, at far end of the lane,
 Slow of his feet, but earnest of his tongue,
 To one that's with him.
- SUBTLE. Face, go you, and shift.
 [Exit FACE.]
- Dol, you must presently make ready, too – 10
- DOL. Why, what's the matter?
- SUBTLE. Oh, I did look for him
 With the sun's rising: 'marvel he could sleep!
 This is the day I am to perfect for him
 The magisterium, our great work, the stone;
 And yield it, made, into his hands: of which 15
 He has, this month, talked as he were possessed.
 And, now, he's dealing pieces on't away.
 Methinks I see him, entering ordinaries,
 Dispensing for the pox; and plaguy houses,
 Reaching his dose; walking Moorfields for lepers; 20
 And off'ring citizens' wives pomander-bracelets
 As his preservative, made of the elixir;
 Searching the spital, to make old bawds young;
 And the highways, for beggars, to make rich:
 I see no end of his labours. He will make 25
 Nature ashamed of her long sleep: when art,
 Who's but a stepdame, shall do more than she,
 In her best love to mankind, ever could.
 If his dreams last, he'll turn the age to gold.
 [Exeunt.]

5 *trunk*: speaking-tube.

9 *shift*: change clothes.

14 *magisterium*: the master work.

20 *Reaching*: offering.

Moorfields: immediately to the north of the city. Lepers were forbidden to enter the city walls.

21 *pomander-bracelets*: perfumed and carried to ward off plague.

22 *elixir*: the stone, in soluble form, was believed to cure diseases and prolong life, even to confer immortality.

23 *spital*: hospital.

27 *stepdame*: stepmother, who would normally be less kind to the child than the actual mother.

 ACT II

SCENE I

[Enter] MAMMON [and] SURLY.

[MAMMON.] Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore

In *novo orbe*: here's the rich Peru:
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't
 Three years, but we have reached it in ten months. 5
 This is the day, wherein, to all my friends,
 I will pronounce the happy word, 'Be rich.'
 This day, you shall be *spectatissimi*.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow die,
 Or the frail cord. No more be at charge of keeping 10
 The livery-punk, for the young heir that must
 Seal, at all hours, in his shirt. No more,
 If he deny, ha'him beaten to't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of satin or the covetous hunger 15
 Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak,
 To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
 The sons of sword and hazard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees, whole nights,
 Commit idolatry with wine, and trumpets: 20

2 *novo orbe*: the New World, a place of exciting discoveries but also (as in the case of *Peru*) fabled wealth.

4 *Solomon*: said to have possessed the stone and to have made gold at Ophir, in Arabia (so that his courtiers could not know the secret).

5 *Three years*: see 1 Kings 10.22.

8 *spectatissimi*: specially looked up to.

9 *hollow die*: dice loaded for cheating.

11 *livery-punk*: a whore whose services have been retained for a period of time.

12 *Seal*: conclude an agreement, here probably a mortgage.

14 *commodity*: see Additional Note, p. 528 below.

16 *entrails*: lining.

18 *sons of sword and hazard*: soldiers (or bullies) and gamblers.

18–20 Mammon's typically inflated way of describing the dissipation of gallants who try to cut a figure by behaving flashily at gambling houses and brothels (*Madam Augusta's*).

Or go a-feasting, after drum and ensign.
 No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
 And have your punks and punketees, my Surly.
 And unto thee I speak it first, 'Be rich.'
 Where is my Subtle, there? Within, ho!

FACE. (*within*) Sir, 25
 He'll come to you, by and by.

MAMMON. That's his fire-drake,
 His lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals,
 Till he firk nature up in her own centre.
 You are not faithful, sir. This night, I'll change
 All, that is metal in my house, to gold. 30
 And, early in the morning, will I send
 To all the plumbers, and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin, and lead up: and to Lothbury,
 For all the copper.

SURLY. What, and turn that too?
 MAMMON. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire, and
 Cornwall, 35

And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

SURLY. No, faith.

MAMMON. But when you see th'effects of the
 great med'cine!
 Of which one part projected on a hundred
 Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
 Shall turn it to as many of the Sun; 40
 Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*:
 You will believe me.

SURLY. Yes, when I see't, I will.
 But if my eyes do cozen me so (and I
 Giving 'em no occasion) sure, I'll have
 A whore, shall piss 'em out, next day.

21 *go a-feasting . . . ensign*: are reduced to going to the wars.

22 *start up*: beget.

23 *punketees*: little punks.

26 *fire-drake*: dragon, meteor, or firework. Hence, alchemist's assistant.

28 *firk . . . up*: stir up.

29 *faithful*: ready to believe.

33 *Lothbury*: the street of London's metalworkers.

35 *Devonshire, and Cornwall*: noted for their tin mines.

38 *projected*: (alchemically) thrown onto a hot metal, to transmute it to gold.

39 *Venus . . . the Moon*: copper and silver (alchemical designations).

40 *the Sun*: gold.

- MAMMON. Ha! Why? 45
 Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
 He that has once the flower of the sun,
 The perfect ruby, which we call elixir,
 Not only can do that, but by its virtue
 Can confer honour, love, respect, long life, 50
 Give safety, valour: yea, and victory,
 To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days,
 I'll make an old man, of fourscore, a child.
- SURLY. No doubt, he's that already.
- MAMMON. Nay, I mean 55
 Restore his years, renew him, like an eagle,
 To the fifth age; make him get sons, and daughters,
 Young giants; as our philosophers have done
 (The ancient patriarchs afore the flood)
 But taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
 The quantity of a grain of mustard of it: 60
 Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
- SURLY. The decayed vestals of Pict-hatch would
 thank you,
 That keep the fire alive, there.
- MAMMON. 'Tis the secret 65
 Of nature naturised 'gainst all infections,
 Cures all diseases, coming of all causes,
 A month's grief, in a day; a year's, in twelve:
 And of what age soever, in a month,
 Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
 I'll undertake, withal, to fright the plague
 Out o'the kingdom, in three months.
- SURLY. And I'll 70
 Be bound, the players shall sing your praises, then,
 Without their poets.

47–8 esoteric names for the philosophers' stone.

55 *eagle*: popularly believed to rejuvenate itself every ten years.

56 *fifth age*: years between 50 and 65.

58 *patriarchs*: the supposed longevity of the generations between Adam and Noah was attributed to their possession of the secret of the stone; see 81–3 below.

62 *Pict-hatch*: area near the Charterhouse, notorious for its prostitutes.

63 *fire*: punningly, syphilis.

64 *nature naturised*: scholastic philosophers distinguished *natura naturata*, created nature, from *natura naturans*, the creating power of nature, the Creator Himself.

71 *players*: whose theatres were closed whenever the plague was virulent.

- MAMMON. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
 I'll give away so much, unto my man,
 Shall serve th'whole city with preservative,
 Weekly, each house his dose, and at the rate – 75
- SURLY. As he that built the waterwork does with
 water?
- MAMMON. You are incredulous.
- SURLY. Faith, I have a humour,
 I would not willingly be gulled. Your stone
 Cannot transmute me.
- MAMMON. Pertinax, Surly,
 Will you believe antiquity? Records? 80
 I'll show you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
 And Solomon have written of the art;
 Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.
- SURLY. How!
- MAMMON. O'the philosophers' stone, and in High
 Dutch.
- SURLY. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?
- MAMMON. He did: 85
 Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
- SURLY. What paper?
- MAMMON. On cedar board.
- SURLY. Oh that, indeed (they say)
 Will last 'gainst worms.
- MAMMON. 'Tis like your Irish wood
 'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece,
 too,
 Which was no other than a book of alchemy, 90
 Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.

76 *waterwork*: pumped water had been provided for some private houses in London for the first time in 1582 and 1594.

81–3 Solomon, Moses, his sister Miriam, and Adam were sometimes claimed to have been alchemical authorities, and treatises were indeed attributed to them. Adam was said to have received the secret of the stone from God in Eden.

84 *High Dutch*: High German. Claimed to be the original language, the tongue of Paradise, by Joannes Goropius Becanus in 1569.

88 *Irish wood*: said to be protected against insects by the blessing of St Patrick.

89–104 Alchemists commonly held ancient myths to be repositories of secret wisdom and covert descriptions of chemical operations which could be 'decoded' by analogy.

89 *fleece*: the Golden Fleece, which Jason underwent many hardships to find – to the alchemists, a patent symbol of their own quest.

Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub;
 And all that fable of Medea's charms,
 The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
 Still breathing fire; our argent-vive, the dragon; 95
 The dragon's teeth, mercury sublimate,
 That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the
 biting;
 And they are gathered into Jason's helm,
 (Th'alembic) and then sowed in Mars his field,
 And, thence, sublimed so often, till they are fixed. 100
 Both this, th'Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
 Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
 Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
 All abstract riddles of our stone. How now?

SCENE II

[Enter] FACE.

[MAMMON.] Do we succeed? Is our day come?

And holds it?

FACE. The evening will set red upon you, sir;

You have colour for it, crimson: the red ferment

92 *Pythagoras*: believed, oddly, to have had a golden thigh.
Pandora's tub: her box.

93–100 In his quest, Jason had to plough with two yoked fire-breathing bulls, sow dragon's teeth and fight the men who sprang from them, which he accomplished with the aid of the sorceress Medea. Mammon reinterprets the fable as a coded alchemical experiment.

95 *argent-vive*: quicksilver. 'Sophic' mercury was frequently symbolised alchemically as a dragon.

96 *mercury sublimate*: chloride of mercury.

99 *alembic*: distilling-flask.

100 *fixed*: stabilised, their volatility removed.

101 *Hesperian garden*: where the golden apples grew, protected by a dragon.

Cadmus: built Thebes with the aid of armed men who sprang up when he sowed dragon's teeth.

102 *Jove's shower*: Jove visited Danaë disguised as a shower of gold.

Midas: blessed with the golden touch.

Argus: watchman who bore a hundred eyes, but was charmed asleep by Hermes (= Mercury). His eyes were given to the peacock's tail, also an alchemical symbol (see II.ii.27).

103 *Demogorgon*: in Boccaccio's *De Genealogia Deorum*, the primal god or origin of all things.

3 *ferment*: fermentation was the antepenultimate alchemical process.

- Has done his office. Three hours hence, prepare
you
To see projection.
- MAMMON. Pertinax, my Surly, 5
Again, I say to thee aloud: 'Be rich.'
This day thou shalt have ingots: and, tomorrow,
Give lords th'affront. Is it, my Zephyrus, right?
Blushes the bolt's-head?
- FACE. Like a wench with child, sir,
That were, but now, discovered to her master. 10
- MAMMON. Excellent witty Lungs! My only care is
Where to get stuff enough, now, to project on,
This town will not half serve me.
- FACE. No, sir? Buy
The covering off o'churches.
- MAMMON. That's true.
- FACE. Yes. 15
Let 'em stand bare, as do their auditory,
Or cap 'em new, with shingles.
- MAMMON. No, good thatch:
Thatch will lie light upo' the rafters, Lungs.
Lungs, I will manumit thee from the furnace;
I will restore thee thy complexion, Puff,
Lost in the embers; and repair this brain, 20
Hurt wi'the fume o'the metals.
- FACE. I have blown, sir,
Hard, for your worship; thrown by many a coal,
When 'twas not beech; weighed those I put in, just,
To keep your heat still even; these bleared eyes
Have waked, to read your several colours, sir, 25
Of the pale citron, the green lion, the crow,
The peacock's tail, the plumèd swan.
- MAMMON. And, lastly,
Thou hast descried the flower, the *sanguis agni*?

8 *Give lords th'affront*: outface lords.

9 *bolt's-head*: flask with a long neck.

12 *project*: initiate the final stage, of transmutation.

16 *shingles*: thin rectangles of wood, used to tile houses.

23 *beech*: necessary for the steadiest fires.

just: exactly.

26-7 progress in alchemy was measured by the colour sequence
through which the magisterium passed, here symbolically
described.

28 *sanguis agni*: blood of the lamb; a term for the climactic red with
spiritual resonances.

FACE. Yes, sir.

MAMMON. Where's master?

FACE. At's prayers, sir; he,
 Good man, he's doing his devotions 30
 For the success.

MAMMON. Lungs, I will set a period
 To all thy labours: thou shalt be the master
 Of my seraglio.

FACE. Good, sir.

MAMMON. But do you hear?
 I'll geld you, Lungs.

FACE. Yes, sir.

MAMMON. For I do mean
 To have a list of wives, and concubines, 35
 Equal with Solomon; who had the stone
 Alike with me: and I will make me a back
 With the elixir, that shall be as tough
 As Hercules, to encounter fifty a night.
 Th'art sure, thou saw'st it blood?

FACE. Both blood and spirit, sir. 40

MAMMON. I will have all my beds, blown up; not
 stuffed:
 Down is too hard. And then, mine oval room,
 Filled with such pictures, as Tiberius took
 From Elephantis: and dull Aretine
 But coldly imitated. Then, my glasses, 45
 Cut in more subtle angles, to disperse,
 And multiply the figures, as I walk
 Naked between my *succubae*. My mists
 I'll have of perfume, vapoured 'bout the room,
 To lose ourselves in; and my baths, like pits 50
 To fall into: from whence, we will come forth,
 And roll us dry in gossamer, and roses.
 (Is it arrived at ruby?) – Where I spy
 A wealthy citizen, or rich lawyer,

39 *Hercules*: who actually deflowered only 49 of King Thespius's 50 daughters.

40 *blood and spirit*: i.e. the right colour and of the right quality.

41–87 see Additional Note, p. 528 below.

43 *Tiberius*: Tiberius's villa at Capri was furnished with indecent pictures and statuary, and provided with erotic manuals by the Greek poetess Elephantis.

44 *Aretine*: Pietro Aretino, Italian satirist notorious for his indecent *Sonnetti Lussuriosi* (1523).

48 *succubae*: demons who assume female shape to have intercourse with men. Here, concubines (?).

Have a sublimed pure wife, unto that fellow 55
I'll send a thousand pound, to be my cuckold.

FACE. And I shall carry it?

MAMMON. No. I'll ha'no bawds,
But fathers, and mothers. They will do it best.
Best of all others. And, my flatterers
Shall be the pure, and gravest of divines, 60
That I can get for money. My mere fools,
Eloquent burgesses, and then my poets,
The same that writ so subtly of the fart,
Whom I will entertain, still, for that subject.
The few, that would give out themselves to be 65
Court and town stallions, and, eachwhere, belie
Ladies who are known most innocent, for them;
Those will I beg, to make me eunuchs of:
And they shall fan me with ten ostrich tails
Apiece, made in a plume, to gather wind. 70
We will be brave, Puff, now we ha'the med'cine.
My meat, shall all come in, in Indian shells,
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded,
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies.
The tongues of carps, dormice, and camels' heels, 75
Boiled i'the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl
(Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy),
And I will eat these broths, with spoons of amber,
Headed with diamond, and carbuncle.
My footboy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmons, 80
Knots, godwits, lampreys: I myself will have
The beards of barbels, served instead of salads;
Oiled mushrooms; and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow, newly cut off,
Dressed with an exquisite, and poignant sauce; 85
For which I'll say unto my cook, 'There's gold,
Go forth, and be a knight.'

55 *sublimed*: intensely (in alchemy, vaporised and distilled).

62 *burgesses*: Members of Parliament.

63 several poems circulated celebrating the fart that was heard in the House of Commons in 1607.

67 *for them*: as far as they are concerned.

74 *hyacinths*: anciently, blue gems.

76 *spirit of Sol*: distillate of gold.

77 *Apicius*: Roman gourmet who ate his way through a fortune.

80 *calvered*: carved while still alive.

81 *Knots, godwits*: small wildfowl, considered great delicacies.

lampreys: eel-like fish.

82 *barbels*: fish of the carp species, bearing a fleshy 'beard'.

- FACE. Sir, I'll go look
A little, how it heightens. [Exit.]
- MAMMON. Do. My shirts
I'll have of taffeta-sarsnet, soft, and light
As cobwebs; and for all my other raiment 90
It shall be such, as might provoke the Persian,
Were he to teach the world riot, anew.
My gloves of fishes', and birds' skins, perfumed
With gums of Paradise, and eastern air –
- SURLY. And do you think to have the stone, with this? 95
- MAMMON. No, I do think t'have all this, with the
stone.
- SURLY. Why, I have heard he must be *homo frugi*,
A pious, holy, and religious man,
One free from mortal sin, a very virgin.
- MAMMON. That makes it, sir, he is so. But I buy it. 100
My venture brings it me. He, honest wretch,
A notable, superstitious, good soul,
Has worn his knees bare, and his slippers bald,
With prayer, and fasting for it: and, sir, let him
Do it alone, for me, still. Here he comes, 105
Not a profane word afore him: 'tis poison.

SCENE III

[Enter] SUBTLE.

- [MAMMON.] Good morrow, father.
- SUBTLE. Gentle son, good morrow,
And to your friend, there. What is he, is with you?
- MAMMON. An heretic, that I did bring along
In hope, sir, to convert him.
- SUBTLE. Son, I doubt
Yo'are covetous, that thus you meet your time 5
I'the just point: prevent your day, at morning.
This argues something worthy of a fear

89 *taffeta-sarsnet*: fine, soft silk.91 *the Persian*: Sardanapalus (ninth century BC), a byword for luxury.94 *gums of Paradise*: essences from the Middle East, where Eden was located.97 *homo frugi*: a temperate man. Alchemical treatises emphasised that their work was spiritual as well as chemical.6 *prevent*: anticipate.

- Of importune, and carnal appetite.
 Take heed you do not cause the blessing to leave
 you,
 With your ungoverned haste. I should be sorry 10
 To see my labours, now e'en at perfection,
 Got by long watching and large patience,
 Not prosper, where my love, and zeal hath placed
 'em.
 Which (Heaven I call to witness, with yourself,
 To whom I have poured my thoughts) in all my
 ends 15
 Have looked no way, but unto public good,
 To pious uses, and dear charity,
 Now grown a prodigy with men. Wherein
 If you, my son, should now prevaricate,
 And to your own particular lusts, employ 20
 So great, and catholic a bliss: be sure,
 A curse will follow, yea, and overtake
 Your subtle, and most secret ways.
- MAMMON. I know, sir,
 You shall not need to fear me. I but come
 To ha'you confute this gentleman.
- SURLY. Who is, 25
 Indeed, sir, somewhat costive of belief
 Toward your stone: would not be gulled.
- SUBTLE. Well, son,
 All that I can convince him in, is this,
 The work is done: bright Sol is in his robe.
 We have a med'cine of the triple soul, 30
 The glorified spirit. Thanks be to Heaven,
 And make us worthy of it. Ulen Spiegel!
- FACE. [*within*] Anon, sir.
 [*Enter*] FACE.
- SUBTLE. Look well to the register,
 And let your heat, still, lessen by degrees,
 To the aludels.

19 *prevaricate*: literally, 'walk crookedly'.

29 *Sol*: the essence of gold.

30-1 *the triple* . . . *spirit*: esoteric names for the stone. Man was said to have three spirits – vital, natural and animal – which are here mystically applied to the stone.

32 *Ulen Spiegel*: Til Owlglass, trickster hero of medieval German jest-books.

33 *register*: damper controlling the heat of the furnace.

35 *aludels*: pear-shaped earthenware pots, used as condensers.

- FACE. Yes, sir.
- SUBTLE. Did you look 35
O'the bolt's-head yet?
- FACE. Which, on D, sir?
- SUBTLE. Ay.
What's the complexion?
- FACE. Whitish.
- SUBTLE. Infuse vinegar,
To draw his volatile substance, and his tincture:
And let the water in glass E be filtered,
And put into the gripe's egg. Lute him well; 40
And leave him closed *in balneo*.
- FACE. I will, sir. [*Exit*]
- SURLY. What a brave language here is, next to
canting!
- SUBTLE. I have another work, you never saw, son,
That, three days since, passed the philosophers'
wheel,
In the lent heat of athanor; and's become 45
Sulphur o'nature.
- MAMMON. But 'tis for me?
- SUBTLE. What need you?
You have enough in that is perfect.
- MAMMON. Oh, but –
- SUBTLE. Why, this is covetise!
- MAMMON. No, I assure you,
I shall employ it all, in pious uses,
Founding of colleges, and grammar schools, 50
Marrying young virgins, building hospitals,
And now and then, a church.
- [*Enter* FACE.]
- SUBTLE. How now?
- FACE. Sir, please you,
Shall I not change the filter?

37 *vinegar*: used in alchemy to cause solidification.

40 *gripe's egg*: vessel shaped like a large egg (literally, a griffin's, or vulture's).

41 *in balneo*: in a sand- or water-bath, for gradual heating.

42 *canting*: thieves' slang.

44 *philosophers' wheel*: the alchemical cycle.

45 *lent*: slow.

athanor: a digesting furnace, maintaining a steady, low heat.

46 *Sulphur o'nature*: ideal or 'sophic' sulphur, one of the (supposedly) basic constituents of all substances.

48 *covetise*: covetousness, which would disqualify Mammon.

- SUBTLE. Marry, yes.
And bring me the complexion of glass B.
[Exit FACE.]
- MAMMON. Ha'you another?
- SUBTLE. Yes, son, were I assured 55
Your piety were firm, we would not want
The means to glorify it. But I hope the best:
I mean to tinct C in sand-heat, tomorrow,
And give him imbibition.
- MAMMON. Of white oil?
- SUBTLE. No, sir, of red. F is come over the helm too, 60
I thank my Maker, in St Mary's bath,
And shows *lac Virginis*. Blessed be Heaven.
I sent you of his faeces there, calcined.
Out of that calx, I ha'won the salt of Mercury.
- MAMMON. By pouring on your rectified water? 65
- SUBTLE. Yes, and reverberating in athanor.
[Enter FACE.]
- How now? What colour says it?
- FACE. The ground black, sir.
- MAMMON. That's your crow's head?
- SURLY. Your cock's comb's, is't not?
- SUBTLE. No, 'tis not perfect, would it were the crow.
That work wants something.
- SURLY. (Oh, I looked for this. 70
The hay is a-pitching.)
- SUBTLE. Are you sure you loosed 'em
I'their own menstroe?

58 *sand-heat*: see 41 above.

59 *imbibition*: steeping in a liquid.

60 *come over the helm*: beginning to evaporate. A *helm* was the tube leading from a distilling-flask.

61 *St Mary's bath*: water-bath, for heating, supposedly invented by Moses' sister Miriam.

62 *lac Virginis*: Virgin's milk, i.e. sophic mercury.

63 *faeces*: sediment.

calcined: powdered, by roasting.

64 *salt of Mercury*: mercuric oxide.

65 *rectified*: distilled.

66 *reverberating*: heating with reflected heat.

68 *crow's head*: a stage of deep black colour.

71 *hay*: net, placed (*pitched*) before burrows from which rabbits would be *bolted* (88).

71-2 *loosed 'em . . . menstroe*: 'dissolved them in the fluid drawn from them by distillation' (Mares).

- FACE. Yes, sir, and then married 'em,
And put 'em in a bolt's-head, nipped to digestion,
According as you bad me; when I set
The liquor of Mars to circulation 75
In the same heat.
- SUBTLE. The process, then, was right.
- FACE. Yes, by the token, sir, the retort brake,
And what was saved was put into the pelican,
And signed with Hermes' seal.
- SUBTLE. I think 'twas so.
We should have a new amalgama.
- SURLY. (Oh, this ferret 80
Is rank as any polecat.)
- SUBTLE. But I care not.
Let him e'en die; we have enough beside,
In embrion. H has his white shirt on?
- FACE. Yes, sir,
He's ripe for inceration: he stands warm
In his ash-fire. I would not you should let 85
Any die now, if I might counsel, sir,
For luck's sake to the rest. It is not good.
- MAMMON. He says right.
- SURLY. Ay, are you bolted?
- FACE. Nay, I know't, sir,
I've seen th'ill fortune. What is some three ounces
Of fresh materials?
- MAMMON. Is't no more?
- FACE. No more, sir, 90
Of gold, t'amalgam with some six of mercury.
- MAMMON. Away, here's money. What will serve?
- FACE. Ask him, sir.
- MAMMON. How much?
- SUBTLE. Give him nine pound: you
may gi'him ten.

72 *married*: combined.

73 *digestion*: 'the slow extraction of soluble substances with the aid of water and heat' (Mares).

75 *liquor of Mars*: molten iron.

78 *pelican*: a vessel with a curved neck, for circular distillation; thought to resemble a pelican.

79 *signed with Hermes' seal*: hermetically sealed.

80 *amalgama*: mixture of other metals with mercury.

83 *has his white shirt on*: i.e. is turned white. Alchemical language treats substances animistically, as people.

84 *inceration*: mollification of dry matter with liquid until it reaches a waxen consistency.

SURLY. Yes, twenty, and be cozened, do.
 MAMMON. There 'tis.
 SUBTLE. This needs not. But that you will have it, so, 95
 To see conclusions of all. For two
 Of our inferior works are at fixation.
 A third is in ascension. Go your ways.
 Ha'you set the oil of Luna *in kemia*?
 FACE. Yes, sir.
 SUBTLE. And the philosophers' vinegar?
 FACE. Ay. 100
 [Exit.]
 SURLY. We shall have a salad.
 MAMMON. When do you make projection?
 SUBTLE. Son, be not hasty. I exalt our med'cine,
 By hanging him in *balneo vaporoso*;
 And giving him solution; then congeal him; 105
 And then dissolve him; then again congeal him;
 For look, how oft I iterate the work,
 So many times I add unto his virtue.
 As, if at first, one ounce convert a hundred,
 After his second loose, he'll turn a thousand;
 His third solution, ten; his fourth, a hundred. 110
 After his fifth, a thousand thousand ounces
 Of any imperfect metal into pure
 Silver or gold, in all examinations
 As good, as any of the natural mine.
 Get you your stuff here, against afternoon, 115
 Your brass, your pewter, and your andirons.
 MAMMON. Not those of iron?
 SUBTLE. Yes. You may bring them, too.
 We'll change all metals.
 SURLY. I believe you in that.
 MAMMON. Then I may send my spits?
 SUBTLE. Yes, and your racks.

97 *fixation*: reduction of volatile substances to a stable state.

98 *in ascension*: undergoing sublimation.

99 *oil of Luna*: white elixir.

in kemia: ready for chemical analysis.

100 *philosophers' vinegar*: universal solvent.

102-14 Subtle describes the penultimate process, multiplication, by which the stone's potency was increased prior to projection.

103 *balneo vaporoso*: a vapour bath.

109 *loose*: solution.

116 *andirons*: metal bars supporting logs in a fire.

119 *racks*: brackets supporting spits.

- SURLY. And dripping-pans, and pot-hangers, and
hooks? 120
Shall he not?
SUBTLE. If he please.
SURLY. To be an ass.
SUBTLE. How, sir!
MAMMON. This gent'man you must bear withal.
I told you he had no faith.
SURLY. And little hope, sir,
But much less charity, should I gull myself.
SUBTLE. Why, what have you observed, sir, in our
art, 125
Seems so impossible?
SURLY. But your whole work, no more.
That you should hatch gold in a furnace, sir,
As they do eggs in Egypt.
SUBTLE. Sir, do you
Believe that eggs are hatched so?
SURLY. If I should?
SUBTLE. Why, I think that the greater miracle. 130
No egg, but differs from a chicken more,
Than metals in themselves.
SURLY. That cannot be.
The egg's ordained by nature to that end:
And is a chicken *in potentia*.
SUBTLE. The same we say of lead, and other metals, 135
Which would be gold, if they had time.
MAMMON. And that
Our art doth further.
SUBTLE. Ay, for 'twere absurd
To think that nature, in the earth, bred gold
Perfect, i'the instant. Something went before.
There must be remote matter.

126 *But*: nothing except.

128 *eggs in Egypt*: where incubation was practised. Sealed chemical flasks were sometimes called 'philosophers' eggs'.

135-6 the doctrine of nature's gradual progress to perfection: 'nature alwaies intendeth and striveth to the perfection of Gold: but many accidents coming between, change the mettalls' (Roger Bacon).

137 *absurd*: the absurdity Subtle criticises is the idea that gold can be created out of nothing, not the idea that it was 'bred', like a living thing, underground, which was a pre-scientific commonplace. Alchemists believed themselves merely to be speeding up this slow process of generation.

140 *remote matter*: *prima materia*, the original indeterminate substance, not yet impressed with 'qualities'.

SURLY.	Ay, what is that?	140
SUBTLE.	Marry, we say –	
MAMMON.	Ay, now it heats: stand, father. Pound him to dust –	
SUBTLE.	It is, of the one part, A humid exhalation, which we call <i>Materia liquida</i> , or the unctuous water; On t’other part, a certain crass, and viscous Portion of earth; both which, concorporate, Do make the elementary matter of gold: Which is not, yet, <i>propria materia</i> , But common to all metals, and all stones. For where it is forsaken of that moisture, And hath more dryness, it becomes a stone; Where it retains more of the humid fatness, It turns to sulphur, or to quicksilver, Who are the parents of all other metals. Nor can this remote matter suddenly Progress so from extreme unto extreme, As to grow gold, and leap o’er all the means. Nature doth, first, beget th’imperfect; then Proceeds she to the perfect. Of that airy And oily water, mercury is engendered; Sulphur o’the fat, and earthy part: the one (Which is the last) supplying the place of male, The other of the female, in all metals. Some do believe hemaphrodeity,	145 150 155 160

- 142–54 Subtle describes, orthodoxly, the Aristotelian idea of the generation of minerals and metals from ‘exhalations’, trapped beneath the earth.
- 144 *Materia liquida*: liquid matter; an oily, ‘fatty’ vapour generated by sunlight falling on water.
- 145 *crass*: dense.
- 148 *propria materia*: a particular or specific substance (i.e. one capable of becoming many different metals or minerals, depending on which qualities predominate).
- 152 *humid fatness*: the dominance of moist qualities in metals was demonstrated by their fusibility and malleability, which minerals lack (see 165–6).
- 154 *parents*: the alchemical ‘sulphur-mercury’ theory understood these substances, in hypothetical ‘sophic’ forms, to be the basic components of all metals, which varied according to their proportion or impurity.
- 157 *means*: intermediate stages.
- 164 *hemaphrodeity*: chemical reactions were described as copulations between substances or as the combining of opposite principles into a single ‘hermaphrodite’.

- That both do act and suffer. But these two 165
 Make the rest ductile, malleable, extensive.
 And even in gold they are; for we do find
 Seeds of them, by our fire, and gold in them:
 And can produce the species of each metal
 More perfect thence than nature doth in earth. 170
 Beside, who doth not see, in daily practice,
 Art can beget bees, hornets, beetles, wasps,
 Out of the carcasses, and dung of creatures;
 Yea, scorpions of an herb, being ritely placed:
 And these are living creatures, far more perfect 175
 And excellent than metals.
- MAMMON. Well said, father!
 Nay, if he take you in hand, sir, with an argument,
 He'll bray you in a mortar.
- SURLY. Pray you, sir, stay.
 Rather than I'll be brayed, sir, I'll believe
 That alchemy is a pretty kind of game, 180
 Somewhat like tricks o'the cards, to cheat a man
 With charming.
- SUBTLE. Sir?
- SURLY. What else are all your terms,
 Whereon no one o'your writers 'grees with other?
 Of your elixir, your *lac Virginis*,
 Your stone, your med'cine, and your
 chrysosperm, 185
 Your sal, your sulphur, and your mercury,
 Your oil of height, your tree of life, your blood,
 Your marcasite, your tutty, your magnesia,
 Your toad, your crow, your dragon, and your
 panther,

166 *extensive*: capable of extension.

171-4 alluding to the belief that insects could be generated spontaneously from carrion.

174 *ritely*: with all due rites.

178 *bray*: pound.

185 *chrysosperm*: seed of gold.

186 in Paracelsian alchemy, salt, sulphur and mercury were the basic constituents of all substances.

187 *tree of life*: emblem of the seven basic metals.

188 *marcasite*: white iron pyrites.

tutty: crude zinc oxide.

magnesia: a thick salty water.

189 colours appearing in the alchemical process.

- Your sun, your moon, your firmament, your
adrop, 190
Your lato, azoch, zernich, chibrit, heutarit,
And then your red man, and your white woman,
With all your broths, your menstrues, and
materials
Of piss, and egg-shells, women's terms, man's
blood,
Hair o'the head, burnt clouts, chalk, merds, and
clay, 195
Powder of bones, scalings of iron, glass,
And worlds of other strange ingredients,
Would burst a man to name?
- SUBTLE. And all these, named,
Intending but one thing: which art our writers
Used to obscure their art.
- MAMMON. Sir, so I told him, 200
Because the simple idiot should not learn it,
And make it vulgar.
- SUBTLE. Was not all the knowledge
Of the Egyptians writ in mystic symbols?
Speak not the Scriptures, oft, in parables?
Are not the choicest fables of the poets, 205
That were the fountains and first springs of
wisdom,
Wrapped in perplexèd allegories?
- MAMMON. I urged that,
And cleared to him that Sisyphus was damned
To roll the ceaseless stone only because
He would have made ours common.
- DOL *is seen*
- Who is this? 210

190 *firmament*: a mistake (either by the printer or Jonson himself)
for *ferment*, the stone as powder.

adrop: lead.

191 *lato* . . . *heutarit*: latten, mercury, trisulphide of arsenic,
sulphur, and sophic mercury.

192 *red man* . . . *white woman*: sulphur and mercury, as they
copulate in the process.

194 *terms*: menses.

195 *merds*: excrement.

208 *Sisyphus*: who betrayed the secrets of the gods and was con-
demned to roll a great stone up a steep hill for ever. Mammon
assumes the secrets to have been alchemical.

SUBTLE. God's precious – What do you mean? Go in,
good lady,
Let me entreat you.

[DOL *retires.*]

Where's this varlet?

[*Enter* FACE.]

FACE.

Sir?

SUBTLE. You very knave! Do you use me thus?

FACE.

Wherein, sir?

SUBTLE. Go in and see, you traitor. Go.

[*Exit* FACE.]

MAMMON.

Who is it, sir?

SUBTLE. Nothing, sir. Nothing.

MAMMON.

What's the matter? Good sir! 215

I have not seen you thus distempered. Who is't?

SUBTLE. All arts have still had, sir, their adversaries,

But ours the most ignorant.

FACE *returns.*

What now?

FACE. 'Twas not my fault, sir, she would speak with
you.

SUBTLE. Would she, sir? Follow me. [Exit.]

MAMMON.

Stay, Lungs.

FACE.

I dare not, sir. 220

MAMMON. Stay man, what is she?

FACE.

A lord's sister, sir.

MAMMON. How! Pray thee, stay!

FACE.

She's mad, sir, and sent hither –

(He'll be mad too.

MAMMON.

I warrant thee.) Why sent hither?

FACE. Sir, to be cured.

SUBTLE. [*within*]

Why, rascal!

FACE.

Lo you. Here, sir.

He goes out.

MAMMON. 'Fore God, a Bradamante, a brave piece. 225

SURLY. Heart, this is a bawdy house! I'll be burnt
else.

MAMMON. Oh, by this light, no. Do not wrong him.

He's

Too scrupulous that way. It is his vice.

No, he's a rare physician, do him right.

An excellent Paracelsian! And has done 230
 Strange cures with mineral physic. He deals all
 With spirits, he. He will not hear a word
 Of Galen, or his tedious recipes.

[Enter] FACE again.

How now, Lungs!

FACE. Softly, sir, speak softly. I meant
 To ha'told your worship all. This must not hear. 235

MAMMON. No, he will not be gulled; let him alone.

FACE. Yo'are very right, sir, she is a most rare
 scholar;
 And is gone mad with studying Broughton's
 works.

If you but name a word, touching the Hebrew,
 She falls into her fit, and will discourse 240
 So learnedly of genealogies

As you would run mad too, to hear her, sir.

MAMMON. How might one do t'have conference with
 her, Lungs?

FACE. Oh, divers have run mad upon the conference.
 I do not know, sir: I am sent in haste 245
 To fetch a vial.

SURLY. Be not gulled, Sir Mammon.

MAMMON. Wherein? Pray ye, be patient.

SURLY. Yes, as you are.

And trust confederate knaves, and bawds, and
 whores.

MAMMON. You are too foul, believe it. Come here,
 Ulen.

One word.

FACE. I dare not, in good faith.

MAMMON. Stay, knave. 250

FACE. He's extreme angry that you saw her, sir.

MAMMON. Drink that. What is she, when she's out of
 her fit?

230 *Paracelsian*: Paracelsus (1493–1541) repudiated herbal medicine and sought to use alchemical processes for preparing therapeutic substances; first exponent of chemotherapy.

233 *Galen*: medical authority of second century AD.

235 *This*: i.e. Surly.

238 *Broughton*: Hugh Broughton (1549–1612), Puritan divine and biblical scholar.

244 *upon the conference*: on merely meeting her.

252 *Drink that*: Mammon gives a bribe.

- FACE. Oh, the most affablest creature, sir! So merry!
 So pleasant! She'll mount you up, like quicksilver,
 Over the helm; and circulate like oil, 255
 A very vegetal: discourse of state,
 Of mathematics, bawdry, anything –
- MAMMON. Is she no way accessible? No means,
 No trick, to give a man a taste of her – wit –
 Or so?
- SUBTLE. [*within*] Ulen!
- FACE. I'll come to you again, sir. 260
 [Exit.]
- MAMMON. Surly, I did not think one o'your breeding
 Would traduce personages of worth.
- SURLY. Sir Epicure,
 Your friend to use: yet, still, loth to be gulled.
 I do not like your philosophical bawds.
 Their stone is lechery enough to pay for, 265
 Without this bait.
- MAMMON. Heart, you abuse yourself.
 I know the lady, and her friends, and means,
 The original of this disaster. Her brother
 Has told me all.
- SURLY. And yet, you ne'er saw her
 Till now?
- MAMMON. Oh, yes, but I forgot. I have (believe it) 270
 One o'the treacherous't memories, I do think,
 Of all mankind.
- SURLY. What call you her – brother?
- MAMMON. My lord –
 He wi'not have his name known, now I think on't.
- SURLY. A very treacherous memory!
- MAMMON. O'my faith –
 SURLY. Tut, if you ha'it not about you, pass it, 275
 Till we meet next.
- MAMMON. Nay, by this hand, 'tis true.
 He's one I honour, and my noble friend,
 And I respect his house.
- SURLY. Heart! Can it be
 That a grave sir, a rich, that has no need,
 A wise sir, too, at other times, should thus 280

254–5 Dol is described as a volatile substance undergoing distillation.

256 *vegetal*: lively (from *vegetus*, animated).

263 *Your friend to use*: 'at your service'.

268 *original*: source.

With his own oaths and arguments, make hard
 means
 To gull himself? An' this be your elixir,
 Your *lapis mineralis*, and your lunary,
 Give me your honest trick, yet, at primero
 Or glee; and take your *lutum sapientis*, 285
 Your *menstruum simplex*: I'll have gold before
 you,
 And with less danger of the quicksilver,
 Or the hot sulphur.

[Enter FACE.]

FACE. (to SURLY) Here's one from Captain Face, sir,
 Desires you meet him i'the Temple Church,
 Some half hour hence, and upon earnest business. 290
 (He whispers MAMMON) Sir, if you please to quit us
 now; and come

Again, within two hours: you shall have
 My master busy examining o'the works;
 And I will steal you in, unto the party,
 That you may see her converse. [To SURLY] Sir,
 shall I say 295
 You'll meet the Captain's worship?

SURLY. Sir, I will.
 [Aside] But by attorney, and to a second purpose.
 Now I am sure it is a bawdy house;
 I'll swear it, were the Marshal here, to thank me:
 The naming this commander doth confirm it. 300
 Don Face! Why, he's the most authentic dealer
 I'these commodities! The superintendent
 To all the quainter traffickers, in town.
 He is their visitor, and does appoint

282 An': if.

283 *lapis mineralis*: (?) mother of minerals (Mares).

lunary: a herb, source of 'sulphur of nature'.

284-5 *primero* . . . *gleek*: card games.

285 *lutum sapientis*: philosophers' clay, for sealing vessels.

286 *menstruum simplex*: plain solvent.

287-8 *quicksilver* . . . *sulphur*: important in alchemy, but used also to
 treat venereal disease.

289 *Temple Church*: where much law business was conducted.

297 *by attorney*: in another's person.

299 *Marshal*: see I.i.120.

303 *quainter*: punning on 'quaint' = 'pudendum'.

304 *visitor*: official inspector.

Who lies with whom; and at what hour; what price; 305
 Which gown; and in what smock; what fall; what tire.
 Him will I prove, by a third person, to find
 The subtleties of this dark labyrinth:
 Which, if I do discover, dear Sir Mammon,
 You'll give your poor friend leave, though no
 philosopher, 310
 To laugh: for you that are, 'tis thought, shall weep.
 FACE. Sir, he does pray you'll not forget.
 SURLY. I will not, sir.
 Sir Epicure, I shall leave you?
 MAMMON. I follow you, straight.
 [Exit SURLY.]
 FACE. But do so, good sir, to avoid suspicion.
 This gent'man has a parlous head.
 MAMMON. But wilt thou, Ulen, 315
 Be constant to thy promise?
 FACE. As my life, sir.
 MAMMON. And wilt thou insinuate what I am? and
 praise me?
 And say I am a noble fellow?
 FACE. Oh, what else, sir?
 And that you'll make her royal, with the stone,
 An empress; and yourself king of Bantam. 320
 MAMMON. Wilt thou do this?
 FACE. Will I, sir?
 MAMMON. Lungs, my Lungs!
 I love thee.
 FACE. Send your stuff, sir, that my master
 May busy himself about projection.
 MAMMON. Th'hast witched me, rogue: take, go.
 [Giving money.]
 FACE. Your jack, and all, sir.
 MAMMON. Thou art a villain – I will send my jack; 325
 And the weights too. Slave, I could bite thine ear.
 Away, thou dost not care for me.
 FACE. Not I, sir?

306 *fall*: a loose collar.

310–11 alluding to Democritus and Heraclitus, the laughing and weeping philosophers.

315 *parlous*: shrewd.

320 *Bantam*: in Java; fabled to be of great riches.

324 *jack*: mechanism to turn a spit, driven by *weights* (326).

326 *bite thine ear*: expression of endearment.

MAMMON. Come, I was born to make thee, my good weasel;

Set thee on a bench: and ha'thee twirl a chain
With the best lord's vermin of 'em all.

FACE. Away, sir. 330

MAMMON. A Count, nay, a Count Palatine –

FACE. Good sir, go.

MAMMON. Shall not advance thee better: no, nor
faster. [Exit.]

SCENE IV

[Enter] SUBTLE [and] DOL.

[SUBTLE.] Has he bit? Has he bit?

FACE. And swallowed too, my Subtle.

I ha'given him line, and now he plays, i'faith.

SUBTLE. And shall we twitch him?

FACE. Thorough both the gills.

A wench is a rare bait, with which a man

No sooner's taken, but he straight firks mad. 5

SUBTLE. Dol, my lord What's-um's sister, you must
now

Bear yourself *statelich*.

DOL. Oh, let me alone.

I'll not forget my race, I warrant you.

I'll keep my distance, laugh, and talk aloud;

Have all the tricks of a proud scurvy lady, 10

And be as rude as her woman.

FACE. Well said, Sanguine.

SUBTLE. But will he sent his andirons?

FACE. His jack too;

And's iron shoeing-horn: I ha'spoke to him. Well,

I must not lose my wary gamester, yonder.

SUBTLE. Oh Monsieur Caution, that will not be
gulled? 15

FACE. Ay, if I can strike a fine hook into him, now;

329 *Set thee on a bench*: i.e. as a judge.

331 *Count Palatine*: whose jurisdiction in his territory equalled the king's.

5 *firks mad*: goes wild.

7 *statelich*: in a stately manner (Dutch).

11 *Sanguine*: the humour of one amorous, active and cheerful.

The Temple Church, there I have cast mine angle.
Well, pray for me. I'll about it.

One knocks.

SUBTLE. What, more gudgeons!
Dol, scout, scout; stay Face, you must go to the
door:

Pray God, it be my Anabaptist. Who is't, Dol? 20

DOL. I know him not. He looks like a gold-end man.

SUBTLE. God's so! 'Tis he, he said he would send.

What call you him?

The sanctified elder, that should deal
For Mammon's jack and andirons! Let him in.
Stay, help me off, first, with my gown.

[Exit FACE.]

Away 25

Madam, to your withdrawing chamber.

[Exit DOL.]

Now,

In a new tune, new gesture, but old language.
This fellow is sent from one negotiates with me
About the stone, too; for the holy brethren
Of Amsterdam, the exiled saints: that hope 30
To raise their discipline by it. I must use him
In some strange fashion, now, to make him admire
me.

SCENE V

[Enter] ANANIAS.

[SUBTLE.] Where is my drudge?

[Enter] FACE.

FACE. Sir.

SUBTLE. Take away the recipient,
And rectify your menstree from the phlegma.

18 *gudgeons*: small freshwater fish, ready for catching.

20 *Anabaptist*: see Additional Note, p. 528 below.

21 *gold-end man*: itinerant dealer in oddments of gold.

30 *exiled saints*: Puritans who had fled to towns (such as Amsterdam) where extreme Protestant opinions were more readily tolerated.

31 *discipline*: rule (in the sense of 'church').

1 *recipient*: vessel for receiving and condensing distilled matter.

2 *phlegma*: watery product obtained by distillation.

Then pour it o'the Sol, in the cucurbite,
And let 'em macerate, together.

FACE. Yes, sir.

And save the ground?

SUBTLE. No. *Terra damnata* 5

Must not have entrance in the work. Who are you?

ANANIAS. A faithful brother, if it please you.

SUBTLE. What's that?

A Lullianist? A Ripley? *Filius artis*?

Can you sublime, and dulcify? Calcine?

Know you the sapor pontic? Sapor styptic? 10

Or what is homogene, or heterogene?

ANANIAS. I understand no heathen language, truly.

SUBTLE. Heathen, you Knipperdolling? Is *ars sacra*, 15

Or chrysopoeia, or spagyrica,

Or the pamphysic, or panarchic knowledge

A heathen language?

ANANIAS. Heathen Greek, I take it.

SUBTLE. How? Heathen Greek?

ANANIAS. All's heathen, but the Hebrew.

SUBTLE. Sirrah, my varlet, stand you forth, and
speak to him

Like a philosopher: answer, i'the language.

Name the vexations, and the martyrisations 20

Of metals in the work.

FACE. Sir, putrefaction,

3 *cucurbite*: see I.iii.103 n.

4 *macerate*: soften by soaking.

5 *Terra damnata*: sediment, or *grounds*.

8 *Lullianist*: follower of Raymond Lull, alchemical authority,
died 1315.

Ripley: George Ripley, died c. 1490, English alchemist and
author of treatises.

Filius artis: son of the art.

9 *dulcify*: neutralise acidity by washing out salts in a substance.

10 *sapor pontic* . . . *styptic*: in the hierarchy of 'tastes', sour and less
sour.

11 *homogene* . . . *heterogene*: of one kind . . . of various kinds.

13 *Knipperdolling*: one of the leaders of the Anabaptist insur-
rection in Munster (1534).

14 *chrysopoeia*: gold-making.

spagyrica: alchemical wisdom (term invented by Paracelsus).

15 *pamphysic*, or *panarchic knowledge*: knowledge of all-nature,
or all-power.

17 *Hebrew*: the sanctified language, all others being profane or
impure.

21 *putrefaction*: decomposition by chemical action.

- Solution, ablution, sublimation,
Cohobation, calcination, ceration, and
Fixation.
- SUBTLE. This is heathen Greek to you, now?
And when comes vivification?
- FACE. After mortification. 25
- SUBTLE. What's cohobation?
- FACE. 'Tis the pouring on
Your aqua regis, and then drawing him off,
To the trine circle of the seven spheres.
- SUBTLE. What's the proper passion of metals?
- FACE. Malleation.
- SUBTLE. What's your *ultimum supplicium auri*?
- FACE. Antimonium. 30
- SUBTLE. This's heathen Greek to you? And what's
your mercury?
- FACE. A very fugitive; he will be gone, sir.
- SUBTLE. How know you him?
- FACE. By his viscosity,
His oleosity, and his suscitability.
- SUBTLE. How do you sublime him?
- FACE. With the calce of egg-shells, 35
White marble, talc.
- SUBTLE. Your magisterium, now?
What's that?
- FACE. Shifting, sir, your elements,
Dry into cold, cold into moist, moist in-
To hot, hot into dry.
- SUBTLE. This's heathen Greek to you, still?

22 *ablution*: washing away of impurities.

23 *Cohobation*: redistillation.

ceration: see II.iii.84 n.

25 *vivification*: recovering a substance from a solution or oxide.

mortification: destruction of a chemical's active elements.

27 *aqua regis*: mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acid. Face describes a reflux distillation.

28 *to the trine . . . spheres*: (?) when the planets are in a *trine*, or favourable aspect.

29 *proper passion*: particular attribute. Malleability distinguishes metals from minerals (see II.iii.152).

30 *ultimum supplicium auri*: 'final punishment of gold'; alloying with mercury destroys gold's malleability.

32 *fugitive*: i.e. mercury is volatile.

34 *oleosity*: oiliness.

suscitability: excitability.

35 *calce*: calx; the product of calcination.

36 *magisterium*: master work; the alchemical process itself.

Your *lapis philosophicus*?

FACE. 'Tis a stone, and not 40

A stone; a spirit, a soul, and a body:
Which, if you do dissolve, it is dissolved,
If you coagulate, it is coagulated,
If you make it to fly, it flieth.

SUBTLE. Enough.

[Exit FACE.]

This's heathen Greek to you? What are you, sir? 45

ANANIAS. Please you, a servant of the exiled
brethren,

That deal with widows' and with orphans' goods;
And make a just account unto the saints:
A deacon.

SUBTLE. Oh, you are sent from Master Wholesome,
Your teacher?

ANANIAS. From Tribulation Wholesome, 50
Our very zealous pastor.

SUBTLE. Good. I have
Some orphans' goods to come here.

ANANIAS. Of what kind, sir?

SUBTLE. Pewter, and brass, andirons, and kitchen
ware,
Metals, that we must use our med'cine on:
Wherein the brethren may have a penn'orth, 55
For ready money.

ANANIAS. Were the orphans' parents
Sincere professors?

SUBTLE. Why do you ask?

ANANIAS. Because
We then are to deal justly, and give (in truth)
Their utmost value.

SUBTLE. 'Slid, you'd cozen, else,
And if their parents were not of the faithful? 60
I will not trust you, now I think on't,
Till I ha'talked with your pastor. Ha'you brought
money

To buy more coals?

ANANIAS. No, surely.

SUBTLE. No? How so?

41 *a spirit, a soul, and a body*: supposed, by analogy, to be present in all substances; identified by Paracelsus with sopheric mercury, sulphur and salt.

48 *saints*: the elect; members of the sect.

57 *professors*: of godliness.

ANANIAS. The brethren bid me say unto you, sir,
Surely they will not venture any more, 65
Till they may see projection.

SUBTLE. How!

ANANIAS. You've had
For the instruments, as bricks, and loam, and
glasses,
Already thirty pound; and for materials,
They say, some ninety more: and they have heard,
since,
That one, at Heidelberg, made it of an egg, 70
And a small paper of pin-dust.

SUBTLE. What's your name?

ANANIAS. My name is Ananias.

SUBTLE. Out, the varlet
That cozened the Apostles! Hence, away,
Flee, Mischief; had your holy consistory
No name to send me of another sound, 75
Than wicked Ananias? Send your elders
Hither, to make atonement for you, quickly,
And gi'me satisfaction; or out goes
The fire: and down th'alembics, and the furnace,
Piger Henricus, or what not. Thou wretch, 80
Both sericon and bufo shall be lost,
Tell 'em. All hope of rooting out the bishops,
Or th'antichristian hierarchy shall perish,
If they stay threescore minutes. The aqueity,
Terreity, and sulphureity 85
Shall run together again, and all be annulled,
Thou wicked Ananias.

[Exit ANANIAS.]

This will fetch 'em,

71 *pin-dust*: metal shavings produced in pin manufacture and used for blotting ink.

72 *Ananias*: in Acts 5.1–11, Ananias secretly kept back part of a payment due to the Apostles.

74 *consistory*: ecclesiastical assembly; the governing body of the sect.

80 *Piger Henricus*: literally, 'lazy Henry'. A multiple furnace.

81 *sericon and bufo*: the red tincture, and the black (literally, the 'toad').

82–3 the radical reformers wished to purify the Church of England further by replacing the hierarchy of bishops, imposed from above, with a system of elected elders.

84–6 the alchemical process which Subtle threatens to reverse has so far reduced its ingredients to their basic substances of mercury (*aqueity*), salt (*terreity*) and sulphur.

And make 'em haste towards their gulling more.
 A man must deal like a rough nurse, and fright
 Those that are froward to an appetite.

90

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] FACE [*and*] DRUGGER.

[FACE.] He's busy with his spirits, but we'll upon him.

SUBTLE. How now! What mates? What Bayards
 ha'we here?

FACE. I told you he would be furious. Sir, here's
 Nab,

Has brought you another piece of gold to look on:
 (We must appease him. Give it me) and prays you, 5
 You would devise (what is it Nab?) –

DRUGGER. A sign, sir.

FACE. Ay, a good lucky one, a thriving sign, Doctor.

SUBTLE. I was devising now.

FACE. ('Slight, do not say so,
 He will repent he ga'you any more.)

What say you to his constellation, Doctor? 10
 The Balance?

SUBTLE. No, that way is stale, and common.

A townsman, born in Taurus, gives the bull,
 Or the bull's head: in Aries, the ram.

A poor device. No, I will have his name
 Formed in some mystic character; whose radii, 15
 Striking the senses of the passers-by,
 Shall, by a virtual influence, breed affections,
 That may result upon the party owns it:
 As thus –

FACE. Nab!

SUBTLE. He first shall have a bell, that's Abel;
 And, by it, standing one whose name is Dee, 20

2 *Bayards*: 'bold as blind Bayard' meant foolhardy, from Charlemagne's legendary horse.

15 *radii*: rays, emanations.

17 *virtual*: powerful.

affections: appetites or inclinations.

20 *Dee*: Dr John Dee (1527–1608), well-known adept of occult science, including alchemy. Consulted as an astrologer by Queen Elizabeth.

- In a rug gown; there's D and Rug, that's Drug:
 And, right anenst him, a dog snarling Er;
 There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. That's his sign.
 And here's now mystery, and hieroglyphic!
- FACE. Abel, thou art made.
- DRUGGER. Sir, I do thank his worship. 25
- FACE. Six o'thy legs more will not do it, Nab.
 He has brought you a pipe of tobacco, Doctor.
- DRUGGER. Yes, sir:
 I have another thing, I would impart –
- FACE. Out with it, Nab.
- DRUGGER. Sir, there is lodged, hard by me,
 A rich young widow –
- FACE. Good! A *bona-roba*? 30
- DRUGGER. But nineteen, at the most.
- FACE. Very good, Abel.
- DRUGGER. Marry, she's not in fashion, yet; she wears
 A hood: but 't stands a cop.
- FACE. No matter, Abel.
- DRUGGER. And I do, now and then, give her a fucus –
- FACE. What! Dost thou deal, Nab?
- SUBTLE. I did tell you, Captain. 35
- DRUGGER. And physic too sometime, sir: for which
 she trusts me
 With all her mind. She's come up here, of purpose
 To learn the fashion.
- FACE. Good. (His match too!) On, Nab.
- DRUGGER. And she does strangely long to know her
 fortune.
- FACE. God's lid, Nab, send her to the Doctor, hither. 40
- DRUGGER. Yes, I have spoke to her of his worship,
 already:
 But she's afraid it will be blown abroad

21 *rug*: of coarse material.

22 *anenst*: opposite.

24 *hieroglyphic*: hieroglyphs were believed to have been symbols invented by Egyptian priests to preserve, esoterically, ancient wisdom, and were imitated in Renaissance emblems and *imprese*.

26 *legs*: bows.

30 *bona-roba*: literally, 'well-dressed'; slang for a courtesan.

33 *hood*: French hood, worn on the back of the head; a citizen's dress. Dame Pliant mimicked her betters by wearing hers on top (*a cop*).

34 *fucus*: cosmetic.

38 *His match too*: a scornful aside; 'another fool like him'.

And hurt her marriage.

FACE. Hurt it? 'Tis the way
To heal it, if 'twere hurt; to make it more
Followed, and sought: Nab, thou shalt tell her
this. 45

She'll be more known, more talked of, and your
widows

Are ne'er of any price till they be famous;
Their honour is their multitude of suitors:
Send her, it may be thy good fortune. What?
Thou dost not know.

DRUGGER. No, sir, she'll never marry
Under a knight. Her brother has made a vow. 50

FACE. What, and dost thou despair, my little Nab,
Knowing what the Doctor has set down for thee,
And seeing so many o'the city dubbed?
One glass o'thy water, with a madam I know, 55
Will have it done, Nab. What's her brother? A
knight?

DRUGGER. No, sir, a gentleman, newly warm in his
land, sir,
Scarce cold in his one-and-twenty; that does
govern
His sister, here: and is a man himself
Of some three thousand a year, and is come up 60
To learn to quarrel, and to live by his wits,
And will go down again, and die i'the country.

FACE. How! To quarrel!

DRUGGER. Yes, sir, to carry quarrels,
As gallants do, and manage 'em, by line. 65

FACE. 'Slid, Nab! The Doctor is the only man
In Christendom for him. He had made a table,
With mathematical demonstrations,
Touching the art of quarrels. He will give him
An instrument to quarrel by. Go, bring 'em, both:
Him, and his sister. And for thee, with her 70
The Doctor happ'ly may persuade. Go to,
'Shalt give his worship a new damask suit
Upon the premises.

SUBTLE. Oh, good Captain.

54 *dubbed*: knighted, but perhaps also cuckolded.

55 *water*: a love-philtre.

64 *by line*: according to a method.

71 *happ'ly*: with good fortune.

73 *the premises*: what has just been initiated.

FACE. He shall,
 He is the honestest fellow, Doctor. Stay not,
 No offers, bring the damask, and the parties. 75

DRUGGER. I'll try my power, sir.

FACE. And thy will too, Nab.

SUBTLE. 'Tis good tobacco this! What is't an ounce?

FACE. He'll send you a pound, Doctor.

SUBTLE. Oh, no.

FACE. He will do't.
 It is the gooddest soul. Abel, about it.
 (Thou shalt know more anon. Away, be gone.) 80
 [Exit DRUGGER.]
 A miserable rogue, and lives with cheese,
 And has the worms. That was the cause indeed
 Why he came now. He dealt with me in private,
 To get a med'cine for 'em.

SUBTLE. And shall, sir. This works.

FACE. A wife, a wife for one on us, my dear Subtle: 85
 We'll e'en draw lots, and he that fails shall have
 The more in goods, the other has in tail.

SUBTLE. Rather the less. For she may be so light
 She may want grains.

FACE. Ay, or be such a burden,
 A man would scarce endure her, for the whole. 90

SUBTLE. Faith, best let's see her first, and then
 determine.

FACE. Content. But Dol must ha'no breath on't.

SUBTLE. Mum.
 Away you to your Surly yonder, catch him.

FACE. Pray God, I ha'not stayed too long.

SUBTLE. I fear it.
 [Exeunt.]

87 *in tail*: the sexual sense puns on the law term *entail*, by which an estate passes to a single, designated heir.

89 *grains*: weight, to compensate for her moral 'lightness'.

90 *whole*: another bawdy quibble.

 ACT III

SCENE I

[*Enter*] TRIBULATION [WHOLESAME *and*]
ANANIAS.

[TRIBULATION.] These chastisements are common
to the saints,

And such rebukes we of the separation
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

ANANIAS. In pure zeal,
I do not like the man: he is a heathen, 5
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

TRIBULATION. I think him a profane person, indeed.

ANANIAS. He bears
The visible mark of the Beast in his forehead.

And for his stone, it is a work of darkness,
And, with philosophy, blinds the eyes of man. 10

TRIBULATION. Good brother, we must bend unto all
means

That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

ANANIAS. Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

TRIBULATION. Not always necessary.

The children of perdition are, oftentimes, 15
Made instruments even of the greatest works.

Beside, we should give somewhat to man's nature,
The place he lives in, still about the fire,
And fume of metals, that intoxicate

The brain of man, and make him prone to passion. 20

Where have you greater atheists, than your cooks?

Or more profane, or choleric than your glass-men?

More antichristian, than your bell-founders?

What makes the devil so devilish, I would ask you,

2 *we of the separation*: the elect, set apart from the reprobate.

6 *of Canaan*: of the ungodly. A mistake by Jonson, since
'Canaan' was used by Puritans to refer to the promised hopes of
the godly (in opposition to Egypt, the land of bondage).

8 *mark of the Beast*: a sign of reprobation (Revelation 19.20).

11 *bend*: accommodate ourselves.

17 *give*: make allowance for.

- Satan, our common enemy, but his being
Perpetually about the fire, and boiling
Brimstone and arsenic? We must give, I say,
Unto the motives, and the stirrers up
Of humours in the blood. It may be so,
Whenas the work is done, the stone is made, 30
This heat of his may turn into a zeal,
And stand up for the beauteous discipline
Against the menstruous cloth and rag of Rome.
We must await his calling, and the coming
Of the good spirit. You did fault, t'upbraid him 35
With the brethren's blessing of Heidelberg,
weighing
What need we have to hasten on the work,
For the restoring of the silenced saints,
Which ne'er will be, but by the philosophers'
stone.
- And so a learned elder, one of Scotland, 40
Assured me: *aurum potable* being
The only med'cine for the civil magistrate,
T'incline him to a feeling of the cause:
And must be daily used, in the disease.
- ANANIAS. I have not edified more, truly, by man; 45
Not, since the beautiful light, first, shone on me:
And I am sad my zeal hath so offended.
- TRIBULATION. Let us call on him, then.
- ANANIAS. The motion's good,
And of the spirit; I will knock first. Peace be
within.

28 *motives*: forces that stimulate.

33 *Rome*: the Roman Catholic Church, identified by Puritans with the Babylonian Whore of Revelation 17. Her garments symbolise Rome's corrupt doctrine and liturgy.

34 *calling*: in Calvinist theology, the action of Grace moving a man to his conversion. See 46.

38 *silenced saints*: nonconforming ministers who were forbidden to preach.

40 *Scotland*: which had a reformed system of church discipline.

41 *aurum potable*: medicinal gold, in elixir form; here, bribery.

48 *motion*: inclination to act; a cant word.

SCENE II

[*Enter*] SUBTLE.

- [SUBTLE.] Oh, are you come? 'Twas time. Your
threescore minutes
Were at the last thread, you see; and down had
gone
Furnus acediae, turris circulatorius:
Limbeck, bolt's-head, retort, and pelican
Had all been cinders. Wicked Ananias! 5
Art thou returned? Nay then, it goes down yet.
TRIBULATION. Sir, be appeased, he is come to humble
Himself in spirit, and to ask your patience,
If too much zeal hath carried him aside
From the due path.
SUBTLE. Why, this doth qualify! 10
TRIBULATION. The brethren had no purpose, verily,
To give you the least grievance: but are ready
To lend their willing hands to any project
The spirit, and you direct.
SUBTLE. This qualifies more!
TRIBULATION. And for the orphans' goods, let them
be valued, 15
Or what is needful else to the holy work,
It shall be numbered: here, by me, the saints
Throw down their purse before you.
SUBTLE. This qualifies, most!
Why, thus it should be, now you understand.
Have I discoursed so unto you, of our stone? 20
And of the good that it shall bring your cause?
Showed you (beside the main of hiring forces
Abroad, drawing the Hollanders, your friends,
From th'Indies, to serve you, with all their fleet)
That even the med'cinal use shall make you a
faction, 25
And party in the realm? As, put the case,
That some great man in state, he have the gout,
Why, you but send three drops of your elixir,

3 *Furnus acediae*: 'furnace of sloth' (see II.v.80).

turris circulatorius: circulation tower (for continuous sublimation).

10 *qualify*: alchemically, 'dilute'.

22 *main*: chief point.

- You help him straight: there you have made a friend.
- Another has the palsy, or the dropsy, 30
 He takes of your incombustible stuff,
 He's young again: there you have made a friend.
 A lady, that is past the feat of body,
 Though not of mind, and hath her face decayed
 Beyond all cure of paintings, you restore 35
 With the oil of talc: there you have made a friend:
 And all her friends. A lord, that is a leper,
 A knight, that has the bone-ache, or a squire
 That hath both these, you make 'em smooth and
 sound,
 With a bare fricace of your med'cine: still 40
 You increase your friends.
- TRIBULATION. Ay, 'tis very pregnant.
- SUBTLE. And, then, the turning of this lawyer's
 pewter
 To plate, at Christmas –
- ANANIAS. Christ-tide, I pray you.
- SUBTLE. Yet, Ananias?
- ANANIAS. I have done.
- SUBTLE. Or changing
 His parcel-gilt to massy gold. You cannot 45
 But raise you friends. Withal, to be of power
 To pay an army in the field, to buy
 The king of France out of his realms, or Spain
 Out of his Indies: what can you not do,
 Against lords spiritual or temporal 50
 That shall oppone you?
- TRIBULATION. Verily, 'tis true.
 We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.
- SUBTLE. You may be anything, and leave off to make
 Long-winded exercises: or suck up
 Your ha, and hum, in a tune. I not deny, 55

31 *incombustible*: alchemically, 'so refined as to resist fire'.

33 *feat of body*: sexual intercourse.

36 *oil of talc*: a facewash; also the elixir in a white form.

38 *bone-ache*: syphilis.

40 *bare fricace*: mere rubbing.

43 *Christ-tide*: Puritans objected to the popish implications of the suffix '-mas'.

45 *parcel-gilt*: silverware partly gilded.

51 *opponne*: oppose.

54 *exercises*: prayer meetings.

55 *ha, and hum*: Puritan mannerisms in praying.

- But such as are not gracèd in a state,
 May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
 And get a tune, to call the flock together:
 For (to say sooth) a tune does much with women,
 And other phlegmatic people; it is your bell. 60
- ANANIAS. Bells are profane: a tune may be religious.
- SUBTLE. No warning with you? Then, farewell my
 patience.
 'Slight, it shall down: I will not be thus tortured.
- TRIBULATION. I pray you, sir.
- SUBTLE. All shall perish. I have spoke it.
- TRIBULATION. Let me find grace, sir, in your eyes;
 the man 65
- He stands corrected: neither did his zeal
 (But as yourself) allow a tune, somewhere.
 Which, now being to'ard the stone, we shall not
 need.
- SUBTLE. No, nor your holy vizard, to win widows
 To give you legacies; or make zealous wives 70
 To rob their husbands, for the common cause:
 Nor take the start of bonds, broke but one day,
 And say they were forfeited by providence.
 Nor shall you need o'er night to eat huge meals,
 To celebrate your next day's fast the better: 75
 The whilst the brethren and the sisters, humbled,
 Abate the stiffness of the flesh. Nor cast
 Before your hungry hearers scrupulous bones,
 As whether a Christian may hawk, or hunt;
 Or whether matrons, of the holy assembly, 80
 May lay their hair out, or wear doublets:
 Or have that idol, starch, about their linen.
- ANANIAS. It is, indeed, an idol.
- TRIBULATION. Mind him not, sir.
 I do command thee, spirit (of zeal, but trouble),
 To peace within him. Pray you, sir, go on. 85

61 *Bells*: used in popish masses.

63 *it*: the alchemical preparation.

69–97 a satirical catalogue of practices supposed to be characteristic of Puritans.

72 'Nor seize on the sureties for loans overdue only by one day'.

78 *scrupulous bones*: hair-splitting points of dogma, which the Puritan congregation chews over.

81 *lay their hair out*: i. e. in a fashionable way.

wear doublets: doublets were an item of male dress; on a woman they would offend against Deuteronomy 22.5.

- SUBTLE. Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the
 prelates
 And shorten so your ears, against the hearing
 Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor, of necessity,
 Rail against plays, to please the alderman,
 Whose daily custard you devour. Nor lie 90
 With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one
 Of these so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
 By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
 Restraint, Long-Patience, and such like, affected
 By the whole family, or wood of you, 95
 Only for glory, and to catch the ear
 Of the disciple.
- TRIBULATION. Truly, sir, they are
 Ways that the godly brethren have invented
 For propagation of the glorious cause,
 As very notable means, and whereby, also, 100
 Themselves grow soon, and profitably famous.
- SUBTLE. Oh, but the stone, all's idle to it! Nothing!
 The art of angels, nature's miracle,
 The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds
 From east to west: and whose tradition 105
 Is not from men, but spirits.
- ANANIAS. I hate traditions:
 I do not trust them –
- TRIBULATION. Peace.
- ANANIAS. They are popish, all.
 I will not peace. I will not –
- TRIBULATION. Ananias.
- ANANIAS. Please the profane, to grieve the godly: I
 may not.
- SUBTLE. Well, Ananias, thou shalt overcome. 110
- TRIBULATION. It is an ignorant zeal that haunts him,
 sir.
 But truly, else, a very faithful brother,

87 *shorten so your ears*: have your ears cropped in the pillory.

88 *wire-drawn*: long-winded.

90 *custard*: a large pie, here sent as a gift by a godly-minded city
 businessman.

95 *wood*: collection, from Latin *silva*.

103–6 a series of esoteric phrases describing the stone.

106 *traditions*: Protestant reformers attempted to found their
 dogma and practice solely on biblical authority, untainted by
 centuries of erroneous interpretation by the Roman Church.

- A botcher: and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.
- SUBTLE. Has he a competent sum, there, i'the bag, 115
To buy the goods within? I am made guardian,
And must, for charity, and conscience sake,
Now see the most be made, for my poor orphans:
Though I desire the brethren, too, good gainers.
There they are, within. When you have viewed,
and bought 'em, 120
And ta'en the inventory of what they are,
They are ready for projection; there's no more
To do: cast on the med'cine, so much silver
As there is tin there, so much gold as brass,
I'll gi't you in, by weight.
- TRIBULATION. But how long time, 125
Sir, must the saints expect, yet?
- SUBTLE. Let me see,
How's the moon, now? Eight, nine, ten days hence
He will be silver potato; then, three days
Before he citronise: some fifteen days,
The magisterium will be perfected. 130
- ANANIAS. About the second day, of the third week,
In the ninth month?
- SUBTLE. Yes, my good Ananias.
- TRIBULATION. What will the orphans' goods arise to,
think you?
- SUBTLE. Some hundred marks; as much as filled
three cars,
Unladed now: you'll make six millions of 'em. 135
But I must ha'more coals laid in.
- TRIBULATION. How!
- SUBTLE. Another load,
And then we ha'finished. We must now increase
Our fire to *ignis ardens*, we are past
Fimus equinus, balnei, cineris,
And all those lenter heats. If the holy purse 140

113 *botcher*: a tailor who patches clothes.
revelation: inner light.

125 *gi't you in*: exchange it.

126 *expect*: wait.

128 *silver potato*: liquefied silver.

129 *citronise*: achieve the penultimate colour.

138-9 *ignis ardens* . . . *cineris*: the four grades of heat. *Ignis ardens* is the hottest fire.

140 *lenter*: slower.

Should, with this draught, fall low, and that the
 saints
 Do need a present sum, I have a trick
 To melt the pewter you shall buy now, instantly,
 And, with a tincture, make you as good Dutch
 dollars
 As any are in Holland.

TRIBULATION. Can you so? 145

SUBTLE. Ay, and shall bide the third examination.

ANANIAS. It will be joyful tidings to the brethren.

SUBTLE. But you must carry it secret.

TRIBULATION. Ay, but stay,
 This act of coining, is it lawful?

ANANIAS. Lawful?
 We know no magistrate. Or, if we did, 150
 This's foreign coin.

SUBTLE. It is no coining, sir.
 It is but casting.

TRIBULATION. Ha? You distinguish well.
 Casting of money may be lawful.

ANANIAS. 'Tis, sir.

TRIBULATION. Truly, I take it so.

SUBTLE. There is no scruple,
 Sir, to be made of it; believe Ananias: 155
 This case of conscience he is studied in.

TRIBULATION. I'll make a question of it, to the
 brethren.

ANANIAS. The brethren shall approve it lawful,
 doubt not.
 Where shall't be done?

SUBTLE. For that we'll talk anon.
Knock without.
 There's some to speak with me. Go in, I pray you, 160
 And view the parcels. That's the inventory.
 I'll come to you straight.

[*Exeunt* TRIBULATION and ANANIAS.]
 Who is it? Face! Appear.

144 *tincture*: a colouring agent.

150 *We know no magistrate*: extreme sects denied the civil powers any authority in matters of conscience; a shocking claim to orthodox ears.

156 *case of conscience*: a cant phrase denoting a thorny moral or doctrinal problem suitable for analysis (*question*) by experts in theology.

SCENE III

[Enter] FACE.

[SUBTLE.] How now? Good prize?

FACE. Good pox! Yond' costive cheater

Never came on.

SUBTLE. How then?

FACE. I ha'walked the round

Till now, and no such thing.

SUBTLE. And ha'you quit him?

FACE. Quit him? An' hell would quit him too, he were
happy.

'Slight, would you have me stalk like a mill-jade, 5
All day, for one that will not yield us grains?

I know him of old.

SUBTLE. Oh, but to ha'gulled him

Had been a mastery.

FACE. Let him go, black boy,
And turn thee, that some fresh news may possess
thee.

A noble Count, a Don of Spain (my dear 10
Delicious compeer, and my party-bawd)

Who is come hither, private, for his conscience,
And brought munition with him, six great slops,
Bigger than three Dutch hoys, beside round
trunks,

Furnished with pistolets, and pieces of eight, 15
Will straight be here, my rogue, to have thy bath

(That is the colour) and to make his battery
Upon our Dol, our castle, our Cinque Port,
Our Dover pier, our what thou wilt. Where is she?

She must prepare perfumes, delicate linen, 20
The bath in chief, a banquet, and her wit,

2 *the round*: the circular aisle of the Temple Church.

5 *mill-jade*: horse driving a grindstone by walking in circles.

8 *black boy*: alluding to Subtle's sooty occupation.

11 *party-bawd*: part bawd (or fellow bawd).

12 *for his conscience*: because he is a Protestant.

13 *slops*: fashionable puffed breeches.

14 *hoys*: small boats, rigged as sloops (hence quibbling on *slops*).

trunks: trunk hose, enormous stuffed knee-breeches.

15 *pistolets . . . pieces of eight*: Spanish gold coins.

17 *colour*: pretext.

For she must milk his epididymis.

Where is the doxy?

SUBTLE. I'll send her to thee:

And but dispatch my brace of little John Leydens,

And come again myself.

FACE. Are they within then? 25

SUBTLE. Numbering the sum.

FACE. How much?

SUBTLE. A hundred

marks, boy. [Exit.]

FACE. Why, this's a lucky day! Ten pounds of
Mammon!

Three o'my clerk! A portague o'my grocer!

This o'the brethren! Beside reversions,

And states to come i'the window, and my Count! 30

My share, today, will not be bought for forty –

[Enter] DOL.

DOL. What?

FACE. Pounds, dainty Dorothy; art thou so near?

DOL. Yes; say, Lord General, how fares our camp?

FACE. As with the few, that had entrenched
themselves

Safe, by their discipline, against a world, Dol: 35

And laughed within those trenches, and grew fat

With thinking on the booties, Dol, brought in

Daily, by their small parties. This dear hour,

A doughty Don is taken with my Dol;

And thou may'st make his ransom what thou wilt, 40

My Dousabel; he shall be brought here, fettered

With thy fair looks before he sees thee; and thrown

In a down-bed, as dark as any dungeon;

Where thou shalt keep him waking, with thy drum;

Thy drum, my Dol; thy drum; till he be tame 45

As the poor blackbirds were i'the great frost,

Or bees are with a basin: and so hive him

22 *epididymis*: tube carrying sperm from the testes.

24 *John Leyden*: John of Leyden was a leader of the Anabaptist rising in Munster (1534).

30 *states*: estates.

33 line quoted from Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, I.ii.1.

38 *parties*: raiders.

41 *Dousabel*: a romance name; sweet and lovely (*douce et belle*).

46 *great frost*: of 1607–8.

47 *bees*: supposed to settle on hearing pots banged together.

- I'the swan-skin coverlet, and cambric sheets,
Till he work honey, and wax, my little God's-gift.
- DOL. What is he, General?
- FACE. An *Adalantado*, 50
A grandee, girl. Was not my Dapper here, yet?
- DOL. No.
- FACE. Nor my Drugger?
- DOL. Neither.
- FACE. A pox on 'em,
They are so long a-furnishing! Such stinkards
Would not be seen upon these festival days.
- [*Enter* SUBTLE.]
- How now! Ha'you done?
- SUBTLE. Done. They are gone. The sum 55
Is here in bank, my Face. I would we knew
Another chapman, now, would buy 'em outright.
- FACE. 'Slid, Nab shall do't, against he ha'the widow,
To furnish household.
- SUBTLE. Excellent, well thought on,
Pray God he come.
- FACE. I pray he keep away 60
Till our new business be o'erpassed.
- SUBTLE. But, Face,
How cam'st thou by this secret Don?
- FACE. A spirit
Brought me th'intelligence in a paper, here,
As I was conjuring, yonder, in my circle
For Surly: I ha'my flies abroad. Your bath 65
Is famous, Subtle, by my means. Sweet Dol,
You must go tune your virginal, no losing
O'the least time. And, do you hear? good action.
Firk, like a flounder; kiss, like a scallop, close:
And tickle him with thy mother-tongue. His great 70
Verdugoship has not a jot of language:
So much the easier to be cozened, my Dolly.

49 *God's-gift*: the meaning of the name Dorothea.

50 *Adalantado*: governor (of a province).

54 *Would*: should.

56 *in bank*: safe and secure.

64 *conjuring . . . in my circle*: walking round and round. Conjurers worked within protective circles.

69 *Firk*: act lively.
scallop: shellfish.

71 *Verdugoship*: a mock title, from *verdugo* = hangman (Spanish).

He will come here in a hired coach, obscure,
 And our own coachman, whom I have sent as a
 guide,
 No creature else.

One knocks.

Who's that?

SUBTLE. It i'not he? 75

FACE. Oh no, not yet this hour.

SUBTLE. Who is't?

DOL. [*at the window*] Dapper,
 Your clerk.

FACE. God's will, then, Queen of Faery,
 On with your tire; and, Doctor, with your robes.
 Let's dispatch him, for God's sake.

[Exit DOL.]

SUBTLE. 'Twill be long.

FACE. I warrant you, take but the cues I give you, 80
 It shall be brief enough. 'Slight, here are more!
 Abel, and I think the angry boy, the heir,
 That fain would quarrel.

SUBTLE. And the widow?

FACE. No,

Not that I see. Away.

[Exit SUBTLE.]

O sir, you are welcome.

SCENE IV

[Enter] DAPPER.

[FACE.] The Doctor is within, a-moving for you
 (I have had the most ado to win him to it);
 He swears, you'll be the darling o'the dice:
 He never heard her Highness dote, till now (he
 says).

Your aunt has given you the most gracious words 5
 That can be thought on.

DAPPER. Shall I see her Grace?

[Enter] DRUGGER [and] KASTRIL.

FACE. See her, and kiss her too. What? Honest Nab!
 Hast brought the damask?

- DRUGGER. No, sir, here's tobacco.
 FACE. 'Tis well done, Nab: thou'lt bring the damask too?
- DRUGGER. Yes; here's the gentleman, Captain,
 master Kastril, 10
 I have brought to see the Doctor.
- FACE. Where's the widow?
 DRUGGER. Sir, as he likes, his sister (he says) shall come.
- FACE. Oh, is it so? Good time. Is your name Kastril, sir?
- KASTRIL. Ay, and the best o'the Kastrils, I'd be sorry else,
 By fifteen hundred a year. Where is this Doctor? 15
 My mad tobacco-boy, here, tells me of one
 That can do things. Has he any skill?
- FACE. Wherein, sir?
 KASTRIL. To carry a business, manage a quarrel,
 fairly,
 Upon fit terms.
- FACE. It seems sir, yo'are but young
 About the town, that can make that a question! 20
- KASTRIL. Sir, not so young, but I have heard some speech
 Of the angry boys, and seen 'em take tobacco,
 And in his shop: and I can take it too.
 And I would fain be one of 'em, and go down
 And practise i'the country.
- FACE. Sir, for the *duello*, 25
 The Doctor, I assure you, shall inform you,
 To the least shadow of a hair: and show you
 An instrument he has, of his own making,
 Wherewith, no sooner shall you make report
 Of any quarrel, but he will take the height on't, 30
 Most instantly; and tell in what degree
 Of safety it lies in, or mortality,
 And how it may be borne, whether in a right line,
 Or a half circle; or may, else, be cast
 Into an angle blunt, if not acute: 35

13 *Good time*: all in good time.

22 *take tobacco*: at this time still a new, and scandalous, indulgence. It marks Lovewit out as very daring (V. v. 144).

25-41 the period did indeed see textbooks on quarrelling. Face here treats quarrelling as if it were a geometrical puzzle.

All this he will demonstrate. And then, rules
To give, and take the lie by.

KASTRIL. How? To take it?

FACE. Yes, in oblique, he'll show you; or in circle;
But never in diameter. The whole town
Study his theorems, and dispute them, ordinarily, 40
At the eating academies.

KASTRIL. But does he teach
Living by the wits, too?

FACE. Anything, whatever.
You cannot think that subtlety, but he reads it.
He made me a Captain. I was a stark pimp,
Just o'your standing, 'fore I met with him: 45
It i'not two months since. I'll tell you his method.
First, he will enter you at some ordinary.

KASTRIL. No, I'll not come there. You shall pardon
me.

FACE. For why, sir?

KASTRIL. There's gaming there, and tricks.

FACE. Why, would you be
A gallant, and not game?

KASTRIL. Ay, 'twill spend a man. 50

FACE. Spend you? It will repair you, when you are
spent.

How do they live by their wits, there, that have
vented

Six times your fortunes?

KASTRIL. What, three thousand a year?

FACE. Ay, forty thousand.

KASTRIL. Are there such?

FACE. Ay, sir. 55

And gallants yet. Here's a young gentleman
Is born to nothing, forty marks a year,
Which I count nothing. He's to be initiated,
And have a fly o'the Doctor. He will win you
By irresistible luck, within this fortnight,
Enough to buy a barony. They will set him 60
Upmost, at the groom-porter's, all the Christmas!

39 *in diameter*: i.e. directly.

41 *eating academies*: punning on ordinary/ordinarily.

43 *reads*: studies.

47 *enter*: introduce, as a student.

52 *vented*: spent.

61 *Upmost*: in the best seat.

groom-porter: official in the royal household who regulated
gambling at court.

And, for the whole year through, at every place
 Where there is play, present him with the chair;
 The best attendance, the best drink, sometimes
 Two glasses of canary, and pay nothing; 65
 The purest linen, and the sharpest knife,
 The partridge next his trencher: and, somewhere,
 The dainty bed, in private, with the dainty.
 You shall ha' your ordinaries bid for him,
 As playhouses for a poet; and the master 70
 Pray him, aloud, to name what dish he affects,
 Which must be buttered shrimps: and those that
 drink

To no mouth else, will drink to his, as being
 The goodly, president mouth of all the board.

KASTRIL. Do you not gull one?

FACE. 'Ods my life! Do you think it? 75

You shall have a cast commander (can but get
 In credit with a glover, or a spurrier,
 For some two pair of either's ware, aforehand)
 Will, by most swift posts, dealing with him,
 Arrive at competent means to keep himself, 80
 His punk, and naked boy, in excellent fashion,
 And be admired for't.

KASTRIL. Will the Doctor teach this?

FACE. He will do more, sir, when your land is gone
 (As men of spirit hate to keep earth long),
 In a vacation, when small money is stirring, 85
 And ordinaries suspended till the term,
 He'll show a perspective, where on one side
 You shall behold the faces, and the persons
 Of all sufficient young heirs in town,
 Whose bonds are current for commodity; 90
 On t'other side, the merchants' forms, and others,
 That, without help of any second broker
 (Who would expect a share) will trust such parcels:
 In the third square, the very street and sign

65 *canary*: fine sweet wine.

74 *president*: presiding.

76 *cast*: unemployed.

79 *by most swift posts*: post-haste.

81 *boy*: page, or catamite.

84 *earth*: the basest element.

87 *perspective*: trick optical device.

90 *commodity*: see Additional Note to II.i.14, p. 528 below.

93 *parcels*: i.e. of goods.

- Where the commodity dwells, and does but wait 95
 To be delivered, be it pepper, soap,
 Hops or tobacco, oatmeal, woad, or cheeses.
 All which you may so handle, to enjoy
 To your own use, and never stand obliged.
- KASTRIL. I'faith! Is he such a fellow?
- FACE. Why, Nab here knows him. 100
 And then for making matches for rich widows,
 Young gentlewomen, heirs, the fortunat'st man!
 He's sent to, far and near, all over England,
 To have his counsel, and to know their fortunes.
- KASTRIL. God's will, my suster shall see him.
- FACE. I'll tell you, sir, 105
 What he did tell me of Nab. It's a strange thing!
 (By the way you must eat no cheese, Nab, it breeds
 melancholy:
 And that same melancholy breeds worms, but pass
 it.)
 He told me, honest Nab, here, was ne'er at tavern,
 But once in's life!
- DRUGGER. Truth, and no more I was not. 110
- FACE. And then he was so sick –
- DRUGGER. Could he tell you that too?
- FACE. How should I know it?
- DRUGGER. In troth we had been a-shooting,
 And had a piece of fat ram-mutton, to supper,
 That lay so heavy o'my stomach –
- FACE. And he has no head
 To bear any wine; for, what with the noise o'the
 fiddlers, 115
 And care of his shop, for he dares keep no
 servants –
- DRUGGER. My head did so ache –
- FACE. As he was fain to be brought home,
 The Doctor told me. And then, a good old
 woman –
- DRUGGER. (Yes faith, she dwells in Seacoal Lane)
 did cure me,
 With sodden ale, and pellitory o'the wall: 120

105 *suster*: sister. Kastril is from the country.

108 *pass it*: let that pass.

119 *Seacoal Lane*: a poor district, outside the walls.

120 *sodden*: boiled.

pellitory: a low bushy plant growing on walls.

Cost me but twopence. I had another sickness
Was worse than that.

FACE. Ay, that was with the grief
Thou took'st for being 'sessed at eighteen pence,
For the waterwork.

DRUGGER. In truth, and it was like
T'have cost me almost my life.

FACE. Thy hair went off? 125

DRUGGER. Yes, sir, 'twas done for spite.

FACE. Nay, so says the Doctor.

KASTRIL. Pray thee, tobacco-boy, go fetch my suster,
I'll see this learned boy, before I go:
And so shall she.

FACE. Sir, he is busy now:
But, if you have a sister to fetch hither, 130
Perhaps your own pains may command her
sooner;
And he, by that time, will be free.

KASTRIL. I go. [Exit.]

FACE. Drugger, she's thine: the damask.

[Exit DRUGGER.]

(Subtle and I

Must wrestle for her.) Come on, master Dapper.
You see how I turn clients, here, away, 135
To give your cause dispatch. Ha'you performed
The ceremonies were enjoined you?

DAPPER. Yes, o'the vinegar,
And the clean shirt.

FACE. 'Tis well: that shirt may do you
More worship than you think. Your aunt's afire
But that she will not show it, t'have a sight on you. 140
Ha'you provided for her Grace's servants?

DAPPER. Yes, here are six score Edward shillings.

FACE. Good.

DAPPER. And an old Harry's sovereign.

FACE. Very good.

DAPPER. And three James shillings, and an Elizabeth
groat,

123 'sessed: assessed.

124 *waterwork*: Sir Hugh Myddleton's New River, begun in 1609
(but perhaps a covert allusion to venereal disease, since
Drugger has lost his hair?).

143 *old Harry's sovereign*: sovereign of Henry VIII, worth ten
shillings.

144 *groat*: fourpence.

Just twenty nobles.

FACE. Oh, you are too just. 145

I would you had had the other noble in Marys.

DAPPER. I have some Philip and Marys.

FACE. Ay, those same
Are best of all. Where are they? Hark, the Doctor.

SCENE V

[Enter] SUBTLE *disguised like a Priest of
Faery.*

[SUBTLE.] Is yet her Grace's cousin come?

FACE. He is come.

SUBTLE. And is he fasting?

FACE. Yes.

SUBTLE. And hath cried 'hum'?

FACE. Thrice, you must answer.

DAPPER. Thrice.

SUBTLE. And as oft 'buz'?

FACE. If you have, say.

DAPPER. I have.

SUBTLE. Then, to her coz,

Hoping that he hath vinegared his senses, 5

As he was bid, the Faery Queen dispenses,

By me, this robe, the petticoat of Fortune;

Which that he straight put on, she doth importune.

And though to Fortune near be her petticoat,

Yet, nearer is her smock, the Queen doth note: 10

And, therefore, even of that a piece she hath sent,

Which, being a child, to wrap him in was rent;

And prays him, for a scarf he now will wear it

(With as much love as then her Grace did tear it)

About his eyes, to show he is fortunate. 15

They blind him with a rag.

And, trusting unto her to make his state,

He'll throw away all worldly pelf about him;

Which that he will perform, she doth not doubt

him.

145 *too just*: too exact. Face prods Dapper into generosity.

9-10 proverbial; with salacious innuendo.

12 *being*: when he was.

- FACE. She need not doubt him, sir. Alas, he has
nothing
But what he will part withal, as willingly, 20
Upon her Grace's word (throw away your purse)
As she would ask it (handkerchiefs, and all):
She cannot bid that thing, but he'll obey.
He throws away, as they bid him.
(If you have a ring about you, cast it off,
Or a silver seal at your wrist, her Grace will send 25
Her fairies here to search you, therefore deal
Directly with her Highness. If they find
That you conceal a mite, you are undone.)
- DAPPER. Truly, there's all.
- FACE. All what?
- DAPPER. My money, truly.
- FACE. Keep nothing that is transitory about you. 30
(Bid Dol play music.)
- DOL enters with a cithern: they pinch him.*
- Look, the elves are come
To pinch you, if you tell not truth. Advise you.
- DAPPER. Oh, I have a paper with a spur-royal in't.
- FACE. *Ti, ti,* 35
They knew't, they say.
- SUBTLE. *Ti, ti, ti, ti.* He has more yet.
- FACE. *Ti, ti-ti-ti.* I'the t'other pocket?
- SUBTLE. *Titi, titi, titi, titi.*
They must pinch him, or he will never confess, they
say.
- DAPPER. Oh, oh.
- FACE. Nay, 'pray you hold. He is her
Grace's nephew.
Ti, ti, ti? What care you? Good faith, you shall
care.
Deal plainly, sir, and shame the fairies. Show
You are an innocent.
- DAPPER. By this good light, I ha'nothing. 40
- SUBTLE. *Ti ti, ti ti to ta.* He does equivocate, she
says:
Ti, ti do ti, ti ti do, ti da. And swears by the light,
when he is blinded.

31 s.d. *cithern*: guitar-like instrument.

33 *spur-royal*: Edward IV noble, worth about fifteen shillings.

40 *innocent*: sinless man, but also fool.

DAPPER. By this good dark, I ha'nothing but a half-crown
 Of gold about my wrist, that my love gave me;
 And a leaden heart I wore sin' she forsook me. 45

FACE. I thought 'twas something. And would you incur
 Your aunt's displeasure for these trifles? Come,
 I had rather you had thrown away twenty half-crowns.
 You may wear your leaden heart still.
 [DOL goes to the window.]
 How now?

SUBTLE. What news, Dol?

DOL. Yonder's your knight, Sir Mammon. 50

FACE. God's lid, we never thought of him till now.
 Where is he?

DOL. Here, hard by. He's at the door.

SUBTLE. [to FACE] And you are not ready, now! Dol,
 get his suit.
 He must not be sent back.
 [Exit DOL.]

FACE. Oh, by no means.
 What shall we do with this same puffin, here, 55
 Now he's o'the spit?

SUBTLE. Why, lay him back a while,
 With some device.
 [Enter DOL with FACE's disguise.]
Ti, ti ti, ti ti ti. Would her Grace
 speak with me?
 I come. Help, Dol.

FACE. Who's there? Sir Epicure;
*He speaks through the keyhole,
 the other knocking.*
 My master's i'the way. Please you to walk.
 Three or four turns, but till his back be turned, 60
 And I am for you. Quickly, Dol.

SUBTLE. Her Grace
 Commends her kindly to you, master Dapper.

DAPPER. I long to see her Grace.

SUBTLE. She, now, is set
 At dinner, in her bed; and she has sent you,
 From her own private trencher, a dead mouse, 65

55 *puffin*: thought to be half bird and half fish.

56 *lay him back*: take him off the heat.

And a piece of gingerbread, to be merry withal,
 And stay your stomach, lest you faint with fasting:
 Yet, if you could hold out till she saw you (she says)
 It would be better for you.

FACE. Sir, he shall
 Hold out, an' 'twere these two hours, for her
 Highness; 70

I can assure you that. We will not lose
 All we ha'done –

SUBTLE. He must not see, nor speak
 To anybody, till then.

FACE. For that, we'll put, sir,
 A stay in's mouth.

SUBTLE. Of what?

FACE. Of gingerbread.
 Make you it fit. He that hath pleased her Grace 75
 Thus far, shall not now crinkle, for a little.
 Gape, sir, and let him fit you.

SUBTLE. Where shall we now
 Bestow him?

DOL. I'the privy.

SUBTLE. Come along, sir,
 I now must show you Fortune's privy lodgings.

FACE. Are they perfumed? And his bath ready?

SUBTLE. All. 80

Only the fumigation's somewhat strong.

FACE. Sir Epicure. I am yours, sir, by and by.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

[*Enter*] FACE [*and*] MAMMON.

[FACE.] Oh, sir, yo'are come i'the only, finest time –
 MAMMON. Where's master?

74 *stay*: gag.

76 *crinkle*: shrink.

0 s.d. The action is continuous from III.v.

1 *only*: uniquely.

- FACE. Now preparing for projection, sir.
Your stuff will be all changed shortly.
- MAMMON. Into gold?
- FACE. To gold, and silver, sir.
- MAMMON. Silver, I care not for.
- FACE. Yes, sir, a little to give beggars.
- MAMMON. Where's the lady? 5
- FACE. At hand, here. I ha'told her such brave things
o'you,
Touching your bounty and your noble spirit –
- MAMMON. Hast thou?
- FACE. As she is almost in her fit to see you.
But, good sir, no divinity i'your conference,
For fear of putting her in rage –
- MAMMON. I warrant thee. 10
- FACE. Six men will not hold her down. And, then,
If the old man should hear, or see you –
- MAMMON. Fear not.
- FACE. The very house, sir, would run mad. You know
it
How scrupulous he is, and violent,
'Gainst the least act of sin. Physic, or mathematics, 15
Poetry, state, or bawdry (as I told you)
She will endure, and never startle: but
No word of controversy.
- MAMMON. I am schooled, good Ulen.
- FACE. And you must praise her house, remember
that,
And her nobility.
- MAMMON. Let me alone: 20
No herald, nor no antiquary, Lungs,
Shall do it better. Go.
- FACE. [aside] Why, this is yet
A kind of modern happiness, to have
Dol Common for a great lady. [Exit.]
- MAMMON. Now, Epicure,
Heighten thyself, talk to her, all in gold; 25
Rain her as many showers, as Jove did drops
Unto his Danaë: show the god a miser,
Compared with Mammon. What? The stone will do't.
She shall feel gold, taste gold, hear gold, sleep gold:
Nay, we will *concumere* gold. I will be puissant, 30

16 *state*: politics.

23 *modern*: commonplace (punning on Dol's name).

30 *concumere*: breed, couple.

And mighty in my talk to her! Here she comes.

[Enter] DOL [and FACE.]

FACE. To him, Dol, suckle him. This is the noble knight

I told your ladyship –

MAMMON. Madam, with your pardon,
I kiss your vesture.

DOL. Sir, I were uncivil

If I would suffer that; my lip to you, sir.

35

MAMMON. I hope, my lord your brother be in health,
lady?

DOL. My lord my brother is, though I no lady, sir.

FACE. (Well said, my guinea-bird.)

MAMMON. Right noble madam –

FACE. (Oh, we shall have most fierce idolatry!)

MAMMON. 'Tis your prerogative.

DOL. Rather your courtesy.

40

MAMMON. Were there nought else t'enlarge your
virtues to me,

These answers speak your breeding, and your
blood.

DOL. Blood we boast none, sir, a poor baron's
daughter.

MAMMON. Poor! And gat you? Profane not. Had
your father

Slept all the happy remnant of his life

45

After the act, lain but there still, and panted,

He'd done enough to make himself, his issue,

And his posterity noble.

DOL. Sir, although

We may be said to want the gilt and trappings,

The dress of honour; yet we strive to keep

50

The seeds, and the materials.

MAMMON. I do see

The old ingredient, virtue, was not lost,

Nor the drug, money, used to make your

compound.

There is a strange nobility, i'your eye,

This lip, that chin! Methinks you do resemble

55

One o'the Austriac princes.

38 *guinea-bird*: prostitute.

51 *seeds . . . materials*: essential elements (alchemical jargon).

56 *Austriac princes*: referring to the famous Habsburg lip.

- FACE. [*aside*] Very like,
Her father was an Irish costermonger.
- MAMMON. The house of Valois, just, had such a nose.
And such a forehead, yet, the Medici
Of Florence boast.
- DOL. Troth, and I have been likened 60
To all these princes.
- FACE. [*aside*] I'll be sworn, I heard it.
- MAMMON. I know not how! It is not any one,
But e'en the very choice of all their features.
- FACE. [*aside*] I'll in, and laugh. [*Exit.*]
- MAMMON. A certain touch, or air,
That sparkles a divinity, beyond 65
An earthly beauty!
- DOL. Oh, you play the courtier.
- MAMMON. Good lady, gi'me leave –
- DOL. In faith, I may not,
To mock me, sir.
- MAMMON. To burn i'this sweet flame:
The phoenix never knew a nobler death.
- DOL. Nay, now you court the courtier: and destroy 70
What you would build. This art, sir, i'your words,
Calls your whole faith in question.
- MAMMON. By my soul –
- DOL. Nay, oaths are made o'the same air, sir.
- MAMMON. Nature
Never bestowed upon mortality
A more unblamed, a more harmonious feature: 75
She played the stepdame in all faces else.
Sweet madam, le'me be particular –
- DOL. Particular, sir? I pray you, know your distance.
- MAMMON. In no ill sense, sweet lady, but to ask 80
How your fair graces pass the hours? I see
Yo'are lodged here, i'the house of a rare man,
An excellent artist: but what's that to you?
- DOL. Yes, sir. I study here the mathematics,
And distillation.
- MAMMON. Oh, I cry your pardon.
He's a divine instructor! Can extract 85
The souls of all things, by his art; call all
The virtues, and the miracles of the sun

75 *feature*: physical presence.

76 *stepdame*: see I. iv. 27 n.

77 *particular*: personal, but with suggestion of 'intimate'.

83 *mathematics*: which would include astrology.

- Into a temperate furnace: teach dull nature
 What her own forces are. A man, the Emp'ror
 Has courted, above Kelly: sent his medals, 90
 And chains, t'invite him.
- DOL. Ay, and for his physic, sir –
 MAMMON. Above the art of Aesculapius,
 That drew the envy of the Thunderer!
 I know all this, and more.
- DOL. Troth, I am taken, sir,
 Whole, with these studies, that contemplate
 nature. 95
- MAMMON. It is a noble humour. But, this form
 Was not intended to so dark a use!
 Had you been crooked, foul, of some coarse
 mould,
 A cloister had done well: but such a feature
 That might stand up the glory of a kingdom, 100
 To live recluse! – is a mere solecism,
 Though in a nunnery. It must not be.
 I muse, my lord your brother will permit it!
 You should spend half my land first, were I he.
 Does not this diamond better on my finger, 105
 Than i'the quarry?
- DOL. Yes.
 MAMMON. Why, you are like it.
 You were created, lady, for the light!
 Here, you shall wear it; take it, the first pledge
 Of what I speak, to bind you to believe me.
- DOL. In chains of adamant?
 MAMMON. Yes, the strongest bands. 110
 And take a secret, too. Here, by your side,
 Doth stand, this hour, the happiest man in Europe.
- DOL. You are contented, sir?
 MAMMON. Nay, in true being:
 The envy of princes, and the fear of states.
- DOL. Say you so, Sir Epicure!
 MAMMON. Yes, and thou shalt prove it, 115

90 *Kelly*: Edmund Kelly (1555–95), associate of Dr Dee, attracted the interest of Rudolph II, but died in his prisons after refusing to reveal his alchemical secrets.

92 *Aesculapius*: Aesculapius restored Hippolytus to life and was killed by Jove with a thunderbolt lest men should become immortal.

101 *mere solecism*: absolute impropriety.

112 *happiest*: most fortunate, as well as most happy.

Daughter of honour. I have cast mine eye
Upon thy form, and I will rear this beauty
Above all styles.

DOL. You mean no treason, sir!

MAMMON. No, I will take away that jealousy.
I am the lord of the philosophers' stone, 120
And thou the lady.

DOL. How sir! Ha'you that?

MAMMON. I am the master of the mastery.
This day, the good old wretch, here, o'the house
Had made it for us. Now, he's at projection.
Think therefore, thy first wish, now; let me hear it: 125
And it shall rain into thy lap, no shower,
But floods of gold, whole cataracts, a deluge,
To get a nation on thee!

DOL. You are pleased, sir,
To work on the ambition of our sex.

MAMMON. I'm pleased the glory of her sex should
know 130

This nook, here, of the Friars, is no climate
For her, to live obscurely in, to learn
Physic, and surgery, for the constable's wife
Of some odd hundred in Essex; but come forth,
And taste the air of palaces; eat, drink 135
The toils of emp'rics, and their boasted practice;
Tincture of pearl and coral, gold, and amber;
Be seen at feasts, and triumphs; have it asked
What miracle she is? Set all the eyes

Of court afire, like a burning-glass, 140

And work 'em into cinders; when the jewels
Of twenty states adorn thee; and the light
Strikes out the stars; that, when thy name is
mentioned,

Queens may look pale; and we but showing our
love, 145

Nero's Poppaea may be lost in story!

Thus, will we have it.

DOL. I could well consent, sir.

119 *jealousy*: doubt.

122 *mastery*: the master work; the magisterium.

131 *Friars*: Blackfriars.

134 *hundred*: district, a subdivision of a county.

136 *emp'rics*: quacks; literally 'experimenters'.

145 *Poppaea*: mistress and victim of Nero; byword for a luxurious
and ill-fated amour.

But, in a monarchy, how will this be?
 The prince will soon take notice; and both seize
 You, and your stone; it being a wealth unfit
 For any private subject.

MAMMON. If he knew it. 150

DOL. Yourself do boast it, sir.

MAMMON. To thee, my life.

DOL. Oh, but beware, sir! You may come to end
 The remnant of your days in a loathed prison,
 By speaking of it.

MAMMON. 'Tis no idle fear!
 We'll therefore go with all, my girl, and live 155

In a free state; where we will eat our mullets
 Soused in high-country wines, sup pheasants' eggs,
 And have our cockles, boiled in silver shells,
 Our shrimps to swim again, as when they lived,
 In a rare butter, made of dolphins' milk, 160

Whose cream does look like opals: and, with these
 Delicate meats, set ourselves high for pleasure,
 And take us down again, and then renew
 Our youth, and strength, with drinking the elixir,
 And so enjoy a perpetuity 165
 Of life, and lust. And thou shalt ha'thy wardrobe
 Richer than Nature's, still, to change thyself
 And vary oft'ner, for thy pride, than she:
 Or Art, her wise, and almost-equal servant.

[Enter FACE.]

FACE. Sir, you are too loud. I hear you, every word, 170
 Into the laboratory. Some fitter place.
 The garden, or great chamber above.

[Exit DOL.]
 How like you her?

MAMMON. Excellent, Lungs! There's for thee.

FACE. But do you hear?

Good sir, beware, no mention of the Rabbins.

MAMMON. We think not on 'em. [Exit.]

FACE. Oh, it is well, sir. Subtle! 175

156 *free state*: republic.

157 *high-country wines*: wines from the hills.

159 *shrimps*: an allusion to Horace, *Satires*, II. viii. 42-7.

174 *Rabbins*: the Jewish scholars and authorities.

SCENE II

[Enter] SUBTLE.

[FACE.] Dost thou not laugh?

SUBTLE. Yes. Are they gone?

FACE. All's clear.

SUBTLE. The widow is come.

FACE. And your quarrelling disciple?

SUBTLE. Ay.

FACE. I must to my captainship again, then.

SUBTLE. Stay, bring 'em in, first.

FACE. So I meant. What is she?

A bonnibel?

SUBTLE. I know not.

FACE. We'll draw lots, 5

You'll stand to that?

SUBTLE. What else?

FACE. Oh, for a suit

To fall now, like a curtain: flap.

SUBTLE. To th'door, man.

FACE. You'll ha'the first kiss, 'cause I am not ready.

SUBTLE. [*aside*] Yes, and perhaps hit you through
both the nostrils.

[Enter] KASTRIL [*and*] DAME PLIANT.

FACE. Who would you speak with?

KASTRIL. Where's the Captain?

FACE. Gone, sir, 10

About some business.

KASTRIL. Gone?

FACE. He'll return straight.

But master Doctor, his lieutenant, is here. [*Exit.*]

SUBTLE. Come near, my worshipful boy, my *terrae*
fili,

That is, my boy of land; make thy approaches: 15

Welcome, I know thy lusts, and thy desires,

And I will serve, and satisfy 'em. Begin,

Charge me from thence, or thence, or in this line;

Here is my centre: ground thy quarrel.

KASTRIL. You lie.

5 *bonnibel*: beauty.

6 *suit*: his captain's disguise.

9 *hit you . . . nostrils*: 'put your nose out of joint'.

13 *terrae fili*: son of earth; in alchemy, a spirit.

- SUBTLE. How, child of wrath, and anger! The loud lie?
- For what, my sudden boy?
- KASTRIL. Nay, that look you to, 20
I am aforehand.
- SUBTLE. Oh, this's no true grammar,
And as ill logic! You must render causes, child,
Your first, and second intentions, know your
canons,
And your divisions, moods, degrees, and
differences,
Your predicaments, substance and accident, 25
Series extern and intern, with their causes
Efficient, material, formal, final,
And ha'your elements perfect –
- KASTRIL. What is this!
The angry tongue he talks in?
- SUBTLE. That false precept
Of being aforehand has deceived a number; 30
And made 'em enter quarrels, oftentimes,
Before they were aware: and, afterward,
Against their wills.
- KASTRIL. How must I do then, sir?
- SUBTLE. I cry this lady mercy. She should, first,
Have been saluted. I do call you lady, 35
Because you are to be one, ere't be long,
My soft, and buxom widow.
- He kisses her.*
- KASTRIL. Is she, i'faith?
- SUBTLE. Yes, or my art is an egregious liar.
- KASTRIL. How know you?
- SUBTLE. By inspection, on her forehead,
And subtlety of her lip, which must be tasted 40
Often, to make a judgement.
- He kisses her again.*
- 'Slight, she melts
Like a myrobalane! Here is, yet, a line
In *rivo frontis*, tells me he is no knight.
- PLIANT. What is he then, sir?

21–8 Subtle conducts his science of quarrelling in the jargon of scholastic logic.

40 *subtlety*: exquisiteness; also, as a noun, 'a confection'.

42 *myrobalane*: fruit like a plum, from the East.

43 *rivo frontis*: the frontal vein.

- SUBTLE. Let me see your hand.
 Oh, your *linea Fortuna* makes it plain; 45
 And *stella*, here, *in monte Veneris*:
 But, most of all, *junctura annularis*.
 He is a soldier, or a man of art, lady:
 But shall have some great honour, shortly.
- PLIANT. Brother,
 He's a rare man, believe me!
- KASTRIL. Hold your peace. 50
- [Enter FACE.]
- Here comes t'other rare man. Save you Captain.
 FACE. Good master Kastril. Is this your sister?
- KASTRIL. Ay, sir.
 Please you to kuss her, and be proud to know her?
- FACE. I shall be proud to know you, lady.
- PLIANT. Brother,
 He calls me lady, too.
- KASTRIL. Ay, peace. I heard it. 55
- FACE. [to SUBTLE] The Count is come.
- SUBTLE. Where is he?
 FACE. At the door.
- SUBTLE. Why, you must entertain him.
 FACE. What'll you do
 With these the while?
- SUBTLE. Why, have 'em up, and show 'em
 Some fustian book, or the dark glass.
- FACE. 'Fore God,
 She is a delicate dabchick! I must have her. [Exit.] 60
- SUBTLE. Must you? Ay, if your fortune will, you
 must.
 Come sir, the Captain will come to us presently.
 I'll ha'you to my chamber of demonstrations,
 Where I'll show you both the grammar, and logic,
 And rhetoric of quarrelling; my whole method, 65
 Drawn out in tables: and my instrument,
 That hath the several scale upon't, shall make you

45 *linea Fortuna*: line of Fortune (on the palm).

46 *stella . . . monte Veneris*: a star on the mount of Venus (below the thumb).

47 *junctura annularis*: joint of the ring finger.

59 *fustian*: worthless, pretentious.
dark glass: crystal ball.

60 *dabchick*: small waterfowl.

67 *several*: different, separate.

Able to quarrel, at a straw's breadth, by
moonlight.

And, lady, I'll have you look in a glass,
Some half an hour, but to clear your eyesight, 70
Against you see your fortune; which is greater
Than I may judge upon the sudden, trust me.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

[*Enter*] FACE.

[FACE.] Where are you, Doctor?

SUBTLE. [*within*] I'll come to you presently.

FACE. I will ha'this same widow, now I ha'seen her,
On any composition.

[*Enter*] SUBTLE.

SUBTLE. What do you say?

FACE. Ha'you disposed of them?

SUBTLE. I ha'sent 'em up.

FACE. Subtle, in troth, I needs must have this widow. 5

SUBTLE. Is that the matter?

FACE. Nay, but hear me.

SUBTLE. Go to,

If you rebel once, Dol shall know it all.

Therefore be quiet, and obey your chance.

FACE. Nay, thou are so violent now – Do but
conceive:

Thou art old, and canst not serve –

SUBTLE. Who, cannot I? 10

'Slight, I will serve her with thee, for a –

FACE. Nay,

But understand: I'll gi'you composition.

SUBTLE. I will not treat with thee: what, sell my
fortune?

'Tis better than my birthright. Do not murmur.

Win her, and carry her. If you grumble, Dol 15

Knows it directly.

FACE. Well, sir, I am silent.

Will you go help to fetch in Don, in state? [*Exit.*]

3 *composition*: agreement, terms.

10 *serve*: service (sexually).

SUBTLE. I follow you, sir: we must keep Face in awe,
Or he will overlook us like a tyrant.

[Enter FACE with] SURLY like a Spaniard.

Brain of a tailor! Who comes here? Don John! 20

SURLY. *Senores, beso las manos, a vuestras mercedes.*

SUBTLE. Would you had stooped a little, and kissed
our *anos*.

FACE. Peace, Subtle.

SUBTLE. Stab me; I shall never hold, man.

He looks in that deep ruff, like a head in a platter,
Served in by a short cloak upon two trestles! 25

FACE. Or, what do you say to a collar of brawn, cut
down

Beneath the souse, and wriggled with a knife?

SUBTLE. 'Slud, he does look too fat to be a Spaniard.

FACE. Perhaps some Fleming, or some Hollander got
him

In D'Alva's time: Count Egmont's bastard.

SUBTLE. Don, 30

Your scurvy, yellow Madrid face is welcome.

SURLY. *Gracias*.

SUBTLE. He speaks out of a fortification.

Pray God, he ha'no squibs in those deep sets.

SURLY. *Por dios, Senores, muy linda casa!*

SUBTLE. What says he?

FACE. Praises the house, I think, 35

I know no more but's action.

SUBTLE. Yes, the *casa*,

My precious Diego, will prove fair enough

To cozen you in. Do you mark? You shall

Be cozened, Diego.

FACE. Cozened, do you see?

20 *Don John*: a stock Spanish name.

21 'Gentlemen, I kiss your honours' hands.'

26 *collar of brawn*: pig's neck.

27 *souse*: ear.

wriggled: cut in a pattern.

30 *D'Alva*: Fernando Alvarez, Duke of Alva, governor of the Spanish Netherlands 1567–73, executed the Flemish patriot *Egmont* in 1568.

32 *Gracias*: thank you.

33 *sets*: pleats. Compared here with a castle's crenellations, which might house *squibs* (rockets).

34 'By God, gentlemen, a most charming house.'

- My worthy Donzel, cozened.
- SURLY. *Entiendo.* 40
- SUBTLE. Do you intend it? So do we, dear Don.
Have you brought pistols? or portagues?
My solemn Don? Dost thou feel any?
- FACE. (*he feels his pockets*) Full.
- SUBTLE. You shall be emptied, Don; pumped, and
drawn
Dry, as they say.
- FACE. Milked, in troth, sweet Don. 45
- SUBTLE. See all the monsters; the great lion of all,
Don.
- SURLY. *Con licencia, se puede ver a esta senora?*
- SUBTLE. What talks he now?
- FACE. O' the *senora*.
- SUBTLE. Oh, Don,
That is the lioness, which you shall see
Also, my Don.
- FACE. 'Slid, Subtle, how shall we do? 50
- SUBTLE. For what?
- FACE. Why, Dol's employed, you know.
- SUBTLE. That's true!
'Fore Heaven, I know not: he must stay, that's all.
- FACE. Stay? That he must not by no means.
- SUBTLE. No, why?
- FACE. Unless you'll mar all. 'Slight, he'll suspect it.
And then he will not pay, not half so well. 55
This is a travelled punk-master, and does know
All the delays: a notable hot rascal,
And looks, already, rampant.
- SUBTLE. 'Sdeath, and Mammon
Must not be troubled.
- FACE. Mammon, in no case!
- SUBTLE. What shall we do then?
- FACE. Think: you must be sudden. 60
- SURLY. *Entiendo, que la senora es tan hermosa, que
codicio, tan a verla, como la bien aventuranza de
mi vida.*

40 *Donzel*: little Don, or (Italian) 'squire'.

Entiendo: I understand.

46 *monsters . . . lion*: tourist sights. At this time lions were on show at the Tower.

47 'If you please, may one see this lady?'

52 *stay*: wait.

61-2 'I understand that the lady is so beautiful that I long to see her as the great good fortune of my life.'

- FACE. *Mi vida?* 'Slid, Subtle, he puts me in mind o'
the widow.
- What dost thou say to draw her to't? Ha? 65
And tell her, it is her fortune. All our venture
Now lies upon't. It is but one man more,
Which on's chance to have her: and, beside,
There is no maidenhead to be feared, or lost.
What dost thou think on't, Subtle?
- SUBTLE. Who, I? Why – 70
FACE. The credit of our house too is engaged.
SUBTLE. You made me an offer for my share
erewhile.
- What wilt thou gi'me, i'faith?
- FACE. Oh, by that light,
I'll not buy now. You know your doom to me,
E'en take your lot, obey your chance, sir: win her, 75
And wear her, out for me.
- SUBTLE. 'Slight. I'll not work her then.
- FACE. It is the common cause, therefore bethink you.
Dol else must know it, as you said.
- SUBTLE. I care not.
- SURLY. *Senores, por que se tarda tanto?*
- SUBTLE. Faith, I am not fit, I am old.
- FACE. That's now no reason, sir. 80
SURLY. *Puede ser de hacer burla de mi amor.*
- FACE. You hear the Don, too? By this air, I call,
And loose the hinges. Dol!
- SUBTLE. A plague of hell –
- FACE. Will you then do?
- SUBTLE. Yo'are a terrible rogue,
I'll think of this: will you, sir, call the widow? 85
FACE. Yes, and I'll take her too, with all her faults,
Now I do think on't better.
- SUBTLE. With all my heart, sir,
Am I discharged o'the lot?
- FACE. As you please.
- SUBTLE. Hands.

68 *Which on's chance*: whichever of us chances.

74 *doom*: judgement (see 13–16 above).

76 *work her*: persuade her (to entertain the Spaniard).

79 'Gentlemen, why so much delay?'

81 'Perhaps you are making mock of my love.'

83 *hinges*: joints (of their association).

85 *think of*: remember.

88 *hands*: Shake!

FACE. Remember now, that upon any change,
 You never claim her.

SUBTLE. Much good joy, and health to you, sir. 90
 Marry a whore? Fate, let me wed a witch first.

SURLY. *Por estas honradas barbas* –

SUBTLE. He swears by his beard.
 Dispatch, and call the brother too. [Exit FACE.]

SURLY. *Tengo duda, Senores, que no me hagan
 alguna traicion.* 95

SUBTLE. How issue on? Yes, *presto*, *Senor*. Please
 you
Enthratha the *chambratha*, worthy Don;
 Where if it please the Fates, in your *bathada*,
 You shall be soaked, and stroked, and tubbed, and
 rubbed:
 And scrubbed, and fubbed, dear Don, before you
 go. 100
 You shall, in faith, my scurvy baboon Don:
 Be curried, clawed, and flawed, and tawed,
 indeed.
 I will the heartlier go about it now,
 And make the widow a punk, so much the sooner
 To be revenged on this impetuous Face: 105
 The quickly doing of it is the grace.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

[Enter] FACE, KASTRIL [and]
 DAME PLIANT.

[FACE.] Come lady: I knew the Doctor would not
 leave,
 Till he had found the very nick of her fortune.
 KASTRIL. To be a countess, say you?
 FACE. A Spanish countess, sir.

92 'By this honoured beard –'
 94–5 'I fear, gentlemen, that you are betraying me in some way.'
 100 *fubbed*: cheated.
 103 *curried*: scraped (like leather).
flawed: flayed.
tawed: tanned.
 2 *nick*: turning-point.

- PLIANT. Why? Is that better than an English
countess?
- FACE. Better? 'Slight, make you that a question,
lady? 5
- KASTRIL. Nay, she is a fool, Captain, you must
pardon her.
- FACE. Ask from your courtier, to your inns-of-court
man,
To your mere milliner: they will tell you all,
Your Spanish jennet is the best horse. Your
Spanish
Stoop is the best garb. Your Spanish beard 10
Is the best cut. Your Spanish ruffs are the best
Wear. Your Spanish pavan the best dance.
Your Spanish titillation in a glove
The best perfume. And, for your Spanish pike,
And Spanish blade, let your poor Captain speak. 15
Here comes the Doctor.
- [Enter] SUBTLE.
- SUBTLE. My most honoured lady
(For so I am now to style you, having found
By this my scheme, you are to undergo
An honourable fortune, very shortly),
What will you say now, if some –
- FACE. I ha'told her all, sir. 20
And her right worshipful brother, here, that she
shall be
A countess: do not delay 'em, sir. A Spanish
countess.
- SUBTLE. Still, my scarce worshipful Captain, you can
keep
No secret. Well, since he has told you, madam,
Do you forgive him, and I do.
- KASTRIL. She shall do that, sir. 25
I'll look to't, 'tis my charge.
- SUBTLE. Well then. Nought rests
But that she fit her love, now, to her fortune.
- PLIANT. Truly, I shall never brook a Spaniard.
- SUBTLE. No?

10 *Stoop*: bow.

garb: fashion.

12 *pavan*: a stately dance.

13 *titillation*: an elaborately prepared and lasting perfume.

18 *scheme*: horoscope.

- PLIANT. Never sin' eighty-eight could I abide 'em,
 And that was some three year afore I was born, in
 truth. 30
- SUBTLE. Come, you must love him, or be miserable:
 Choose which you will.
- FACE. By this good rush, persuade her;
 She will cry strawberries else, within this
 twelvemonth.
- SUBTLE. Nay, shads and mackerel, which is worse.
- FACE. Indeed, sir?
- KASTRIL. God's lid, you shall love him, or I'll kick
 you.
- PLIANT. Why, 35
 I'll do as you will ha'me, brother.
- KASTRIL. Do,
 Or by this hand, I'll maul you.
- FACE. Nay, good sir,
 Be not so fierce.
- SUBTLE. No, my enragèd child,
 She will be ruled. What, when she comes to taste
 The pleasures of a countess! To be courted – 40
- FACE. And kissed, and ruffled!
- SUBTLE. Ay, behind the hangings.
- FACE. And then come forth in pomp!
- SUBTLE. And know her state!
- FACE. Of keeping all th'idolators o'the chamber
 Barer to her, than at their prayers!
- SUBTLE. Is served
 Upon the knee!
- FACE. And has her pages, ushers, 45
 Footmen, and coaches –
- SUBTLE. Her six mares –
- FACE. Nay, eight!
- SUBTLE. To hurry her through London, to
 th'Exchange,
 Bedlam, the china-houses –

29 *eighty-eight*: the year of the Armada.

32 *rush*: picked up by Face from the floor; or possibly a variant on the oath 'by this light', since rushes were burned in lamps.

33–4 *cry strawberries . . . mackerel*: become a market girl, or fishwife.

41 *ruffled*: handled familiarly.

42 *state*: dignity.

43 *idolators o'the chamber*: courtiers.

47 *Exchange*: fashionable shopping arcade, in the Strand.

48 *Bedlam*: where lunatics could be watched, for amusement.
china-houses: selling porcelain and oriental silks.

- FACE. Yes, and have
The citizens gape at her, and praise her tires!
And my lord's goose-turd bands, that rides with
her! 50
- KASTRIL. Most brave! By this hand, you are not my
suster
If you refuse.
- PLIANT. I will not refuse, brother.
- [Enter] SURLY.
- SURLY. *Que es esto, Senores, que non se venga? Esta
tardanza me mata!*
- FACE. It is the Count come!
The Doctor knew he would be here, by his art. 55
- SUBTLE. *En gallanta madama, Don! Gallantissima!*
- SURLY. *Por todos los dioses, la mas acabada
hermosura, que he visto en mi vida!*
- FACE. Is't not a gallant language, that they speak?
- KASTRIL. An admirable language! Is't not French? 60
- FACE. No, Spanish, sir.
- KASTRIL. It goes like law-French,
And that, they say, is the courtliest language.
- FACE. List, sir.
- SURLY. *El sol ha perdido su lumbre, con el
resplandor, que trae esta dama. Valgame dios!*
- FACE. He admires your sister.
- KASTRIL. Must not she make curtsy? 65
- SUBTLE. 'Ods will, she must go to him, man; and kiss
him!
It is the Spanish fashion, for the women
To make first court.
- FACE. 'Tis true he tells you, sir:
His art knows all.
- SURLY. *Por que non se acude?*
- KASTRIL. He speaks to her, I think?
- FACE. That he does, sir. 70
- SURLY. *Por el amor de dios, que es esto, que se tarda?*

50 *goose-turd*: yellowish green, a fashionable colour.

53-4 'Why doesn't she come, gentlemen? This delay is killing me.'

57-8 'By all the gods, the most perfect beauty that I have ever seen in my life!'

61 *law-French*: bastard French used in English law courts.

63-4 'The sun has lost his light, with the splendour that this lady casts. God bless me!'

69 'Why does she not come?'

71 'For the love of God, what is the matter, that she hesitates?'

KASTRIL. Nay, see: she will not understand him!
Gull.

Noddy.

PLIANT. What say you, brother?

KASTRIL. Ass, my suster,
Go kuss him, as the cunning man would ha'you,
I'll thrust a pin i'your buttocks else.

FACE. Oh, no sir. 75

SURLY. *Senora mia, mi persona muy indigna esta
allegar a tanta hermosura.*

FACE. Does he not use her bravely?

KASTRIL. Bravely, i'faith!

FACE. Nay, he will use her better.

KASTRIL. Do you think so?

SURLY. *Senora, si sera servida, entremos.* 80

[*Exeunt SURLY and PLIANT.*]

KASTRIL. Where does he carry her?

FACE. Into the garden, sir;

Take you no thought: I must interpret for her.

SUBTLE. Give Dol the word.

[*Exit FACE.*]

Come, my fierce child, advance,

We'll to our quarrelling lesson again.

KASTRIL. Agreed.

I love a Spanish boy, with all my heart.

85

SURLY. Nay, and by this means, sir, you shall be
brother

To a great Count.

KASTRIL. Ay, I knew that at first.

This match will advance the house of the Kastrils.

SUBTLE. Pray God, your sister prove but pliant.

KASTRIL. Why,

Her name is so: by her other husband.

SUBTLE. How! 90

KASTRIL. The widow Pliant. Knew you not that?

SUBTLE. No, faith, sir.

Yet, by erection of her figure, I guessed it.

Come, let's go practise.

76-7 'My lady, my person is most unworthy to attain to so much beauty.'

80 'Lady, if it is convenient, let us go in.'

92 *by erection of her figure*: in casting her horoscope.

KASTRIL. Yes, but do you think, Doctor,
 I e'er shall quarrel well?
 SUBTLE. I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V

[Enter] DOL in her fit of talking [and]
 MAMMON.

[DOL.] For, after Alexander's death –
 MAMMON. Good lady –
 DOL. That Perdiccas and Antigonus were slain,
 The two that stood, Seleuc' and Ptolemy –
 MAMMON. Madam.
 DOL. Made up the two legs, and the fourth Beast.
 That was Gog-north, and Egypt-south: which after 5
 Was called Gog Iron-leg, and South Iron-leg –
 MAMMON. Lady –
 DOL. And then Gog-horned. So was Egypt, too.
 Then Egypt clay-leg, and Gog clay-leg –
 MAMMON. Sweet madam.
 DOL. And last Gog-dust, and Egypt-dust, which fall
 In the last link of the fourth chain. And these 10
 Be stars in story, which none see, or look at –
 MAMMON. What shall I do?
 DOL. For, as he says, except
 We call the Rabbins, and the heathen Greeks –
 MAMMON. Dear lady.
 DOL. To come from Salem, and from Athens,
 And teach the people of Great Britain –
 [Enter] FACE.
 FACE. What's the matter, sir? 15
 DOL. To speak the tongue of Eber, and Javan –

1–32 see Additional Note, p. 528 below.

2–3 Perdiccas, Antigonus, Seleucus and Ptolemy were Alexander the Great's generals, and divided his world empire between themselves after his death.

10 *fourth chain*: the fourth and last period of history, according to Hugh Broughton. Doll describes the decline of empires.

14 *Salem*: Jerusalem.

16 *the tongue of Eber, and Javan*: Hebrew and Greek. Eber and Javan were descendants of Noah, and ancestors of the Jews and the Gentiles respectively.

MAMMON. Oh,
 She's in her fit.

DOL. We shall know nothing –

FACE. Death, sir,
 We are undone.

DOL. Where, then, a learned linguist
 Shall see the ancient used communion
 Of vowels and consonants –

FACE. My master will hear! 20

DOL. A wisdom, which Pythagoras held most high –

MAMMON. Sweet honourable lady.

DOL. To comprise
 All sounds of voices, in few marks of letters –

FACE. Nay, you must never hope to lay her now.
They speak together.

DOL. And so we may arrive by Talmud
 skill,
 And profane Greek, to raise the building
 up
 Of Helen's house,
 against the
 Ismaelite,
 King of Thogarma,
 and his
 habergeons
 Brimstony, blue, and
 fiery; and the
 force
 Of King Abaddon, and
 the Beast of
 Cittim:
 Which Rabbi David

FACE. How did you put
 her into't?
 MAMMON. Alas, I talked 25
 Of a fifth monarchy I
 would erect,
 With the philosophers'
 stone (by chance)
 and she
 Falls on the other four,
 straight.
 FACE. Out of Broughton!
 I told you so. 'Slid, stop
 her mouth.
 MAMMON. Is't best?
 FACE. She'll never leave
 else. If the old
 man hear her, 30
 We are but faeces,

24 *lay*: quieten.

25 *Talmud*: the body of Jewish civil and religious laws.

26 *fifth monarchy*: (in millennial thought) the fifth age, when King Jesus would reign upon earth.

27 *Helen's house*: the Kingdom of God (*Helen* is a mistake for Heber).

the Ismaelite: the Sons of Ishmael; non-believers.

28 *habergeons*: sleeveless jackets of mail.

31 *faeces*: dead matter.

Kimchi, Onkelos, ashes.
 And Aben-Ezra do SUBTLE. [*within*] What's
 interpret Rome. to do there?

FACE. Oh, we are lost.
 Now she hears
 him, she is quiet.

Upon SUBTLE's entry they disperse.

[*Exit* FACE.]

MAMMON. Where shall I hide me?

SUBTLE. How? What sight is here!
 Close deeds of darkness, and that shun the light!
 Bring him again. Who is he? What, my son!
 Oh, I have lived too long. 35

MAMMON. Nay, good, dear father,
 There was no unchaste purpose.

SUBTLE. Not? And flee me,
 When I come in?

MAMMON. That was my error.

SUBTLE. Error?
 Guilt, guilt, my son. Give it the right name. No
 marvel

If I found check in our great work within, 40
 When such affairs as these were managing!

MAMMON. Why, have you so?

SUBTLE. It has stood still this half hour:
 And all the rest of our less works gone back.
 Where is the instrument of wickedness,
 My lewd false drudge?

MAMMON. Nay, good sir, blame not him. 45
 Believe me, 'twas against his will, or knowledge.
 I saw her by chance.

SUBTLE. Will you commit more sin,
 T'excuse a varlet?

MAMMON. By my hope, 'tis true, sir.

SUBTLE. Nay, then I wonder less, if you, for whom
 The blessing was prepared, would so tempt
 Heaven:

And lose your fortunes. 50

MAMMON. Why, sir?

SUBTLE. This'll retard
 The work, a month at least.

31-2 *Kimchi . . . Onkelos . . . Aben-Ezra*: scholars and biblical commentators.

35 *again*: back.

- MAMMON. Why, if it do,
What remedy? But think it not, good father:
Our purposes were honest.
- SUBTLE. As they were,
So the reward will prove.
A great crack and noise within.
How now! Ay me. 55
- God, and all saints be good to us. What's that?
[*Enter FACE.*]
- FACE. Oh sir, we are defeated! All the works
Are flown *in fumo*: every glass is burst.
Furnace, and all rent down! as if a bolt
Of thunder had been driven through the house. 60
Retorts, receivers, pelicans, bolt-heads,
All struck in shivers!
SUBTLE *falls down as in a swoon.*
Help, good sir! Alas,
Coldness and death invades him. Nay, Sir
Mammon,
Do the fair offices of a man! You stand
As you were readier to depart than he. 65
One knocks.
- Who's there? My lord her brother is come.
- MAMMON. Ha, Lungs?
- FACE. His coach is at the door. Avoid his sight,
For he's as furious, as his sister is mad.
- MAMMON. Alas!
- FACE. My brain is quite undone with the fume, sir,
I ne'er must hope to be mine own man again. 70
- MAMMON. Is all lost, Lungs? Will nothing be
preserved,
Of all our cost?
- FACE. Faith, very little, sir.
A peck of coals or so, which is cold comfort, sir.
- MAMMON. Oh my voluptuous mind! I am justly
punished.
- FACE. And so am I, sir.
- MAMMON. Cast from all my hopes – 75
- FACE. Nay, certainties, sir.
- MAMMON. By mine own base affections.

58 *in fumo*: in smoke.68 *furious*: hot-tempered.70 *mine own man*: fully myself.

SUBTLE *seems come to himself.*

SUBTLE. Oh, the curs'd fruits of vice, and lust!

MAMMON. Good father,

It was my sin. Forgive it.

SUBTLE. Hangs my roof
Over us still, and will not fall? O justice
Upon us, for this wicked man!

FACE. Nay, look, sir, 80

You grieve him, now, with staying in his sight:
Good sir, the nobleman will come too, and take
you,
And that may breed a tragedy.

MAMMON. I'll go.

FACE. Ay, and repent at home, sir. It may be,
For some good penance you may ha't yet, 85
A hundred pound to the box at Bedlam –

MAMMON. Yes.

FACE. For the restoring such as ha'their wits.

MAMMON. I'll do't.

FACE. I'll send one to you to receive it.

MAMMON. Do.

Is no projection left?

FACE. All flown, or stinks, sir.

MAMMON. Will nought be saved, that's good for
med'cine, thinkst thou? 90

FACE. I cannot tell, sir. There will be, perhaps,
Something, about the scraping of the shards,
Will cure the itch: [*Aside*] though not your itch of
mind, sir.

It shall be saved for you, and sent home. Good sir,
This way: for fear the lord should meet you.

[*Exit MAMMON.*]

SUBTLE. Face. 95

FACE. Ay.

SUBTLE. Is he gone?

FACE. Yes, and as heavily
As all the gold he hoped for were in his blood.
Let us be light, though.

SUBTLE. Ay, as balls, and bound
And hit our heads against the roof for joy:
There's so much of our care now cast away. 100

FACE. Now to our Don.

SUBTLE. Yes, your young widow, by this time
Is made a countess, Face: she's been in travail
Of a young heir for you.

FACE. Good, sir.

SUBTLE. Off with your case,
 And greet her kindly, as a bridegroom should,
 After these common hazards.
 FACE. Very well, sir. 105
 Will you go fetch Don Diego off, the while?
 SUBTLE. And fetch him over too, if you'll be pleased,
 sir:
 Would Dol were in her place, to pick his pockets
 now.
 FACE. Why, you can do it as well, if you would set
 to't.
 I pray you prove your virtue.
 SUBTLE. For your sake, sir. 110
[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI

[Enter] SURLY [and] DAME PLIANT.

[SURLY.] Lady, you see into what hands you are
 fallen,
 'Mongst what a nest of villains! And how near
 Your honour was t'have caught a certain clap
 (Through your credulity) had I but been
 So punctually forward, as place, time, 5
 And other circumstance would ha'made a man:
 For yo'are a handsome woman: would yo'were
 wise, too.
 I am a gentleman, come here disguised,
 Only to find the knaveries of this citadel,
 And where I might have wronged your honour,
 and have not, 10
 I claim some interest in your love. You are,
 They say, a widow, rich: and I am a bachelor,
 Worth nought: your fortunes may make me a man,
 As mine ha'preserved you a woman. Think upon
 it,
 And whether I have deserved you, or no.
 PLIANT. I will, sir. 15

103 *case*: disguise as Lungs.

107 *fetch him over*: get the better of him.

110 *prove your virtue*: try your skill.

3 *clap*: harm, but also 'pox'.

SURLY. And for these household-rogues, let me
alone
To treat with them.

[Enter] SUBTLE.

SUBTLE. How doth my noble Diego?
And my dear madam Countess? Hath the Count
Been courteous, lady? Liberal? And open?
Donzel, methinks you look melancholic, 20
After your *coitum*, and scurvy! Truly,
I do not like the dullness of your eye:
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis upsee Dutch,
And says you are a lumpish whoremaster.
Be lighter, I will make your pockets so. 25

He falls to picking of them.

SURLY. Will you, Don bawd, and pickpurse? How
now? Reel you?
Stand up, sir, you shall find since I am so heavy
I'll gi'you equal weight.

SUBTLE. Help, murder!

SURLY. No, sir.
There's no such thing intended. A good cart,
And a clean whip shall ease you of that fear. 30
I am the Spanish Don, that should be cozened,
Do you see? Cozened? Where's your Captain
Face?
That parcel-broker, and whole-bawd, all rascal.

[Enter] FACE.

FACE. How, Surly!

SURLY. Oh, make your approach, good Captain.
I've found from whence your copper rings and
spoons 35
Come, now, wherewith you cheat abroad in
taverns.
'Twas here, you learned t'anoint your boot with
brimstone,
Then rub men's gold on't, for a kind of touch,

23 *upsee Dutch*: in the Dutch style, dull; from Dutch *op zijn*.

29-30 *A good cart*. . . *whip*: Surly envisages Face being whipped through the streets behind a cart.

33 *parcel-broker*: part-time broker.

36 *cheat*: by pretending the copper was gold.

37-40 a swindle whereby Face pretended to test (*touch*) the quality of a man's gold, declare it worthless, and pocket it.

And say 'twas nought, when you had changed the colour,
That you might ha't for nothing? And this Doctor, 40
Your sooty, smoky-bearded compeer, he
Will close you so much gold in a bolt's-head,
And, on a turn, convey (i'the stead) another
With sublimed mercury, that shall burst i'the heat,
And fly out all *in fumo*? Then weeps Mammon: 45
[*Exit* FACE.]
Then swoons his worship. Or he is the Faustus,
That casteth figures, and can conjure, cures
Plague, piles, and pox, by the ephemerides,
And holds intelligence with all the bawds,
And midwives of three shires? While you send in— 50
Captain (what, is he gone?) – damsels with child,
Wives, that are barren, or the waiting-maid
With the green sickness? Nay, sir, you must tarry
[*Seizing* SUBTLE.]
Though he be 'scaped; and answer, by the ears, sir.

SCENE VII

[*Enter*] FACE [*and*] KASTRIL.

[FACE.] Why, now's the time, if ever you will quarrel
Well (as they say) and be a true-born child.
The Doctor and your sister both are abused.
KASTRIL. Where is he? Which is he? He is a slave
Whate'er he is, and the son of a whore. Are you 5
The man, sir, I would know?
SURLY. I should be loth, sir,
To confess so much.
KASTRIL. Then you lie, i'your throat.
SURLY. How?
FACE. A very arrant rogue, sir, and a cheater,
Employed here, by another conjurer,

42 *close*: enclose.

42-5 probably not another swindle (as Mares suggests) but a pithy summary of the trick on Mammon Surly has just secretly witnessed.

46 *Faustus*: magician.

48 *ephemerides*: astronomical almanacs.

54 *by the ears*: in the pillory.

- That does not love the Doctor, and would cross
him 10
If he knew how –
- SURLY. Sir, you are abused.
- KASTRIL. You lie:
And 'tis no matter.
- FACE. Well said, sir. He is
The impudent'st rascal –
- SURLY. You are indeed. Will you hear me, sir?
FACE. By no means: bid him be gone.
- KASTRIL. Be gone, sir, quickly.
- SURLY. This's strange! Lady, do you inform your
brother. 15
- [DAME PLIANT *attempts to*
speak to KASTRIL.]
- FACE. There is not such a foist in all the town.
The Doctor had him, presently: and finds, yet,
The Spanish Count will come here. [*Aside*] Bear
up, Subtle.
- SUBTLE. Yes, sir, he must appear, within this hour.
- FACE. And yet this rogue would come, in a disguise, 20
By the temptation of another spirit,
To trouble our art, though he could not hurt it.
- KASTRIL. Ay,
I know – [*To* DAME PLIANT] Away, you talk like a
foolish mauther.
- [*Exit* DAME PLIANT.]
- SURLY. Sir, all is truth she says.
- FACE. Do not believe him, sir:
He is the lying'st swabber! Come your ways, sir. 25
- SURLY. You are valiant, out of company.
- KASTRIL. Yes, how then, sir?
[*Enter*] DRUGGER.
- FACE. Nay, here's an honest fellow too, that knows
him,
And all his tricks. (Make good what I say, Abel,
This cheater would ha'cozened thee o'the widow.)
He owes this honest Drugger, here, seven pound 30
He has had on him, in twopenny'orths of tobacco.

16 *foist*: pickpocket, rogue.

17 *had him, presently*: found him out at once.

23 *mauther*: great awkward girl (dialect word).

25 *swabber*: sailor, of the lowest kind.

DRUGGER. Yes sir. And he's damned himself, three terms, to pay me.

FACE. And what does he owe for lotium?

DRUGGER. Thirty shillings, sir:
And for six syringes.

SURLY. Hydra of villainy!

FACE. Nay, sir, you must quarrel him out o'the house.

KASTRIL. I will. 35

Sir, if you get not out o' doors, you lie:
And you are a pimp.

SURLY. Why, this is madness, sir,
Not valour in you: I must laugh at this.

KASTRIL. It is my humour: you are a pimp, and a trig,
And an Amadis de Gaul, or a Don Quixote. 40

DRUGGER. Or a Knight o'the Curious Coxcomb. Do you see?

[Enter] ANANIAS.

ANANIAS. Peace to the household.

KASTRIL. I'll keep peace for no man.

ANANIAS. Casting of dollars is concluded lawful.

KASTRIL. Is he the constable?

SUBTLE. Peace, Ananias.

FACE. No, sir.

KASTRIL. Then you are an otter, and a shad, a whit, 45
A very tim.

SURLY. You'll hear me, sir?

KASTRIL. I will not.

ANANIAS. What is the motive?

SUBTLE. Zeal, in the young gentleman,
Against his Spanish slops –

ANANIAS. They are profane,
Lewd, superstitious, and idolatrous breeches.

SURLY. New rascals!

KASTRIL. Will you be gone, sir?

ANANIAS. Avoid, Satan, 50
Thou art not of the light. That ruff of pride

32 *damned himself, three terms*: falsely swore, for a period of three law terms.

33 *lotium*: stale urine, used as a hair-dressing.

34 *Hydra*: a monster which grew two heads every time one was cut off.

39 *trig*: fop, coxcomb.

40 *Amadis de Gaul*. . . *Don Quixote*: heroes of Spanish romances.

45 *shad*: herring.

whit: gaol bird (?). Kastril's insults are quite nonsensical.

About thy neck, betrays thee: and is the same
With that, which the unclean birds, in seventy-
seven,

Were seen to prank it with, on diverse coasts.
Thou look'st like Antichrist, in that lewd hat. 55

SURLY. I must give way.

KASTRIL. Be gone, sir.

SURLY. But I'll take

A course with you –

ANANIAS. (Depart, proud Spanish fiend –)

SURLY. Captain, and Doctor –

ANANIAS. (Child of perdition.)

KASTRIL. Hence, sir.

[Exit SURLY.]

Did I not quarrel bravely?

FACE. Yes, indeed, sir.

KASTRIL. Nay, an' I give my mind to't, I shall do't. 60

FACE. Oh, you must follow, sir, and threaten him
tame.

He'll turn again else.

KASTRIL. I'll re-turn him, then. [Exit.]

FACE. Drugger, this rogue prevented us, for thee:

We had determined, that thou should'st ha' come

In a Spanish suit, and ha' carried her so; and he 65

A brokerly slave, goes, puts it on himself.

Hast brought the damask?

DRUGGER. Yes, sir.

FACE. Thou must borrow

A Spanish suit. Hast thou no credit with the
players?

DRUGGER. Yes, sir, did you never see me play the
fool?

FACE. I know not, Nab: [Aside] thou shalt, if I can
help it. 70

Hieronimo's old cloak, ruff, and hat will serve,

I'll tell thee more when thou bring'st 'em.

[Exit DRUGGER.]

53–4 *unclean birds . . . coasts*: strange birds with ruffs about their necks were found in Lincolnshire, but that was in 1586.

63 *prevented*: forestalled.

66 *brokerly*: interfering.

69 *the fool*: Robert Armin, the King's Men's clown, would have been playing Drugger.

71 *Hieronimo*: hero of Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy*. A role once played by Jonson himself.

SUBTLE *hath whispered with*
[ANANIAS] *this while.*

- ANANIAS. Sir, I know
The Spaniard hates the brethren, and hath spies
Upon their actions: and that this was one
I make no scruple. But the holy synod 75
Have been in prayer, and meditation, for it.
And 'tis revealed no less to them, than me,
That casting of money is most lawful.
- SUBTLE. True.
But here, I cannot do it; if the house
Should chance to be suspected, all would out, 80
And we be locked up in the Tower, for ever,
To make gold there (for th'state), never come out:
And, then, are you defeated.
- ANANIAS. I will tell
This to the elders, and the weaker brethren,
That the whole company of the separation 85
May join in humble prayer again.
- SUBTLE. And fasting.
- ANANIAS. Yea, for some fitter place. The peace of
mind
Rest with these walls. [Exit.]
- SUBTLE. Thanks, courteous Ananias.
- FACE. What did he come for?
- SUBTLE. About casting dollars,
Presently, out of hand. And so I told him 90
A Spanish minister came here to spy
Against the faithful –
- FACE. I conceive. Come Subtle,
Thou art so down upon the least disaster!
How wouldst tho' ha'done, if I had not helped thee
out?
- SUBTLE. I thank thee Face, for the angry boy, i'faith. 95
- FACE. Who would ha'looked it should ha'been that
rascal?
Surly? He had dyed his beard, and all. Well sir,
Here's damask come, to make you a suit.
- SUBTLE. Where's Drugger?
- FACE. He is gone to borrow me a Spanish habit,
I'll be the Count, now.
- SUBTLE. But where's the widow? 100

FACE. Within, with my lord's sister: Madam Dol
Is entertaining her.

SUBTLE. By your favour, Face,
Now she is honest, I will stand again.

FACE. You will not offer it?

SUBTLE. Why?

FACE. Stand to your word,
Or – here comes Dol. She knows –

SUBTLE. Yo'are tyrannous still. 105

[Enter] DOL.

FACE. Strict for my right. How now, Dol? Hast told
her
The Spanish count will come?

DOL. Yes, but another is come,
You little looked for!

FACE. Who's that?

DOL. Your master:
The master of the house.

SUBTLE. How, Dol!

FACE. She lies.
This is some trick. Come, leave your quiblines,
Dorothy. 110

DOL. Look out, and see.

SUBTLE. Art thou in earnest?

DOL. 'Slight,
Forty o'the neighbours are about him, talking.

FACE. 'Tis he, by this good day.

DOL. 'Twill prove ill day
For some on us.

FACE. We are undone, and taken.

DOL. Lost, I'm afraid.

SUBTLE. You said he would not come, 115
While there died one a week within the liberties.

FACE. No: 'twas within the walls.

SUBTLE. Was't so? Cry you mercy:
I thought the liberties. What shall we do now,
Face?

FACE. Be silent: not a word, if he call, or knock.
I'll into mine old shape again, and meet him, 120
Of Jeremy the butler. I'the mean time,

103 *stand*: make a bid for her.

110 *quiblines*: tricks.

116 *liberties*: districts outside the city walls but under municipal authority.

Do you two pack up all the goods and purchase
 That we can carry i'the two trunks. I'll keep him
 Off for today, if I cannot longer: and then
 At night, I'll ship you both away to Ratcliff, 125
 Where we'll meet tomorrow, and there we'll share.
 Let Mammon's brass and pewter keep the cellar:
 We'll have another time for that. But, Dol,
 Pray thee, go heat a little water, quickly,
 Subtle must shave me. All my Captain's beard 130
 Must off, to make me appear smooth Jeremy.
 You'll do't?

SUBTLE. Yes, I'll shave you, as well as I can.

FACE. And not cut my throat, but trim me?

SUBTLE. You shall see, sir.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT V

SCENE I

[Enter] LOVEWIT [and] NEIGHBOURS.

[LOVEWIT.] Has there been such resort, say you?

NEIGHBOUR 1. Daily, sir.

NEIGHBOUR 2. And nightly, too.

NEIGHBOUR 3. Ay, some as brave as lords.

NEIGHBOUR 4. Ladies, and gentlewomen.

NEIGHBOUR 5. Citizens' wives.

NEIGHBOUR 1. And knights.

NEIGHBOUR 6. In coaches.

NEIGHBOUR 2. Yes, and oyster-women.

NEIGHBOUR 1. Beside other gallants.

NEIGHBOUR 3. Sailors' wives.

NEIGHBOUR 4. Tobacco-men. 5

NEIGHBOUR 5. Another Pimlico!

LOVEWIT. What should my knave advance,

To draw this company? He hung out no banners

122 *purchase*: winnings.

125 *Ratcliff*: down river at Stepney.

132 *shave*: has secondary meaning of 'cheat'.

6 *Pimlico*, a popular eating-house, at Hogsden.

Of a strange calf, with five legs, to be seen?
 Or a huge lobster, with six claws?

NEIGHBOUR 6. No, sir.

NEIGHBOUR 3. We had gone in then, sir.

LOVEWIT. He has no gift 10
 Of teaching i'the nose, that e'er I knew of!
 You saw no bills set up, that promised cure
 Of agues, or the toothache?

NEIGHBOUR 2. No such thing, sir.

LOVEWIT. Nor heard a drum struck, for baboons, or
 puppets?

NEIGHBOUR 5. Neither, sir.

LOVEWIT. What device should he
 bring forth now? 15

I love a teeming wit, as I love my nourishment.
 Pray God he ha'not kept such open house
 That he hath sold my hangings, and my bedding:
 I left him nothing else. If he have eat 'em,
 A plague o'the moth, say I. Sure he has got 20
 Some bawdy pictures, to call all this ging;
 The friar and the nun, or the new motion
 Of the knight's courser, covering the parson's
 mare;

The boy of six year old, with the great thing:
 Or't may be, he has the fleas that run at tilt 25
 Upon a table, or some dog to dance?
 When saw you him?

NEIGHBOUR 1. Who sir, Jeremy?

NEIGHBOUR 2. Jeremy butler?

We saw him not this month.

LOVEWIT. How!

NEIGHBOUR 4. Not these five weeks, sir.

NEIGHBOUR 1. These six weeks, at the least.

LOVEWIT. Y'amaze me, neighbours!

NEIGHBOUR 5. Sure, if your worship know not where
 he is, 30
 He's slipped away.

NEIGHBOUR 6. Pray God, he be not made away!

LOVEWIT. Ha? It's no time to question, then.
He knocks.

11 *teaching i'the nose*: preaching like one of the Blackfriars
 Puritans, who attracted large congregations to the district.

15 *device*: ingenious invention.

21 *ging*: crowd.

22 *motion*: puppet show.

- NEIGHBOUR 6. About
Some three weeks since, I heard a doleful cry,
As I sat up, a-mending my wife's stockings.
LOVEWIT. This's strange! That none will answer!
Didst thou hear 35
A cry, sayst thou?
- NEIGHBOUR 6. Yes, sir, like unto a man
That had been strangled an hour, and could not
speak.
- NEIGHBOUR 2. I heard it too, just this day three
weeks, at two o'clock
Next morning.
- LOVEWIT. These be miracles, or you make 'em so!
A man an hour strangled, and could not speak, 40
And both you heard him cry?
- NEIGHBOUR 3. Yes, downward, sir.
LOVEWIT. Thou art a wise fellow. Give me thy hand
I pray thee.
What trade art thou on?
- NEIGHBOUR 3. A smith, an't please your worship.
LOVEWIT. A smith? Then lend me thy help, to get
this door open.
- NEIGHBOUR 3. That I will presently, sir, but fetch my
tools – [Exit.] 45
- NEIGHBOUR 1. Sir, best to knock again, afore you
break it.

SCENE II

[Enter] FACE.

[LOVEWIT.] I will.

FACE. What mean you, sir?

NEIGHBOURS 1, 2, 4. Oh, here's Jeremy!

FACE. Good sir, come from the door.

LOVEWIT. Why! What's the matter?

FACE. Yet further, you are too near, yet.

LOVEWIT. I'the name of wonder!

What means the fellow?

FACE. The house, sir, has been visited.

LOVEWIT. What? With the plague? Stand thou then
further.

- FACE. No, sir, 5
I had it not.
- LOVEWIT. Who had it then? I left
None else but thee i'the house!
- FACE. Yes, sir. My fellow,
The cat, that kept the buttery, had it on her
A week before I spied it: but I got her
Conveyed away, i'the night. And so I shut 10
The house up for a month –
- LOVEWIT. How!
- FACE. Purposing then, sir,
T'have burnt rose-vinegar, treacle, and tar,
And ha'made it sweet, that you should ne'er
ha'known it:
Because I knew the news would but afflict you, sir.
- LOVEWIT. Breathe less, and further off. Why, this is
stranger! 15
The neighbours tell me all, here, that the doors
Have still been open –
- FACE. How, sir!
- LOVEWIT. Gallants, men, and women,
And of all sorts, tag-rag, been seen to flock here
In threaves, these ten weeks, as to a second
Hogsden,
In days of Pimlico, and Eye-bright!
- FACE. Sir, 20
Their wisdoms will not say so!
- LOVEWIT. Today, they speak
Of coaches, and gallants; one in a French hood,
Went in, they tell me: and another was seen
In a velvet gown, at the window! Divers more
Pass in and out!
- FACE. They did pass through the doors then, 25
Or walls, I assure their eyesights, and their
spectacles;
For here, sir, are the keys: and here have been
In this my pocket, now, above twenty days!
And for before, I kept the fort alone, there.
But that 'tis yet not deep i'the afternoon, 30
I should believe my neighbours had seen double

17 *still*: always.

19 *threaves*: droves.

20 *Eye-bright*: another inn at Hogsden (see V.i.6).

Through the blackpot, and made these
apparitions!

For, on my faith to your worship, for these three
weeks,

And upwards, the door has not been opened.

LOVEWIT. Strange!

NEIGHBOUR 1. Good faith, I think I saw a coach!

NEIGHBOUR 2. And I too, 35

I'd ha'been sworn!

LOVEWIT. Do you but think it now?

And but one coach?

NEIGHBOUR 4. We cannot tell, sir: Jeremy

Is a very honest fellow.

FACE. Did you see me at all?

NEIGHBOUR 1. No. That we are sure on.

NEIGHBOUR 2. I'll be sworn o'that.

LOVEWIT. Fine rogues, to have your testimonies built
on! 40

[Enter NEIGHBOUR 3.]

NEIGHBOUR 3. Is Jeremy come?

NEIGHBOUR 1. Oh, yes, you may leave your tools,
We were deceived, he says.

NEIGHBOUR 2. He's had the keys:

And the door has been shut these three weeks.

NEIGHBOUR 3. Like enough.

LOVEWIT. Peace, and get hence, you changelings.

FACE. [*seeing SURLY and MAMMON*] Surly come!
And Mammon made acquainted? They'll tell all. 45

How shall I beat them off? What shall I do?

Nothing's more wretched, than a guilty
conscience.

SCENE III

[Enter] SURLY [*and*] MAMMON.

[SURLY.] No, sir, he was a great physician. This,

It was no bawdy-house, but a mere chancel.

You knew the lord, and his sister.

32 *blackpot*: beer jug.

44 *changelings*: inconstants; idiots (a *changeling* was a stupid child left in the cradle by the fairies in exchange for a human one).

47 translated from Plautus, *Mostellaria*, 544–5.

2 *mere*: absolute.

MAMMON. Nay, good Surly –
 SURLY. The happy word, 'Be rich' –
 MAMMON. Play not the tyrant –
 SURLY. Should be today pronounced, to all your
 friends. 5
 And where be your andirons now? And your brass
 pots?
 That should ha'been golden flagons, and great
 wedges?
 MAMMON. Let me but breathe. What! They ha'shut
 their doors,
 Methinks!
 SURLY. Ay, now, 'tis holiday with them.
 MAMMON *and* SURLY *knock*.
 MAMMON. Rogues,
 Cozeners, impostors, bawds.
 FACE. What mean you, sir? 10
 MAMMON. To enter if we can.
 FACE. Another man's house?
 Here is the owner, sir. Turn you to him,
 And speak your business.
 MAMMON. Are you, sir, the owner?
 LOVEWIT. Yes, sir.
 MAMMON. And are those knaves, within,
 your cheaters?
 LOVEWIT. What knaves? What cheaters?
 MAMMON. Subtle, and his Lungs. 15
 FACE. The gentleman is distracted, sir! No lungs,
 Nor lights ha'been seen here these three weeks,
 sir,
 Within these doors, upon my word!
 SURLY. Your word,
 Groom arrogant?
 FACE. Yes, sir, I am the housekeeper,
 And know the keys ha'not been out o'my hands. 20
 SURLY. This's a new Face!
 FACE. You do mistake the house, sir!
 What sign was't at?
 SURLY. You rascal! This is one
 O'the confederacy. Come, let's get officers,
 And force the door.
 LOVEWIT. Pray you stay, gentlemen.
 SURLY. No, sir, we'll come with warrant.

- MAMMON. Ay, and then 25
 We shall ha'your doors open.
 [Exeunt MAMMON and SURLY.]
- LOVEWIT. What means this?
- FACE. I cannot tell, sir!
- NEIGHBOUR 1. These are two o'the gallants,
 That we do think we saw.
- FACE. Two o'the fools!
 You talk as idly as they. Good faith, sir,
 I think the moon has crazed 'em all! (O me, 30
 [Enter] KASTRIL.
 The angry boy come too? He'll make a noise,
 And ne'er away till he have betrayed us all.)
 KASTRIL *knocks*.
- KASTRIL. What, rogues, bawds, slaves, you'll open
 the door anon.
 Punk, cockatrice, my suster. By this light
 I'll fetch the marshal to you. You are a whore, 35
 To keep your castle –
- FACE. Who would you speak with, sir?
- KASTRIL. The bawdy Doctor, and the cozening
 Captain,
 And Puss my suster.
- LOVEWIT. This is something, sure!
- FACE. Upon my trust, the doors were never open, sir.
- KASTRIL. I have heard all their tricks, told me twice
 over, 40
 By the fat knight, and the lean gentleman.
 [Enter] ANANIAS [and] TRIBULATION.
- LOVEWIT. Here comes another.
- FACE. Ananias too?
 And his pastor?
- TRIBULATION. The doors are shut against us.
They beat too, at the door.
- ANANIAS. Come forth, you seed of sulphur, sons of
 fire,
 Your stench, it is broke forth: abomination 45
 Is in the house.
- KASTRIL. Ay, my suster's there.
- ANANIAS. The place
 It is become a cage of unclean birds.

KASTRIL. Yes, I will fetch the scavenger, and the constable.

TRIBULATION. You shall do well.

ANANIAS. We'll join, to weed them out.

KASTRIL. You will not come then? Punk device, my suster! 50

ANANIAS. Call her not sister. She is a harlot, verily.

KASTRIL. I'll raise the street.

LOVEWIT. Good gentlemen, a word.

ANANIAS. Satan, avoid, and hinder not our zeal.

[*Exeunt ANANIAS, TRIBULATION and KASTRIL.*]

LOVEWIT. The world's turned Bedlam.

FACE. These are all broke loose,
Out of St Kather'ne's, where they use to keep 55
The better sort of mad-folks.

NEIGHBOUR 1. All these persons
We saw go in and out, here.

NEIGHBOUR 2. Yes, indeed, sir.

NEIGHBOUR 3. These were the parties.

FACE. Peace, you drunkards. Sir,
I wonder at it! Please you to give me leave
To touch the door, I'll try an' the lock be changed. 60

LOVEWIT. It 'mazes me!

FACE. Good faith, sir, I believe
There's no such thing. 'Tis all *deceptio visus*.
[*Aside*] Would I could get him away.

DAPPER *cries out within*.

DAPPER. Master Captain, master Doctor.

LOVEWIT. Who's that?

FACE. (Our clerk within, that I
forgot!) I know not, sir.

DAPPER. For God's sake, when will her Grace be at
leisure?

FACE. Ha! 65
Illusions, some spirit o'the air. (His gag is melted,
And now he sets out the throat.)

DAPPER. I am almost stifled –

FACE. (Would you were altogether.)

48 *scavenger*: parish officer responsible for street sweeping.

50 *Punk device*: arrant whore (analogous to 'point device' = 'faultlessly dressed').

55 *St Kather'ne's*: an old hospital, near the Tower.

62 *deceptio visus*: an optical illusion.

67 *sets out the throat*: raises his voice.

LOVEWIT. 'Tis i'the house.
 Ha! List.

FACE. Believe it, sir, i'the air!

LOVEWIT. Peace, you –

DAPPER. Mine aunt's Grace does not use me well.

SUBTLE. [*within*] You fool, 70
 Peace, you'll mar all.

FACE. Or you will else, you rogue.

LOVEWIT. Oh, is it so? Then you converse with
 spirits!
 Come sir. No more o'your tricks, good Jeremy,
 The truth, the shortest way.

FACE. Dismiss this rabble, sir,
 [*Aside*] What shall I do? I am caught.

LOVEWIT. Good neighbours, 75
 I thank you all. You may depart. Come sir,
 [*Exeunt* NEIGHBOURS.]
 You know that I am an indulgent master:
 And therefore, conceal nothing. What's your
 med'cine,
 To draw so many several sorts of wildfowl?

FACE. Sir, you were wont to affect mirth, and wit: 80
 (But here's no place to talk on't i'the street).
 Give me but leave to make the best of my fortune,
 And only pardon me th'abuse of your house:
 It's all I beg. I'll help you to a widow,
 In recompense, that you shall gi'me thanks for, 85
 Will make you seven years younger, and a rich
 one.
 'Tis but your putting on a Spanish cloak,
 I have her within. You need not fear the house,
 It was not visited.

LOVEWIT. But by me, who came
 Sooner than you expected.

FACE. It is true, sir. 90
 Pray you forgive me.

LOVEWIT. Well: let's see your widow.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

[Enter] SUBTLE [and] DAPPER.

[SUBTLE.] How! Ha'you eaten your gag?

DAPPER. Yes faith, it crumbled

Away i' my mouth.

SUBTLE. You ha' spoiled all then.

DAPPER. No,

I hope my aunt of Faery will forgive me.

SUBTLE. Your aunt's a gracious lady: but in troth

You were to blame.

DAPPER. The fume did overcome me, 5

And I did do't to stay my stomach. Pray you

So satisfy her Grace. Here comes the Captain.

[Enter] FACE.

FACE. How now! Is his mouth down?

SUBTLE. Ay! He has spoken!

FACE. (A pox, I heard him, and you too.) He's
undone, then.

(I have been fain to say the house is haunted 10

With spirits, to keep churl back.

SUBTLE. And hast thou done it?

FACE. Sure, for this night.

SUBTLE. Why, then triumph, and sing

Of Face so famous, the precious king

Of present wits.

FACE. Did you not hear the coil

About the door?

SUBTLE. Yes, and I dwindled with it.) 15

FACE. Show him his aunt, and let him be dispatched:

I'll send her to you. [Exit.]

SUBTLE. Well sir, your aunt her Grace

Will give you audience presently, on my suit,

And the Captain's word, that you did not eat your
gag

In any contempt of her Highness.

DAPPER. Not I, in troth, sir. 20

[Enter] DO L like the Queen of Faery.

8 down: open.

11 churl: the one from the country.

14 coil: disturbance.

- SUBTLE. Here she is come. Down o'your knees, and wriggle:
 She has a stately presence. Good. Yet nearer,
 And bid, God save you.
- DAPPER. Madam.
- SUBTLE. And your aunt.
- DAPPER. And my most gracious aunt, God save your Grace.
- DOL. Nephew, we thought to have been angry with you, 25
 But that sweet face of yours hath turned the tide,
 And made it flow with joy, that ebb'd of love.
 Arise, and touch our velvet gown.
- SUBTLE. The skirts,
 And kiss 'em. So.
- DOL. Let me now stroke that head.
Much, nephew, shalt thou win, much shalt thou spend;
Much shalt thou give away, much shalt thou lend. 30
- SUBTLE. (Ay, much, indeed.) Why do you not thank her Grace?
- DAPPER. I cannot speak, for joy.
- SUBTLE. See, the kind wretch!
 Your Grace's kinsman right.
- DOL. Give me the bird.
 Here is your fly in a purse, about your neck,
 cousin; 35
 Wear it, and feed it, about this day sennight,
 On your right wrist –
- SUBTLE. Open a vein, with a pin,
 And let it suck but once a week: till then,
 You must not look on't.
- DOL. No. And, kinsman,
 Bear yourself worthy of the blood you come on. 40
- SUBTLE. Her Grace would ha'you eat no more
 Woolsack pies,
 Nor Dagger furmety.
- DOL. Nor break his fast
 In Heaven, and Hell.

34 *bird*: familiar spirit (or *fly*, 35).

36 *this day sennight*: this time next week.

41–2 *Woolsack* . . . *Dagger*: London inns.

42 *furmety*: a dish of wheat boiled in milk, and seasoned.

43 *Heaven, and Hell*: Westminster taverns.

SUBTLE. She's with you everywhere!
 Nor play with costermongers, at mumchance, tray-
 trip,
 God-make-you-rich (whenas your aunt has done
 it): but keep 45
 The gallant'st company, and the best games –
 DAPPER. Yes, sir.
 SUBTLE. Gleek and primero: and what you get, be
 true to us.
 DAPPER. By this hand, I will.
 SUBTLE. You may bring's a thousand pound
 Before tomorrow night (if but three thousand
 Be stirring) an' you will.
 DAPPER. I swear I will then. 50
 SUBTLE. Your fly will learn you all games.
 FACE. [*within*] Ha'you done there?
 SUBTLE. Your Grace will command him no more
 duties?
 DOL. No:
 But come, and see me often. I may chance
 To leave him three or four hundred chests of
 treasure,
 And some twelve thousand acres of fairy land: 55
 If he game well, and comely, with good gamesters.
 SUBTLE. There's a kind aunt! Kiss her departing part.
 But you must sell your forty mark a year, now.
 DAPPER. Ay, sir, I mean.
 SUBTLE. Or gi't away: pox on't.
 DAPPER. I'll gi't mine aunt. I'll go and fetch the
 writings. 60
 SUBTLE. 'Tis well, away.

[*Exit* DAPPER.]

[*Enter* FACE.]

FACE. Where's Subtle?
 SUBTLE. Here. What news?
 FACE. Drugger is at the door, go take his suit,
 And bid him fetch a parson, presently:
 Say, he shall marry the widow. Thou shalt spend

44 *mumchance, tray-trip*: vulgar dice games.

45 *God-make-you-rich*: a type of backgammon.

47 *Gleek and primero*: card games.

50 *Be stirring*: is around to be gambled for.

64 *spend*: have, for spending.

A hundred pound by the service!

[Exit SUBTLE.]

Now, queen Dol, 65

Ha'you packed up all?

DOL. Yes.

FACE. And how do you like

The Lady Pliant?

DOL. A good dull innocent.

[Enter SUBTLE.]

SUBTLE. Here's your Hieronimo's cloak, and hat.

FACE. Give me 'em.

SUBTLE. And the ruff too?

FACE. Yes, I'll come to you presently.

[Exit.]

SUBTLE. Now he is gone about his project, Dol, 70
I told you of, for the widow.

DOL. 'Tis direct

Against our articles.

SUBTLE. Well, we'll fit him, wench.

Hast thou gulled her of her jewels, or her
bracelets?

DOL. No, but I will do't.

SUBTLE. Soon at night, my Dolly, 75
When we are shipped, and all our goods aboard,
Eastward for Ratcliff, we will turn our course
To Brainford, westward, if thou sayst the word:
And take our leaves of this o'erweening rascal,
This peremptory Face.

DOL. Content. I'm weary of him.

SUBTLE. Thou'st cause, when the slave will run 80
a-wiving, Dol,
Against the instrument, that was drawn between
us.

DOL. I'll pluck his bird as bare as I can.

SUBTLE. Yes, tell her
She must by any means address some present
To th' cunning man; make him amends, for
wronging
His art with her suspicion; send a ring, 85

72 *we'll fit him*: glancing at *The Spanish Tragedy*, IV.i.70.

77 *Brainford*: Brentford.

79 *peremptory*: self-willed.

81 *instrument*: agreement.

Or chain of pearl; she will be tortured else
Extremely in her sleep, say: and ha'strange things
Come to her. Wilt thou?

DOL. Yes.

SUBTLE. My fine flitter-mouse,
My bird o'the night; we'll tickle it at the Pigeons,
When we have all, and may unlock the trunks 90
And say, this's mine, and thine, and thine, and
mine –

They kiss.

[Enter FACE.]

FACE. What now, a-billing?

SUBTLE. Yes, a little exalted
In the good passage of our stock-affairs.

FACE. Druggier has brought his parson; take him in,
Subtle,

And send Nab back again, to wash his face. 95

SUBTLE. I will: and shave himself?

FACE. If you can get him.
[Exit SUBTLE.]

DOL. You are hot upon it, Face, whate'er it is!

FACE. A trick, that Dol shall spend ten pound a
month by.

[Enter SUBTLE.]

Is he gone?

SUBTLE. The chaplain waits you i'the hall, sir.

FACE. I'll go bestow him. [Exit.]

DOL. He'll now marry her, instantly. 100

SUBTLE. He cannot, yet, he is not ready. Dear Dol,

Cozen her of all thou canst. To deceive him

Is no deceit, but justice, that would break

Such an inextricable tie as ours was.

DOL. Let me alone to fit him.

[Enter FACE.]

FACE. Come, my venturers, 105

You ha'packed up all? Where be the trunks? Bring
forth.

SUBTLE. Here.

FACE. Let's see 'em. Where's the money?

88 *flitter-mouse*: bat.

89 *Pigeons*: Three Pigeons, at Brentford.

- SUBTLE. Here,
In this.
- FACE. Mammon's ten pound: eight score before.
The brethren's money, this. Drugger's, and
Dapper's.
What paper's that?
- DOL. The jewel of the waiting-maid's, 110
That stole it from her lady, to know certain –
- FACE. If she should have precedence of her mistress?
- DOL. Yes.
- FACE. What box is that?
- SUBTLE. The fishwives' rings, I think:
And th'alewives' single money. Is't not, Dol?
- DOL. Yes: and the whistle, that the sailor's wife 115
Brought you, to know an' her husband were with
Ward.
- FACE. We'll wet it tomorrow: and our silver beakers,
And tavern cups. Where be the French petticoats,
And girdles, and hangers?
- SUBTLE. Here, i'the trunk,
And the bolts of lawn.
- FACE. Is Drugger's damask there? 120
And the tobacco?
- SUBTLE. Yes.
- FACE. Give me the keys.
- DOL. Why you the keys?
- SUBTLE. No matter, Dol: because
We shall not open 'em before he comes.
- FACE. 'Tis true, you shall not open them, indeed:
Nor have 'em forth. Do you see? Not forth, Dol.
- DOL. No! 125
- FACE. No, my smock-rampant. The right is, my
master
Knows all, has pardoned me, and he will keep 'em.
Doctor, 'tis true (you look) for all your figures:
I sent for him, indeed. Wherefore, good partners,
Both he, and she, be satisfied: for here 130

114 *single money*: small change.116 *an'*: if.*Ward*: a pirate, in the news 1609–12.119 *hangers*: loops, for holding swords.120 *bolts*: rolls.126 *smock-rampant*: furious whore. *Rampant* is an aggressive standing pose (in heraldry).128 *for all your figures*: in spite of all your horoscopes.

Determines the indenture tripartite,
 'Twixt Subtle, Dol, and Face. All I can do
 Is to help you over the wall, o'the back side;
 Or lend you a sheet, to save your velvet gown, Dol.
 Here will be officers, presently; bethink you 135
 Of some course suddenly to 'scape the dock:
 For thither you'll come else.

Some knock.

Hark you, thunder.

SUBTLE. You are a precious fiend!

OFFICERS. [*within*] Open the door.

FACE. Dol, I am sorry for thee, i'faith. But hear'st
 thou?

It shall go hard, but I will place thee somewhere: 140
 Thou shalt ha'my letter to Mistress Amo –

DOL. Hang you –

FACE. Or Madam Caesarean.

DOL. Pox upon you, rogue,
 Would I had but time to beat thee.

FACE. Subtle,

Let's know where you set up next; I'll send you
 A customer, now and then, for old acquaintance: 145
 What new course ha'you?

SUBTLE. Rogue, I'll hang myself:
 That I may walk a greater devil than thou,
 And haunt thee i'the flock-bed, and the buttery.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V

[*Enter*] LOVEWIT [*in Spanish dress,*
with the PARSON.]

[LOVEWIT.] What do you mean, my masters?

MAMMON. [*within*] Open your door,
 Cheaters, bawds, conjurers.

OFFICER. Or we'll break it open.

LOVEWIT. What warrant have you?

OFFICER. [*within*] Warrant enough, sir, doubt not:
 If you'll not open it.

131 *Determines*: concludes.

141 *Amo*: like *Caesarean* (142), a name for a brothel madam.

148 *flock-bed, and the buttery*: where the butler sleeps and eats.

LOVEWIT. Is there an officer there?
 OFFICER. [*within*] Yes, two or three for failing.
 LOVEWIT. Have but patience, 5
 And I will open it straight.
 [*Enter*] FACE.
 FACE. Sir, ha'you done?
 Is it a marriage? Perfect?
 LOVEWIT. Yes, my brain.
 FACE. Off with your ruff and cloak then, be yourself,
 sir.
 SURLY. [*within*] Down with the door.
 KASTRIL. [*within*] 'Slight, ding it open.
 LOVEWIT. [*opening the door*] Hold. 10
 Hold gentlemen, what means this violence?
 [*Enter*] MAMMON, SURLY, KASTRIL,
 ANANIAS, TRIBULATION [*and*] OFFICERS.
 MAMMON. Where is this collier?
 SURLY. And my Captain Face?
 MAMMON. These day-owls.
 SURLY. That are birding in men's purses.
 MAMMON. Madam Suppository.
 KASTRIL. Doxy, my suster.
 ANANIAS. Locusts
 Of the foul pit.
 TRIBULATION. Profane as Bel and the dragon.
 ANANIAS. Worse than the grasshoppers, or the lice of 15
 Egypt.
 LOVEWIT. Good gentlemen, hear me. Are you
 officers,
 And cannot stay this violence?
 OFFICER. Keep the peace.
 LOVEWIT. Gentlemen, what is the matter? Whom do
 you seek?
 MAMMON. The chemical cozener.
 SURLY. And the Captain Pander.
 KASTRIL. The nun my suster.

5 *for failing*: as a precaution against failing.

11 *collier*: see I.i.90 n.

12 *birding*: hunting (by day, as the owl by night).

13 *Suppository*: prostitute.

14 *Bel and the dragon*: false gods (from the apocryphal chapters of Daniel).

15 *grasshoppers* . . . *Egypt*: plagues, from Exodus 8, 10.

20 *nun*: whore.

- MAMMON. Madam Rabbi.
 ANANIAS. Scorpions, 20
 And caterpillars.
 LOVEWIT. Fewer at once, I pray you.
 OFFICER. One after another, gentlemen, I charge
 you,
 By virtue of my staff –
 ANANIAS. They are the vessels
 Of pride, lust, and the cart.
 LOVEWIT. Good zeal, lie still
 A little while.
 TRIBULATION. Peace, Deacon Ananias. 25
 LOVEWIT. The house is mine here, and the doors are
 open:
 If there be any such persons, as you seek for,
 Use your authority, search on o'God's name.
 I am but newly come to town, and finding
 This tumult 'bout my door (to tell you true) 30
 It somewhat 'mazed me; till my man, here (fearing
 My more displeasure) told me he had done
 Somewhat an insolent part, let out my house
 (Belike, presuming on my known aversion
 From any air o'the town, while there was sickness) 35
 To a doctor, and a captain: who, what they are
 Or where they be, he knows not.
 MAMMON. Are they gone?
 LOVEWIT. You may go in, and search, sir.
They enter [the house].
 Here I find
 The empty walls, worse than I left 'em, smoked,
 A few cracked pots, and glasses, and a furnace, 40
 The ceiling filled with poesies o'the candle:
 And 'Madam with a dildo', writ o'the walls.
 Only, one gentlewoman I met here,
 That is within, that said she was a widow –
 KASTRIL. Ay, that's my suster. I'll go thump her.
 Where is she? [Exit.] 45
 LOVEWIT. And should ha'married a Spanish count,
 but he,
 When he came to't, neglected her so grossly
 That I, a widower, am gone through with her.

24 *the cart*: for displaying condemned criminals.

41 *o'the candle*: written with candle smoke.

SURLY. How! Have I lost her then?

LOVEWIT. Were you the Don, sir?

Good faith, now, she does blame yo'extremely,
and says 50

You swore, and told her you had ta'en the pains
To dye your beard, and umber o'er your face,
Borrowed a suit, and ruff, all for her love;
And then did nothing. What an oversight,
And want of putting forward, sir, was this! 55
Well fare an oldarquebusier, yet,
Could prime his powder, and give fire, and hit,
All in a twinkling.

MAMMON *comes forth.*

MAMMON. The whole nest are fled!

LOVEWIT. What sort of birds were they?

MAMMON. A kind of choughs,
Or thievish daws, sir, that have picked my purse 60
Of eight score and ten pounds, within these five
weeks,

Beside my first materials; and my goods,
That lie i'the cellar: which I am glad they ha'left.
I may have home yet.

LOVEWIT. Think you so, sir?

MAMMON. Ay.

LOVEWIT. By order of the law, sir, but not otherwise. 65

MAMMON. Not mine own stuff?

LOVEWIT. Sir, I can take no knowledge
That they are yours, but by public means.
If you can bring certificate, that you were gulled of
'em,

Or any formal writ, out of a court,
That you did cozen yourself: I will not hold them. 70

MAMMON. I'll rather lose 'em.

LOVEWIT. That you shall not, sir,
By me, in troth. Upon these terms they're yours.
What should they ha'been, sir, turned into gold
all?

MAMMON. No.

I cannot tell. It may be they should. What then?

56 *harquebusier*: soldier, with a musket.

59 *choughs*: crow-like birds.

67 *public means*: course of law.

- LOVEWIT. What a great loss in hope have you sustained! 75
- MAMMON. Not I, the commonwealth has.
- FACE. Ay, he would ha'built
The city new; and made a ditch about it
Of silver, should have run with cream from
Hogsden:
That, every Sunday in Moorfields, the younkers,
And tits, and tomboys should have fed on, gratis. 80
- MAMMON. I will go mount a turnip-cart, and preach
The end o'the world, within these two months.
Surly,
What! In a dream?
- SURLY. Must I needs cheat myself,
With that same foolish vice of honesty?
Come let us go, and hearken out the rogues. 85
That Face I'll mark for mine, if e'er I meet him.
- FACE. If I can hear of him, sir, I'll bring you word,
Unto your lodging: for in troth, they were
strangers
To me, I thought 'em honest as myself, sir.
[*Exeunt MAMMON and SURLY.*]
- [*TRIBULATION and ANANIAS*] *come forth.*
- TRIBULATION. 'Tis well, the saints shall not lose all
yet. Go, 90
And get some carts –
- LOVEWIT. For what, my zealous friends?
- ANANIAS. To bear away the portion of the righteous,
Out of this den of thieves.
- LOVEWIT. What is that portion?
- ANANIAS. The goods, sometimes the orphans', that
the brethren
Bought with their silver pence.
- LOVEWIT. What, those i'the cellar, 95
The knight Sir Mammon claims?
- ANANIAS. I do defy
The wicked Mammon, so do all the brethren,
Thou profane man. I ask thee, with what
conscience
Thou canst advance that idol, against us,

79 *Moorfields*: open area, immediately to the north of the city.

80 *tits*: young girls.

85 *hearken out*: ask around for.

That have the seal? Were not the shillings
 numbered, 100
 That made the pounds? Were not the pounds told
 out,
 Upon the second day of the fourth week,
 In the eighth month, upon the table dormant,
 The year, of the last patience of the saints,
 Six hundred and ten?

LOVEWIT. Mine earnest vehement botcher, 105
 And deacon also, I cannot dispute with you,
 But, if you get you not away the sooner,
 I shall confute you with a cudgel.

ANANIAS. Sir –
 TRIBULATION. Be patient, Ananias.

ANANIAS. I am strong, 110
 And will stand up, well girt, against an host
 That threaten Gad in exile.

LOVEWIT. I shall send you
 To Amsterdam, to your cellar.

ANANIAS. I will pray there,
 Against thy house: may dogs defile thy walls,
 And wasps, and hornets breed beneath thy roof,
 This seat of falsehood, and this cave of coz'nage. 115
 [*Exeunt ANANIAS and TRIBULATION.*]

DRUGGER *enters.*

LOVEWIT. Another too?

DRUGGER. Not I, sir, I am no brother.

LOVEWIT. Away you Harry Nicholas, do you talk?
He beats him away.

FACE. No, this was Abel Drugger. (*To the PARSON*)
 Good sir, go,
 And satisfy him; tell him, all is done:
 He stayed too long a-washing of his face. 120
 The Doctor, he shall hear of him at Westchester;
 And of the Captain, tell him at Yarmouth: or
 Some good port-town else, lying for a wind.
 [*Exit PARSON.*]

100 *seal*: mark of grace.

103 *table dormant*: standing table.

104 *the last patience of the saints*: the period before the Second Coming.

111 *Gad in exile*: the exiled brethren; see Genesis 49.19.

117 *Harry Nicholas*: Henrick Niclaes, leader of the Anabaptist Family of Love, suppressed in 1580.

121 *Westchester*: Chester.

[Enter KASTRIL and DAME PLIANT.]

- If you get off the angry child, now, sir –
 KASTRIL. (*to his sister*) Come on, you ewe, you have
 matched most sweetly, ha'you not? 125
 Did not I say, I would never ha' you tupp'd
 But by a dubbed boy, to make you a lady-tom?
 'Slight, you are a mammet! Oh, I could touse you
 now.
 Death, mun' you marry with a pox?
 LOVEWIT. You lie, boy;
 As sound as you: and I am aforehand with you.
 KASTRIL. Anon? 130
 LOVEWIT. Come, will you quarrel? I will feize you,
 sirrah.
 Why do you not buckle to your tools?
 KASTRIL. God's light!
 This is a fine old boy, as e'er I saw!
 LOVEWIT. What, do you change your copy, now?
 Proceed,
 Here stands my dove: stoop at her, if you dare. 135
 KASTRIL. 'Slight, I must love him! I cannot choose,
 i'faith!
 An' I should be hanged for't. Suster, I protest,
 I honour thee, for this match.
 LOVEWIT. Oh, do you so, sir?
 KASTRIL. Yes, an' thou canst take tobacco and drink,
 old boy,
 I'll give her five hundred pound more, to her
 marriage, 140
 Than her own state.
 LOVEWIT. Fill a pipe-full, Jeremy.
 FACE. Yes, but go in and take it, sir.
 LOVEWIT. We will.
 I will be ruled by thee in anything, Jeremy.
 KASTRIL. 'Slight, thou art not hide-bound! Thou art
 a jovy boy!
 Come let's in, I pray thee, and take our whiffs. 145

126 *tupp'd*: mated (indicating Kastril's country way of thought).

128 *mammet*: puppet.

touse: beat.

131 *feize*: settle.

132 *buckle to your tools*: draw your weapon.

135 *stoop*: swoop, like the hawk that Kastril is.

144 *joyv*: jovial (Lovewit is the pipe-smoking gallant that Kastril aspired to be, III.iv.21–5).

LOVEWIT. Whiff in with your sister, brother boy.

[*Exeunt* KASTRIL and DAME PLIANT.]

That master

That had received such happiness by a servant,
In such a widow, and with so much wealth,
Were very ungrateful if he would not be
A little indulgent to that servant's wit, 150
And help his fortune, though with some small
strain

Of his own candour. Therefore, gentlemen,
And kind spectators, if I have outstripped
An old man's gravity, or strict canon, think
What a young wife, and a good brain may do: 155
Stretch age's truth, sometimes, and crack it too.
Speak for thyself, knave.

FACE. So I will, sir. Gentlemen,

My part a little fell in this last scene,
Yet 'twas decorum. And though I am clean
Got off, from Subtle, Surly, Mammon, Dol, 160
Hot Ananias, Dapper, Drugger, all
With whom I traded; yet I put myself
On you, that are my country: and this pelf,
Which I have got, if you do quit me, rests
To feast you often, and invite new guests. 165

[*Exeunt.*]

This comedy was first
acted in the year

1610

by the King's Majesty's
Servants.

The principal comedians were

Richard Burbage	John Heminges
John Lowin	William Ostler
Henry Condell	John Underwood
Alexander Cook	Nicholas Tooley
Robert Armin	William Egleston

With the allowance of the Master of the Revels.

152 *candour*: reputation.

154 *canon*: rule.

159 *decorum*: propriety, appropriate to the role.

163 *country*: jury, as in trial 'by God and one's country'.

164 *quit*: acquit.

BARTHOLMEW
FAYRE:

A COMEDIE,
ACTED IN THE
YEARE, 1614.

By the Lady *ELIZABETHS*
SERVANTS.

And then dedicated to King *IAMES*, of
most Blessed Memorie;

By the Author, *BENIAMIN IOHNSON.*

*Si foret in terris, videret Democritus: nam
Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipfis,
Vt sibi præbentem, mimo spectacula plura.
Scriptores autem narrare putaret assello
Fabellam furdo. Hor. lib. 2. Epist. 1.*



LONDON,
Printed by *I. B.* for *ROBERT ALLOT*, and are
to be sold at the signe of the *Beare*, in *Pauls*
Church-yard. 1631.

Title-page from the 1640–1 folio, reproduced by permission of the Brotherton Collection, University of Leeds

Title

Bartholomew Fair was held annually at Smithfield (in the parish of St Bartholomew the Great) on St Bartholomew's Day, 24 August. It originated as a cloth fair in the reign of Henry I and survived until 1855.

Epigraph

'Democritus, if he were on earth, would laugh himself silly; for he would view the people more attentively than the play itself, as affording the more interesting spectacle; and as for this writer, he would think he told his story to a deaf Ass' (Horace, *Epistles*, II.i.197–200).

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sources

Like *The Alchemist*, *Bartholomew Fair* has little direct structural indebtedness to earlier dramatic models. In its use of a 'magnetic centre', to which all the members of the cast gravitate, *Bartholomew Fair* broadly resembles in design Jonson's three preceding comedies, but its complex interlacing of the fortunes and misfortunes of a gallery of characters – each acting with increasing independence of his fellows to give an illusion of randomness which is carefully and rigorously premeditated – makes it entirely *sui generis*, as does its conception in general, a unique and rich blend of celebratory and satirical comedy.

However, several of the play's multiple plots invoke the conventions of past and current dramatic genres for purposes of parody. Overdo's adoption of a disguise as a means of spying on the king's subjects adapts the principal circumstance that unites the small genre of 'disguised duke' plays, such as *Measure for Measure* (1604), Middleton's *The Phoenix* (1603), and Marston's *The Malcontent* (1603), except that when Overdo throws off his disguise it is he who is exposed rather than his victims' enormities. Similarly, the Wasp–Cokes plot recollects in a general way the concerns of the godly and didactic 'prodigal' play, current from *Acolastus* (1540) down to Thomas Heywood's *The English Traveller* (c. 1626–33), except that it is the reformation of the father figure, rather than the prodigal, towards which the plot works. So too the Grace–Winwife–Quarlous plot, with its choosing of names out of Sidney's *Arcadia* and Shakespeare and Fletcher's *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, travesties the amatory heroics of romantic literature of the period. Quarlous himself is a witty opportunist of a type familiar from the comedies of Middleton, Marston and others, though not a wholly engaging one.

Several incidents in the play build on circumstances taken from life or from the fund of popular literature and jest. There really was a London magistrate, Sir Thomas Middleton, who in 1614 boasted of having investigated the 'enormities' of city traders in person and in disguise (see Additional Notes, p. 530 below). Cokes's delight at the punishment of Wasp in the stocks may include a wry reminiscence of Jonson's own experience in 1613 when travelling in Paris as tutor to the son of Sir Walter Raleigh; during this trip the pupil triumphantly exposed his mentor to public view in a cart while he was prostrated in a bout of drunkenness. Edgworth's picking of Cokes's purse in

broad daylight (III.v) adapts a comic routine found elsewhere (for example, in the collaborative play *Sir Thomas More* (c. 1593)). Though the second part of Cervantes's masterpiece was not published until 1615, the remarkable resemblance between Busy's dispute with the puppets and Don Quixote's demolition of the puppet theatre of Master Peter (*Don Quixote*, II, xxvii) deserves to be noticed.

Jonson's sophisticated induction experiments with ironic framing devices similar to those employed in the Italian *commedia erudita*, such as the multiple prologues which preface Giordano Bruno's *Il Candelaio* (1582). Within the Fair, however, 'high' literature is subject only to degradation and abuse: Littlewit's puppet show travesties Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (before 1593) and Richard Edwardes's interlude *Damon and Pithias* (1565).

Though they are not exactly sources, two entries in Jonson's commonplace book suggest something of the thinking underlying his choice of subject:

What petty things they are, we wonder at! Like children, that esteem every trifle; and prefer a fairing before their fathers: what a difference is between us and them, but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs, at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like: we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath, and lime; perhaps loam. Yet, we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad, we can cozen ourselves.

A puppet-play must be shadowed, and seen in the dark: for draw the curtain, *Et sordet gesticulatio* [and the action is disgusting].¹

Stage history

The first performance of *Bartholomew Fair* on 31 October 1614 was at the Hope in Southwark, a house then only newly opened as part theatre, part bear-pit. There seems to have been some kind of amalgamation between the Lady Elizabeth's Men and the Children of the Queen's Revels at the Hope in 1613, which may explain the extraordinary size of the cast for which Jonson calls. The second performance came the following evening, before James I at Whitehall. *Bartholomew Fair* is teasingly designed as a play which

1 Herford and Simpson, VIII, pp. 570, 607.

addresses itself to these massively diverse audiences simultaneously: its popular manner is suitable for the 'stinking' public audience (Induction 185) while other features seem calculated to make moderately discreet capital out of the known likes and aversions of the king – such as James's notorious hostility to tobacco, his dislike of Puritans and swine's flesh, and his learned interest in the obligations and efficiency of his magistracy.

No further performances are known until 1661. However, a reference in Samuel Pepys's diary for 7 September 1661 to the restoration to the text of 'the puppet-showe . . . which had not been these forty years', suggests that the play had had some currency in the interim. Pepys himself disliked the puppets, describing them as 'a lessening to it'.

In the years following the Restoration, *Bartholomew Fair* shared with *Epicoene* the distinction of being Jonson's most popular play; it was frequently performed in the 1660s and 1670s, and remained current in the repertoire until 1722. To Pepys it was simply 'the best comedy in the world'; to Shadwell 'one of the wittiest Plays in the World'; presumably it was the satire on the Puritans which made it a special favourite with Charles II. One reason for its popularity was the survival of *Bartholomew Fair* itself, and the play tended to be revived during the Fair season; when in the early eighteenth century the Fair began to boast drolls and short plays of its own, many of the actors in Jonson's comedy had had the experience of performing in the real Fair. At this time *Ursla* was played as a dame part by a male actor, first by the comedian Cross, later by John Harper, another of whose roles was Falstaff. This is a tradition which has been several times revived in recent productions.

However, *Bartholomew Fair* was the first major play to suffer the effects of the general decline of Jonson's standing in the eighteenth century, and an obscure adaptation at Drury Lane in 1735 is the last that is heard of it until the Phoenix Society revival of 1921, by which time it had come to seem, according to Montague Summers, essentially a 'document' of Jacobean life, and rather too rich in its humour and language. Garrick and Dr John Brown had considered adapting the play in 1765, but this came to nothing. Brown proposed throwing out the 'trash' and imposing 'a *plan*' on the action, which was all that it lacked. Interestingly, he felt that 'The Pig-Woman certainly cannot be removed without spoiling the whole' since she is 'the

great connecting circumstance that binds the whole together'.²

Modern revivals begin with the Old Vic production of 1950, directed by George Devine, with Roger Livesey as Overdo, Alec Clunes as Wasp, Robert Eddison as Cokes and a cast of nearly forty filled out with Old Vic students. Again it was the quality of 'intense realism' which struck spectators, for which Devine was variously praised and blamed; to one reviewer it seemed 'the most crashing old bore', 'far too much of everything, or, if you like, not enough of anything'.³ Realism has subsequently given ground to a greater recognition of the complementary stylisations of festivity and farce, as instanced in the next major revival, by the RSC under Terry Hands at the Aldwych (1969), with Alan Howard as Cokes, Norman Rodway as Quarlous, Ben Kingsley as Winwife, Sebastian Shaw as Overdo and Patrick Stewart as Leatherhead. However, spectators found the anachronisms introduced into the setting and costumes of this production puzzling, and Hands was criticised for allowing plot to degenerate into mere panorama: the play fragmented into a series of theatrical turns, with 'character after character spinning relentlessly in his own obsession'.⁴

Richard Eyre's production for the Nottingham Playhouse (1976) updated the play to Victorian times, and placed the characters in a setting of contemporary fair-ground machines. Quarlous and Winwife became subalterns, and Wasp an academic bulldog exasperated with a freshman newly down from Harrow; they mingled with vigorous clowning and buffoonery from the Ken Campbell Roadshow. However, goodwill predominated, as was the case in the truly festive Roundhouse production of 1978, adapted and directed by Peter Barnes with Peter Bayliss as Overdo and John Wells as Cokes. Barnes surrounded the play with an enormous carnival of stalls and tradesfolk, dice-playing, penny-pushing and morris dancing, and even provided Ursla with a real live pig (which ran wild on the opening night). Littlewit's spectacular show, with giant puppets, and the fight with Busy, became

2 R. G. Noyes, *Ben Jonson on the English Stage*, 1935, pp. 224–45.

3 *The Times*, 19 December 1950, p. 7; *New Statesman*, 1950, p. 676.

4 *The Times*, 31 October 1969, p. 8.

the play's climax. Their 'non-moralising' account of the play as a bursting kaleidoscope of street life concluded genially, with only 'gentle reprisals' for the fools.⁵

On the other hand, Michael Bogdanov's production with the Young Vic, also in 1978, while cultivating the fair-ground atmosphere – unicycles, fights and circus skills in a theatre decked with bunting to suggest a tent – also found space for the play's darker suggestions. The tricksters were sympathetic but dangerous, Leatherhead sold plastic rubbish, the puppets openly parodied Grace and her suitors. Overdo was the central character, and his final deflation was sordid and humiliating, leaving him appealing pathetically for respect. The final image was a blackout with a single spotlight illuminating a puppet laughing at the follies of mankind.

But while the play is still underproduced by professional companies, its large and varied cast makes it ideal as a student enterprise, and in recent years several universities have seen undergraduate productions, including Oxford (1975), Cambridge (1977), Leeds (1978), Birmingham (1979), and Manchester (1982). Of these perhaps the most remarkable was the Marlowe Society production at the Arts Theatre Cambridge in 1977, directed by Griff Rhys Jones as a holiday romp on a two-level set complete with goat and fox terriers. This production gave full weight to the delightfulness and absurdity of events, but pitted against these a consciousness of the brutality of farce and of the painfulness of the fools' slow recognition of their idiocy. Here the true climax was Overdo's abortive arraignment, and in the justice's ensuing discomfiture his apologetic gesture of reconciliation was all but lost as the clatter of voices and stalls renewed in the Fair behind him.

Text

Bartholomew Fair was printed in folio in 1631, apparently as part of a project for a second collected volume of Jonson's works, but it remained unpublished until after Jonson's death, probably on account of his dissatisfaction with the inadequacies of the printer. The unpublished sheets were incorporated into the second volume of the posthumous collection of Jonson's *Works*, 1640 (the second

⁵ *The Times*, 4 August 1978, p. 11.

folio). The edition of C. S. Alden (1902) was superseded by Herford and Simpson, and in recent years there have been numerous individual editions, notably E. A. Horsman (Revels, 1960), Eugene M. Waith (Yale, 1963), Maurice Hussey (New Mermaids, 1964), Edward B. Partridge (Regents Renaissance, 1964), Douglas Duncan (Fountainwell, 1972) and G. R. Hibbard (New Mermaids, 1977), the latter being the most interesting recent edition, not least for its innovative attitude towards some details of the text.

THE
PROLOGUE
TO
THE
KING'S
MAJESTY

Your Majesty is welcome to a fair;
Such place, such men, such language and such ware,
You must expect: with these, the zealous noise
Of your land's faction, scandalised at toys, 5
As babies, hobby-horses, puppet plays,
And suchlike rage, whereof the petulant ways
Yourself have known, and have been vexed with long.
These for your sport, without particular wrong,
Or just complaint of any private man, 10
Who of himself or shall think well or can,
The maker doth present: and hopes tonight
To give you for a fairing, true delight.

Spoken at court on 1 November 1614, in place of the Induction.

It would have provided much the same effect of framing the play's disorder that the Induction is designed to do.

4 *faction*: the Puritans, with whom James I had ideological differences (compare 6–7).

toys: trifles.

5 *babies*: dolls.

8 *particular wrong*: satirising individuals.

10 this ambiguous sentiment is repeated in the Induction 97–8.

11 *maker*: author (term taken from Sir Philip Sidney's *Apology for Poetry*).

12 *fairing*: gift bought at a fair.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JOHN LITTLEWIT, <i>a proctor</i>		
[SOLOMON, <i>his man</i>]		
WIN LITTLEWIT, <i>his wife</i>		
DAME PURECRAFT, <i>her mother and a widow</i>		
ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY, <i>her suitor, a Banbury</i>		
<i>man</i>	5	
WINWIFE, <i>his rival, a gentleman</i>		
QUARLOUS, <i>his companion, a gamester</i>		
BARTHOLOMEW COKES, <i>an esquire of Harrow</i>		
HUMPHREY WASP, <i>his man</i>		
ADAM OVERDO, <i>a Justice of Peace</i>	10	
DAME OVERDO, <i>his wife</i>		
GRACE WELLBORN, <i>his ward</i>		
LANTERN LEATHERHEAD, <i>a hobby-horse seller</i>		
JOAN TRASH, <i>a gingerbread-woman</i>		
EZEKIEL EDGWORTH, <i>a cutpurse</i>	15	
NIGHTINGALE, <i>a ballad-singer</i>		
URSLA, <i>a pig-woman</i>		
MOONCALF, <i>her tapster</i>		
JORDAN KNOCKEM, <i>a horse-courser, and ranger</i>		
<i>o'Turnbull</i>		
VAL CUTTING, <i>a roarer</i>	20	
CAPTAIN WHIT, <i>a bawd</i>		
PUNK ALICE, <i>mistress o'the game</i>		
TROUBLE-ALL, <i>a madman</i>		
[HAGGIS,	} <i>watchmen, three</i>	25
BRISTLE,		
POCHER,]		
COSTERMONGER		
[CORNCUTTER]		
[TINDERBOX-MAN]		

- 1 *proctor*: attorney, operating in the ecclesiastical courts.
5 *Banbury*: supposed to be a hotbed of Puritanism.
7 QUARLOUS: the name suggests 'contentious'.
 gamester: gambler; rake.
8 COKES: dolt, nitwit.
17 URSLA: 'she-bear' (see II.iii.1-2).
18 MOONCALF: a birth blighted by the moon; misshapen
 monstrosity.
19 *horse-courser*: dealer in broken-in horses.
 ranger: keeper.
 Turnbull: i.e. Turnmill Street, in London, notorious for its
 brothels.
20 CUTTING: the name implies a cut-throat or highwayman.
 roarer: rowdy.
22 *mistress o'the game*: prostitute.

THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY 155

[NORTHERN, a] <i>clothier</i>	30
[PUPPY, a] <i>wrestler</i>	
PORTERS	
[PASSENGERS]	
[FILCHER, SHARKWELL,] } <i>doorkeepers</i>	35
PUPPETS	
[STAGE-KEEPER]	
[BOOK-HOLDER]	
[SCRIVENER]	
[SCENE: Smithfield]	

THE INDUCTION ON THE STAGE

[*Enter*] STAGE-KEEPER.

[STAGE-KEEPER.] Gentlemen, have a little patience,
they are e'en upon coming, instantly. He that
should begin the play, Master Littlewit, the
proctor, has a stitch new fallen in his black silk
stocking; 'twill be drawn up ere you can tell 5
twenty. He plays one o'the Arches, that dwells
about the Hospital, and he has a very pretty part.
But for the whole play, will you ha'the truth on't?
(I am looking, lest the poet hear me, or his man,
Master Brome, behind the arras) it is like to be a 10
very conceited scurvy one, in plain English.
When't comes to the Fair, once: you were e'en as
good go to Virginia, for anything there is of
Smithfield. He has not hit the humours, he does
not know 'em; he has not conversed with the 15
Bartholomew-birds, as they say; he has ne'er a
sword-and-buckler man in his Fair, nor a little
Davy, to take toll o'the bawds there, as in my time,
nor a Kindheart, if anybody's teeth should chance
to ache in his play; nor a juggler with a well- 20
educated ape to come over the chain for the King
of England, and back again for the Prince, and sit
still on his arse for the Pope, and the King of
Spain! None o'these fine sights! Nor has he the
canvas cut i'the night, for a hobby-horse man to 25
creep in to his she-neighbour, and take his leap
there! Nothing! No, and some writer (that I know)
had had but the penning o'this matter, he would

1 STAGE-KEEPER: employed to set and sweep the stage.

6 *Arches*: the Court of Arches, an ecclesiastical court of appeal held in Bow Church.

7 *Hospital*: a charity, at St Bartholomew's in Smithfield.

10 *Brome*: Richard Brome (c. 1590–1653), dramatist, and some-time servant to Jonson.

arras: hangings on the back wall of the stage.

11 *conceited*: fantastic.

14 *Smithfield*: site of the Fair, just outside the city wall, on the north-west.

humours: characteristics.

17 *sword-and-buckler man*: expert with weapons.

17–18 *little Davy*: mentioned in 1606 as a London bully.

19 *Kindheart*: itinerant toothdrawer; an Elizabethan 'character'.

25 *hobby-horse man*: wench.

26 *take his leap*: have sexual intercourse.

ha'made you such a jig-a-jog i'the booths, you
 should ha'thought an earthquake had been i'the 30
 Fair! But these master-poets, they will ha'their
 own absurd courses; they will be informed of
 nothing! He has (sir-reverence) kicked me three,
 or four times about the tiring-house, I thank him,
 for but offering to put in, with my experience. I'll 35
 be judged by you, gentlemen, now, but for one
 conceit of mine! Would not a fine pump upon the
 stage ha'done well, for a property now? And a
 punk set under upon her head, with her stern
 upward, and ha'been soused by my witty young 40
 masters o'the Inns o'Court? What think you o'this
 for a show, now? He will not hear o'this! I am an
 ass! I! And yet I kept the stage in Master Tarlton's
 time, I thank my stars. Ho! an' that man had lived
 to have played in *Bartholomew Fair*, you should 45
 ha'seen him ha'come in, and ha'been cozened
 i'the cloth-quarter, so finely! And Adams, the
 rogue, ha'leaped and capered upon him, and
 ha'dealt his vermin about, as though they had cost
 him nothing. And then a substantial watch to 50
 ha'stolen in upon 'em, and taken 'em away, with
 mistaking words, as the fashion is, in the stage
 practice.

[*Enter*] BOOK-HOLDER [*and*] SCRIVENER,
to him.

BOOK-HOLDER. How now? What rare discourse are
 you fallen upon, ha? Ha'you found any familiars 55
 here, that you are so free? What's the business?
 STAGE-KEEPER. Nothing, but the understanding

33 *sir-reverence*: saving your reverence.

34 *tiring-house*: backstage dressing-room.

41 *Inns o'Court*: London societies for the study of law, frequented
 also by young men of fashion.

43 *Tarlton*: celebrated clown, died 1588.

47 *cloth-quarter*: booths where cloth was sold. In one of his *Jests*,
Tarlton loses his clothes here.

Adams: fellow actor of the 1580s.

49 *vermin*: fleas (from his clothes).

52 *mistaking words*: malapropisms (like the Watch in *Much Ado
 About Nothing*).

53 s.d. BOOK-HOLDER: prompter; a senior stagehand.

57 *understanding*: a pun – the groundlings stood below the stage,
 in the arena.

- gentlemen o'the ground here, asked my judgement.
- BOOK-HOLDER. Your judgement, rascal? For what? Sweeping the stage? Or gathering up the broken apples for the bears within? Away, rogue, it's come to a fine degree in these spectacles when such a youth as you pretend to a judgement. 60
- [Exit STAGE-KEEPER.]
- And yet he may, i'the most o'this matter, i'faith: for the author hath writ it just to his meridian, and the scale of the grounded judgements here, his play-fellows in wit. Gentlemen, not for want of a prologue, but by way of a new one, I am sent out to you here, with a scrivener, and certain articles drawn out in haste between our author and you; which if you please to hear, and as they appear reasonable, to approve of, the play will follow presently. Read, scribe, gi'me the counterpane. 70
- SCRIVENER. Articles of agreement, indented, between the spectators or hearers, at the Hope on the Bankside, in the county of Surrey on the one party, and the author of *Bartholomew Fair* in the said place and county on the other party: the one-and-thirtieth day of October, 1614, and in the twelfth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord, James, by the grace of God King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith. And of Scotland the seven-and-fortieth. 80
- IMPRIMIS, it is covenanted and agreed, by and between the parties abovesaid, that the said spectators and hearers, as well the curious and envious, as the favouring and judicious, as also the grounded judgements and understandings, do for 85

62 *bears*: the Hope playhouse staged both plays and bear-baitings.

64 *such a youth as you*: alluding ironically to the Stage-keeper's age.

66 *meridian*: capacity.

67 *grounded*: well set (with a pun, as in 58).

74 *counterpane*: duplicate.

77 *Bankside*: the south bank.

86 *abovesaid, that*: see Textual Note, p. 521 below. Hibbard's assumption that something has been lost at this point seems sensible, though I have adopted an emendation different from his.

87-8 *curious and envious*: particular and hostile.

- themselves severally covenant and agree to remain 90
 in the places their money or friends have put them
 in, with patience, for the space of two hours and an
 half, and somewhat more. In which time the
 author promiseth to present them, by us, with a
 new sufficient play called *Bartholomew Fair*, 95
 merry, and as full of noise as sport: made to delight
 all, and to offend none; provided they have either
 the wit, or the honesty to think well of themselves.
- It is further agreed that every person here have
 his or their free-will of censure, to like or dislike at 100
 their own charge; the author having now departed
 with his right, it shall be lawful for any man to
 judge his six penn'orth, his twelve penn'orth, so to
 his eighteen pence, two shillings, half a crown, to
 the value of his place: provided always his place 105
 get not above his wit. And if he pay for half a
 dozen, he may censure for all them too, so that he
 will undertake that they shall be silent. He shall
 put in for censures here, as they do for lots at the
 lottery: marry, if he drop but sixpence at the door, 110
 and will censure a crown's worth, it is thought
 there is no conscience, or justice in that.
- It is also agreed, that every man here exercise
 his own judgement, and not censure by contagion,
 or upon trust, from another's voice or face, that 115
 sits by him, be he never so first in the Commission
 of Wit; as also that he be fixed and settled in his
 censure, that what he approves, or not approves
 today, he will do the same tomorrow, and if
 tomorrow, the next day, and so the next week (if 120
 need be): and not to be brought about by any that
 sits on the bench with him, though they indict, and

97–8 *provided* . . . *themselves*: an echo of *Poetaster*, 'To the reader', 144–5.

100 *censure*: judgement, criticism.

103–4 very high prices for this time, perhaps because this was a new play in a new house.

110 *lottery*: a national lottery opened in 1612 to raise finance for the colonisation of Virginia.

116–17 *Commission of Wit*: body of critics, here supposed to be appointed judges of the play.

122 *bench*: seat in a theatre, or for a magistrate in court.

arraign plays daily. He that will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgement shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty, or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and next to truth, a confirmed error does well; such a one, the author knows where to find him. 125

It is further covenanted, concluded and agreed, that how great soever the expectation be, no person here is to expect more than he knows, or better ware than a fair will afford: neither to look back to the sword-and-buckler age of Smithfield, but content himself with the present. Instead of a little Davy, to take toll o'the bawds, the author doth promise a strutting horse-courser, with a leer drunkard, two or three to attend him, in as good equipage as you would wish. And then for Kindheart the tooth-drawer, a fine oily pig-woman with her tapster to bid you welcome, and a consort of roarers for music. A wise Justice of Peace *meditant*, instead of a juggler with an ape. A civil cutpurse *searchant*. A sweet singer of new ballads *allurant*: and as fresh an hypocrite as ever was broached, *rampant*. If there be never a servant-monster i'the fair, who can help it? he says; nor a nest of antics? He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like those that beget Tales, Tempests, and suchlike drolleries, to mix his head with other men's heels, let the concupiscence of jigs and dances reign as strong as it will amongst you: yet if the puppets will please anybody, they shall be entreated to come in. 130 140 145 150 155

In consideration of which, it is finally agreed, by

123-4 *Jeronimo* . . . *Andronicus*: Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1587) and Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus* (c. 1593), two popular but exceedingly old-fashioned plays.

135 *sword-and-buckler age*: before 1580 West Smithfield was notorious as 'the usuall place of Frayes and common fighting' (John Stow, quoted by Hibbard). The agreement is repudiating the tastes of the Stage-keeper (15-24 above).

138 *leer*: reeling.

140 *equipage*: array.

144 *meditant*: mock heraldic language, as also *searchant* (145), *allurant* (146) and *rampant* (147).

146 *hypocrite*: see Additional Note on I. v. 180, p. 529 below.

149-54 see Additional Note, p. 528 below.

the foresaid hearers and spectators, that they
 neither in themselves conceal, nor suffer by them
 to be concealed any state-decipherer, or politic
 picklock of the scene, so solemnly ridiculous as to 160
 search out who was meant by the gingerbread-
 woman, who by the hobby-horse man, who by the
 costermonger, nay, who by their wares; or that
 will pretend to affirm (on his own inspired
 ignorance) what Mirror of Magistrates is meant by 165
 the Justice, what great lady by the pig-woman,
 what concealed statesman by the seller of mouse-
 traps, and so of the rest. But that such person or
 persons, so found, be left discovered to the mercy
 of the author, as a forfeiture to the stage and your 170
 laughter aforesaid. As also, such as shall so
 desperately or ambitiously play the fool by his
 place aforesaid, to challenge the author of
 scurrility, because the language somewhere
 savours of Smithfield, the booth and the pig-broth, 175
 or of profaneness, because a madman cries, 'God
 quit you' or 'bless you'. In witness whereof, as you
 have preposterously put to your seals already
 (which is your money) you will now add the other
 part of suffrage, your hands. The play shall 180
 presently begin. And though the Fair be not kept
 in the same region that some here, perhaps, would
 have it, yet think that therein the author hath
 observed a special decorum, the place being as
 dirty as Smithfield, and as stinking every whit. 185
 Howsoever, he prays you to believe his ware is
 still the same, else you will make him justly suspect
 that he that is so loth to look on a baby, or an
 hobby-horse, here, would be glad to take up a
 commodity of them, at any laughter or loss, in 190
 another place.

[*Exeunt.*]

-
- 159 *state-decipherer* . . . *picklock*: professional informers seeking to interpret Jonson's satire as sedition or slander.
 165 *Mirror*: paragon. See Additional Note, p. 529 below.
 178 *preposterously*: in reversed order.
 184 *a special decorum*: Jonson parodies his own neo-classical principles. The Hope stank because it was a popular playhouse and because it was also used for bear-baitings.
 190 *commodity*: quantity, especially of inferior wares; a common contemporary swindle. See *The Alchemist*, II.i.14, and Additional Note to it (p. 528 below).

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR

ACT I

SCENE I

[Enter] LITTLEWIT [with a licence].

[LITTLEWIT.] A pretty conceit, and worth the finding! I ha'such luck to spin out these fine things still, and like a silkworm, out of myself. Here's Master Bartholomew Cokes, of Harrow o'the Hill, i'th'county of Middlesex, esquire, takes forth his licence to marry Mistress Grace Wellborn of the said place and county: and when does he take it forth? Today! The four-and-twentieth of August! Bartholomew Day! Bartholomew upon Bartholomew! There's the device! Who would have marked such a leap-frog chance now? A very less than ames-ace, on two dice! Well, go thy ways, John Littlewit, proctor John Littlewit: one o'the pretty wits o'Paul's, the Little Wit of London (so thou art called), and something beside. When a quirk, or a quiblin does 'scape thee, and thou dost not watch, and apprehend it, and bring it afore the constable of conceit (there now, I speak quib too), let 'em carry thee out o'the Archdeacon's Court into his kitchen, and make a Jack of thee, instead of a John. (There I am again, la!)

[Enter] to him WIN.

Win, good morrow, Win. Ay, marry, Win! Now

1 *conceit*: fancy.

10 *device*: ingenuity.

11 *leap-frog*: one upon another.

11-12 *very less than ame's-ace*: even slighter than double aces (lowest throw on the dice).

14 *Paul's*: St Paul's Cathedral; at this time a business and meeting place.

16 *quirk*: quip.

quiblin: pun.

19 *Archdeacon's Court*: the Court of Arches (compare Induction 6).

20 *Jack*: machine for turning a spit.

you look finely indeed, Win! This cap does
convince! You'd not ha' worn it, Win, nor ha' had it
velvet, but a rough country beaver, with a copper
band, like the coney-skin woman of Budge Row? 25
Sweet Win, let me kiss it! And her fine high shoes,
like the Spanish lady! Good Win, go a little, I
would fain see thee pace, pretty Win! By this fine
cap, I could never leave kissing on't. 30

WIN. Come, indeed la, you are such a fool, still!
LITTLEWIT. No, but half a one, Win, you are the
t'other half: man and wife make one fool, Win.
(Good!) Is there the proctor, or doctor indeed,
i'the diocese, that ever had the fortune to win him 35
such a Win? (There I am again!) I do feel conceits
coming upon me, more than I am able to turn
tongue to. A pox o'these pretenders to wit, your
Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid men! Not a
corn of true salt, nor a grain of right mustard 40
amongst them all. They may stand for places or so,
again the next witfall, and pay twopence in a quart
more for their canary than other men. But gi'me
the man can start up a Justice of Wit out of six-
shillings beer, and give the law to all the poets and 45
poet-suckers i'town! Because they are the players'
gossips? 'Slid, other men have wives as fine as the
players, and as well dressed. Come hither, Win.

23–4 *does convince*: is stunning (literally, 'overpowers').

25 *beaver*: hat of beaver skin.

26 *Budge Row*: in the city, street of furriers and skinners.

28 *the Spanish lady*: apparently an English widow famed for her Spanish fashion (mentioned again in *The Devil is an Ass*, II.viii.25–39).

39 *Three Cranes, Mitre, and Mermaid*: London taverns, frequented by literary society.

42 *again*: in anticipation of.

43 *canary*: light, sweet wine.

44–5 *six-shillings beer*: small beer, sold cheaply.

46 *poet-suckers*: sucking (i.e. young poets).

47 *gossips*: close friends.
'*Slid*: by God's eyelid.

SCENE II

[Enter] WINWIFE.

- [WINWIFE.] Why, how now, Master Littlewit!
Measuring of lips? or moulding of kisses? Which is it?
- LITTLEWIT. Troth, I am a little taken with my Win's dressing here! Does't not fine, Master Winwife? 5
How do you apprehend, sir? She would not ha'worn this habit. I challenge all Cheapside to show such another – Moorfields, Pimlico Path, or the Exchange, in a summer evening – with a lace to boot, as this has. Dear Win, let Master Winwife 10
kiss you. He comes a-wooing to our mother, Win, and may be our father perhaps, Win. There's no harm in him, Win.
- WINWIFE. None i'the earth, Master Littlewit.
- LITTLEWIT. I envy no man my delicates, sir. 15
- WINWIFE. Alas, you ha'the garden where they grow still! A wife here with a strawberry breath, cherry lips, apricot cheeks, and a soft velvet head, like a melicotton.
- LITTLEWIT. Good i'faith! Now dullness upon me, 20
that I had not that before him, that I should not light on't, as well as he! Velvet head!
- WINWIFE. But my taste, Master Littlewit, tends to fruit of a later kind: the sober matron, your wife's mother. 25
- LITTLEWIT. Ay! We know you are a suitor, sir. Win and I both wish you well: by this licence here, would you had her, that your two names were as fast in it, as here are a couple. Win would fain have a fine young father-i'-law, with a feather, that her 30
mother might hood it and chain it with Mistress

6 *apprehend*: think.

7 *Cheapside*: the centre of the city cloth trade.

8 *Moorfields, Pimlico*: walks and an eating-house, frequented by citizens.

9 *Exchange*: a rather more fashionable shopping arcade in the Strand.

15 *delicates*: delicacies.

19 *melicotton*: peach grafted onto a quince.

31 *hood . . . chain*: signs of rank or city office.

Overdo. But you do not take the right course,
Master Winwife.

WINWIFE. No, Master Littlewit? Why?

LITTLEWIT. You are not mad enough. 35

WINWIFE. How? Is madness a right course?

LITTLEWIT. I say nothing, but I wink upon Win. You
have a friend, one Master Quarlous, comes here
sometimes?

WINWIFE. Why? He makes no love to her, does he? 40

LITTLEWIT. Not a tokenworth that ever I saw, I
assure you, but –

WINWIFE. What?

LITTLEWIT. He is the more madcap o'the two. You
do not apprehend me. 45

WIN. You have a hot coal i'your mouth, now, you
cannot hold.

LITTLEWIT. Let me out with it, dear Win.

WIN. I'll tell him myself.

LITTLEWIT. Do, and take all the thanks, and much
good do thy pretty heart, Win. 50

WIN. Sir, my mother has had her nativity-water cast
lately by the cunning men in Cow Lane, and they
ha'told her her fortune, and do ensure her she
shall never have happy hour, unless she marry 55
within this sennight; and when it is, it must be a
madman, they say.

LITTLEWIT. Ay, but it must be a gentleman madman.

WIN. Yes, so the t'other man of Moorfields says.

WINWIFE. But does she believe 'em? 60

LITTLEWIT. Yes, and has been at Bedlam twice
since, every day, to enquire if any gentleman be
there, or to come there, mad!

WINWIFE. Why, this is a confederacy, a mere piece
of practice upon her, by these impostors! 65

LITTLEWIT. I tell her so; or else, say I, that they
mean some young madcap gentleman (for the
devil can equivocate, as well as a shopkeeper) and

41 *tokenworth*: the very least amount (tokens were issued to tradesmen to remedy the scarcity of small change).

52–3 the casting of nativities (horoscopes) was performed by *cunning men* (astrologers) to predict the future; casting (inspection) of urine was performed by doctors. Win perhaps confuses the two.

56 *sennight*: week (seven nights).

61 *Bedlam*: lunatic asylum at Bishopsgate.

- therefore would I advise you to be a little madder
than Master Quarlous, hereafter. 70
- WINWIFE. Where is she? Stirring yet?
- LITTLEWIT. Stirring! Yes, and studying an old elder,
come from Banbury, a suitor that puts in here at
meal-tide, to praise the painful brethren, or pray
that the sweet singers may be restored; says a 75
grace as long as his breath lasts him! Sometime the
spirit is so strong with him, it gets quite out of him,
and then my mother, or Win, are fain to fetch it
again with malmsey, or *aqua coelestis*.
- WIN. Yes indeed, we have such a tedious life with 80
him for his diet, and his clothes too; he breaks his
buttons, and cracks seams at every saying he sobs
out.
- LITTLEWIT. He cannot abide my vocation, he says.
- WIN. No, he told my mother a proctor was a claw of 85
the Beast, and that she had little less than
committed abomination in marrying me so as she
has done.
- LITTLEWIT. Every line (he says) that a proctor
writes, when it comes to be read in the bishops' 90
court, is a long black hair, kembed out of the tail
of Antichrist.
- WINWIFE. When came this proselyte?
- LITTLEWIT. Some three days since.

SCENE III

[Enter] QUARLOUS.

- [QUARLOUS.] O sir, ha'you ta'en soil here? It's well,
a man may reach you after three hours running,
yet! What an unmerciful companion art thou, to
quit thy lodging, at such ungentlemanly hours.
None but a scattered covey of fiddlers, or one of 5

72 *elder*: Littlewit describes the leader of an illegal Presbyterian congregation.

72-9 see Additional Note, p. 529 below.

79 *aqua coelestis*: an alcoholic cordial.

91 *kembed*: combed.

1 *ta'en soil*: gone to earth (used of a stag).

3 *companion*: fellow.

- these rag-rakers in dunghills, or some marrow-bone man at most, would have been up when thou wert gone abroad, by all description. I pray thee what ailest thou, thou canst not sleep? Hast thou thorns i'thy eyelids, or thistles i'thy bed? 10
- WINWIFE. I cannot tell: it seems you had neither i'your feet, that took this pain to find me.
- QUARLOUS. No, an' I had, all the lime-hounds o'the city should have drawn after you by the scent rather. Master John Littlewit! God save you, sir. 15
'Twas a hot night with some of us last night, John: shall we pluck a hair o'the same wolf today, proctor John?
- LITTLEWIT. Do you remember, Master Quarlous, what we discoursed on last night? 20
- QUARLOUS. Not I, John: nothing that I either discourse or do at those times. I forfeit all to forgetfulness.
- LITTLEWIT. No? Not concerning Win? Look you: there she is, and dressed as I told you she should be: hark you sir, had you forgot? 25
- QUARLOUS. By this head, I'll beware how I keep you company, John, when I drink, an' you have this dangerous memory, that's certain!
- WINWIFE. Why sir? 30
- QUARLOUS. Why? We were all a little stained last night, sprinkled with a cup or two, and I agreed with proctor John here, to come and do somewhat with Win (I know not what 'twas) today; and he puts me in mind on't, now; he says he was coming to fetch me. Before truth, if you have that fearful quality, John, to remember, when you are sober, John, what you promise drunk, John, I shall take heed of you, John. For this once, I am content to wink at you. Where's your wife? Come hither, Win. 40

He kisseth her.

WIN. Why, John! Do you see this, John? Look you!

Help me, John.

LITTLEWIT. O Win, fie, what do you mean, Win? Be

6-7 *rag-rakers* . . . *marrow-bone man*: rag and bone men.

13 *lime-hounds*: blood hounds; held by a lyam (leash).

31 *stained*: tipsy.

40 *wink at you*: overlook your fault.

- womanly, Win, make an outcry to your mother, 45
 Win? Master Quarlous is an honest gentleman,
 and our worshipful good friend, Win; and he is
 Master Winwife's friend, too; and Master Winwife
 comes a suitor to your mother, Win, as I told you
 before, Win, and may perhaps be our father, Win: 50
 they'll do you no harm, Win, they are both our
 worshipful good friends. Master Quarlous! You
 must know Master Quarlous, Win; you must not
 quarrel with Master Quarlous, Win.
- QUARLOUS. No, we'll kiss again and fall in. 55
- LITTLEWIT. Yes, do, good Win.
- WIN. I'faith, you are a fool, John.
- LITTLEWIT. A fool-John she calls me, do you mark
 that, gentlemen? Pretty littlewit of velvet! A fool-
 John! 60
- QUARLOUS. She may call you an apple-John, if you
 use this.
- WINWIFE. Pray thee forbear, for my respect
 somewhat.
- QUARLOUS. Hoy-day! How respective you are 65
 become o'the sudden! I fear this family will turn
 you reformed too, pray you come about again.
 Because she is in possibility to be your daughter-in-
 law, and may ask you blessing hereafter, when she
 courts it to Tottenham to eat cream! Well, I will 70
 forbear, sir, but i'faith, would thou wouldst leave
 thy exercise of widow-hunting once, this drawing
 after an old reverend smock by the splay-foot!
 There cannot be an ancient tripe or trillibub i'the
 town, but thou art straight nosing it, and 'tis a fine 75
 occupation thou'lt confine thyself to, when thou
 hast got one – scrubbing a piece of buff, as if thou

55 *fall in*: be reconciled (but also, 'copulate').

61 *apple-John*: shrivelled apple, kept for two years (with bawdy innuendo).

62 *use this*: behave like this.

67 *reformed*: Puritanical.

come about: come round (to my opinion).

70 *Tottenham*: Tottenham Court, a place of resort for citizens.

72-3 *drawing after*: tracking, by scent.

73 *smock*: woman (skirt).

splay: outward-turning.

74 *tripe or trillibub*: entrails; 'bag of guts'.

76 *occupation*: with a bawdy innuendo.

hadst the perpetuity of Pannier Alley to stink in;
 or perhaps, worse, currying a carcass that thou
 hast bound thyself to alive. I'll be sworn, some of 80
 them, that thou art or hast been a suitor to, are so
 old as no chaste or married pleasure can ever
 become 'em: the honest instrument of procreation
 has, forty years since, left to belong to 'em; thou
 must visit 'em, as thou wouldst do a tomb, with a 85
 torch, or three handfulls of link, flaming hot, and
 so thou mayst hap to make 'em feel thee, and
 after, come to inherit according to thy inches. A
 sweet course for a man to waste the brand of life
 for, to be still raking himself a fortune in an old 90
 woman's embers; we shall ha'thee, after thou hast
 been but a month married to one of 'em, look like
 the quartan ague and the black jaundice met in a
 face, and walk as if thou hadst borrowed legs of a
 spinner, and voice of a cricket. I would endure to 95
 hear fifteen sermons a week for her, and such
 coarse and loud ones, as some of 'em must be; I
 would e'en desire of fate I might dwell in a drum,
 and take in my sustenance, with an old broken
 tobacco pipe and a straw. Dost thou ever think to 100
 bring thine ears or stomach to the patience of a dry
 grace, as long as thy tablecloth? and droned out by
 thy son, here, that might be thy father, till all the
 meat o'thy board has forgot it was that day i'the
 kitchen? Or to brook the noise made in a question 105
 of predestination, by the good labourers and
 painful eaters assembled together, put to 'em by
 the matron, your spouse; who moderates with a
 cup of wine, ever and anon, and a sentence out of
 Knox between? Or the perpetual spitting, before 110

78 *perpetuity*: perpetual tenure.

Pannier Alley: city passage where leather was sold.

79 *currying*: rubbing down.

86 *link*: torch material, tow and pitch.

88 *inherit according to thy inches*: possess (a fortune) depending on your size (of penis). Compare Juvenal, *Satires*, I.40–1.

93 *quartan ague*: fever in which paroxysms recur every four days.

95 *spinner*: spider.

96 *for*: rather than.

101 *patience*: enduring.

105 *question*: a controversial point.

108 *moderates*: arbitrates.

110 *Knox*: John Knox, Scottish reformer whose works were popular with Puritans.

- and after a sober drawn exhortation of six hours,
 whose better part was the 'hum-ha-hum'? Or to
 hear prayers groaned out over thy iron chests, as if
 they were charms to break 'em? And all this for
 the hope of two apostle spoons, to suffer! And a 115
 cup to eat a caudle in! For that will be thy legacy.
 She'll ha' conveyed her state safe enough from
 thee, an' she be a right widow.
- WINWIFE. Alas, I am quite off that scent now.
- QUARLOUS. How so? 120
- WINWIFE. Put off by a brother of Banbury, one that,
 they say, is come here, and governs all already.
- QUARLOUS. What do you call him? I knew divers of
 those Banburians when I was in Oxford.
- WINWIFE. Master Littlewit can tell us. 125
- LITTLEWIT. Sir! – Good Win, go in, and if Master
 Bartholomew Cokes his man come for the licence
 (the little old fellow), let him speak with me. What
 say you, gentlemen?
- [Exit WIN.]
- WINWIFE. What call you the reverend elder, you told 130
 me of? Your Banbury man?
- LITTLEWIT. Rabbi Busy, sir. He is more than an
 elder, he is a prophet, sir.
- QUARLOUS. Oh, I know him! A baker, is he not?
- LITTLEWIT. He was a baker, sir, but he does dream 135
 now, and see visions; he has given over his trade.
- QUARLOUS. I remember that too: out of a scruple he
 took, that (in spiced conscience) those cakes he
 made were served to bride-ales, maypoles,
 morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings. 140
 His Christian name is Zeal-of-the-land.
- LITTLEWIT. Yes, sir, Zeal-of-the-land Busy.
- WINWIFE. How, what a name's there!
- LITTLEWIT. Oh, they have all such names, sir. He
 was a witness for Win, here (they will not be called 145

115 *apostle spoons*: christening gifts; spoons with figures of the Apostles on the handles.

116 *caudle*: warm drink, for an invalid.

117 *conveyed her state*: made her estate over.

133 *prophet*: referring to Busy's 'inner light'; 'prophesyings' were among the religious exercises of Puritans.

138 *spiced*: over-scrupulous.

139–40 *bride-ales, maypoles, morrises*: feasts and games considered by the godly to be pagan survivals.

godfathers), and named her Win-the-fight; you thought her name had been Winifred, did you not?

WINWIFE. I did indeed.

LITTLEWIT. He would ha'thought himself a stark reprobate, if it had. 150

QUARLOUS. Ay, for there was a blue-starch woman o'the name, at the same time. A notable hypocritical vermin it is; I know him. One that stands upon his face, more than his faith, at all times; ever in seditious motion, and reproving for vain-glory: of a most lunatic conscience and spleen, and affects the violence of singularity in all he does (he has undone a grocer here, in Newgate market, that broke with him, trusted him with currants, as errant a zeal as he, that's by the way). 155
By his profession, he will ever be i'the state of innocence, though, and childhood; derides all antiquity; defies any other learning than inspiration; and what discretion soever years should afford him, it is all prevented in his original ignorance; ha'not to do with him: for he is a fellow of a most arrogant, and invincible dullness, I assure you. Who is this? 160 165

SCENE IV

[Enter] WASP [and WIN.]

[WASP.] By your leave, gentlemen, with all my heart to you, and God you good morrow; Master Littlewit, my business is to you. Is this licence ready?

150 *reprobate*: one of the ungodly.

151 *blue-starch woman*: a functionary of the vain world of fashion; blue starch was used for ruffs (for the Puritan horror of starch, see *The Alchemist*, III.ii.82-3).

154 *stands upon his face*: relies on his outward appearance.

155 *in seditious motion*: stirring up trouble.

158-60 Quarulous garbles the anecdote. It seems the grocer first trusted Busy with currants, then broke their business deal, for which Busy took revenge.

160 *zeal*: zealot.

161 *profession*: declaration.

165 *prevented*: forestalled.

2 *God you*: God give you.

- LITTLEWIT. Here, I ha'it for you in my hand, Master Humphrey. 5
- WASP. That's well, nay, never open or read it to me, it's labour in vain, you know. I am no clerk, I scorn to be saved by my book, i'faith I'll hang first. Fold it up o'your word and gi't me; what must you ha'for't? 10
- LITTLEWIT. We'll talk of that anon, Master Humphrey.
- WASP. Now, or not at all, good Master Proctor, I am for no anons, I assure you. 15
- LITTLEWIT. Sweet Win, bid Solomon send me the little black box within, in my study.
- WASP. Ay, quickly, good mistress, I pray you, for I have both eggs o'the spit, and iron i'the fire. [Exit WIN.]
- Say what you must have, good Master Littlewit. 20
- LITTLEWIT. Why, you know the price, Master Numps.
- WASP. I know? I know nothing, I: what tell you me of knowing, now I am in haste? Sir, I do not know, and I will not know, and I scorn to know, and yet (now I think on't) I will, and do know, as well as another; you must have a mark for your thing here, and eightpence for the box. I could ha'saved twopence i'that, an' I had bought it myself, but here's fourteen shillings for you. Good Lord! How long your little wife stays! Pray God, Solomon, your clerk, be not looking i'the wrong box, Master Proctor. 30
- LITTLEWIT. Good i'faith! No, I warrant you, Solomon is wiser than so, sir. 35
- WASP. Fie, fie, fie, by your leave, Master Littlewit, this is scurvy, idle, foolish and abominable; with all my heart, I do not like it.
- WINWIFE. Do you hear, Jack Littlewit? What business does thy pretty head think this fellow may have, that he keeps such a coil with? 40
- QUARLOUS. More than buying of gingerbread i'the

9 *saved by my book*: a convicted felon could save himself from hanging by demonstrating that he could read.

27 *mark*: 13s 4d or two-thirds of a pound sterling.

41 *keeps such a coil with*: makes such a fuss about.

Cloister, here (for that we allow him), or a gilt pouch i'the Fair?

LITTLEWIT. Master Quarlous, do not mistake him: 45
he is his master's both hands, I assure you.

QUARLOUS. What? To pull on his boots, a-mornings,
or his stockings, does he?

LITTLEWIT. Sir, if you have a mind to mock him,
mock him softly, and look t'other way: for if he 50
apprehend you flout him once, he will fly at you
presently. A terrible testy old fellow, and his name
is Wasp too.

QUARLOUS. Pretty insect! Make much on him.

WASP. A plague o'this box, and the pox too, and on 55
him that made it and her that went for't, and all
that should ha'sought it, sent it, or brought it! Do
you see, sir?

LITTLEWIT. Nay, good Master Wasp.

WASP. Good Master Hornet, turd i'your teeth, hold 60
you your tongue! Do not I know you? Your father
was a pothecary, and sold glysters, more than he
gave, I wusse.

[Enter WIN.]

And turd i'your little wife's teeth too (here she
comes), 'twill make her spit, as fine as she is, for all 65
her velvet-custard on her head, sir.

LITTLEWIT. Oh! Be civil, Master Numps.

WASP. Why, say I have a humour not to be civil; how
then? Who shall compel me? You?

LITTLEWIT. Here is the box, now. 70

WASP. Why, a pox o'your box, once again; let your
little wife stale in it, an' she will. Sir, I would have
you to understand, and these gentlemen too, if
they please –

WINWIFE. With all our hearts, sir. 75

WASP. That I have a charge, gentlemen.

LITTLEWIT. They do apprehend, sir.

WASP. Pardon me, sir, neither they nor you can
apprehend me yet. (You are an ass.) I have a

43 *Cloister*: Christ Church cloisters, near Smithfield; used as a market during the Fair.

62 *glysters*: clysters, i. e. enemas.

63 *I wusse*: iwis, truly.

66 *velvet-custard*: velvet hat shaped like a pie (a custard).

72 *stale*: urinate (used of animals).

- young master, he is now upon his making and marring; the whole care of his well-doing is now mine. His foolish schoolmasters have done nothing, but run up and down the country with him, to beg puddings, and cake-bread of his tenants, and almost spoiled him; he has learned nothing but to sing catches, and repeat 'Rattle, bladder rattle', and 'Oh, Madge'. I dare not let him walk alone, for fear of learning of vile tunes, which he will sing at supper, and in the sermon-times! If he meet but a carman i'the street, and I find him not talk to keep him off on him, he will whistle him and all his tunes over at night in his sleep! He has a head full of bees! I am fain now (for this little time I am absent) to leave him in charge with a gentlewoman; 'tis true, she is a Justice of Peace his wife, and a gentlewoman o'the hood, and his natural sister: but what may happen under a woman's government, there's the doubt. Gentlemen, you do not know him: he is another manner of piece than you think for! But nineteen year old, and yet he is taller than either of you, by the head, God bless him. 80
- QUARLOUS. Well, methinks, this is a fine fellow!
WINWIFE. He has made his master a finer by this description, I should think. 85
- QUARLOUS. Faith, much about one; it's cross and pile, whether for a new farthing.
- WASP. I'll tell you, gentlemen –
- LITTLEWIT. Will't please you drink, Master Wasp?
- WASP. Why, I ha'not talked so long to be dry, sir, you see no dust or cobwebs come out o'my mouth, do you? You'd ha'me gone, would you? 90
- LITTLEWIT. No, but you were in haste e'en now, Master Numps.
- WASP. What an' I were? So I am still, and yet I will stay too. Meddle you with your match, your Win, there; she has as little wit as her husband, it seems. I have others to talk to. 110 115

84 *puddings*: sweet puddings, a delicacy.

86–7 *Rattle . . . Madge*: ballads and nonsense.

90 *carman*: carter (carters were notorious for their whistling).

96 *hood*: mark of consequence.

106 *much about one*: virtually identical.

106–7 *cross and pile*: a toss-up (heads or tails).

- LITTLEWIT. She's my match indeed, and as little wit
as I, good! 120
- WASP. We ha'been but a day and a half in town,
gentlemen, 'tis true; and yesterday i'the afternoon
we walked London, to show the city to the gentle-
woman he shall marry, Mistress Grace; but, afore
I will endure such another half day with him, I'll be 125
drawn with a good gibcat through the great pond
at home, as his uncle Hodge was! Why, we could
not meet that heathen thing all day but stayed him:
he would name you all the signs over, as he went,
aloud: and where he spied a parrot, or a monkey, 130
there he was pitched, with all the little long-coats
about him, male and female; no getting him away!
I thought he would ha'run mad o'the black boy in
Bucklersbury that takes the scurvy, roguy tobacco
there. 135
- LITTLEWIT. You say true, Master Numps; there's
such a one indeed.
- WASP. It's no matter whether there be or no, what's
that to you?
- QUARLOUS. He will not allow of John's reading at 140
any hand.

SCENE V

[*Enter*] COKES, MISTRESS OVERDO
[*and*] GRACE.

- [COKES.] O Numps! Are you here, Numps? Look
where I am, Numps! And Mistress Grace, too!
Nay, do not look angerly, Numps: my sister is
here, and all, I do not come without her.
- WASP. What the mischief! Do you come with her? 5
or she with you?
- COKES. We came all to seek you, Numps.
- WASP. To seek me? Why, did you all think I was lost?

126 *gibcat*: see Additional Note, p. 529 below.

131 *long-coats*: children (who wore petticoats).

134 *Bucklersbury*: street of apothecaries. Wasp perhaps alludes to a
Negro boy used by an apothecary to advertise his (American)
tobacco.

140 *reading*: comment.

140-1 *at any hand*: on any account.

- Or run away with your fourteen shillings' worth of
small ware, here? Or that I had changed it i'the 10
Fair, for hobby-horses? 'Sprecious – to seek me!
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Nay, good Master Numps, do
you show discretion, though he be exorbitant (as
Master Overdo says), an't be but for conservation
of the peace. 15
- WASP. Marry gip, goody she-Justice, Mistress
French-hood! Turd i'your teeth; and turd i'your
French hood's teeth, too, to do you service, do
you see? Must you quote your Adam to me? You
think you are Madam Regent still, Mistress 20
Overdo, when I am in place? No such matter, I
assure you, your reign is out when I am in, dame.
- MISTRESS OVERDO. I am content to be in abeyance,
sir, and be governed by you; so should he too, if he
did well; but 'twill be expected you should also 25
govern your passions.
- WASP. Will't so forsooth? Good Lord! How sharp
you are, with being at Bedlam yesterday!
Whetstone has set an edge upon you, has he?
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Nay, if you know not what 30
belongs to your dignity, I do, yet, to mine.
- WASP. Very well, then.
- COKES. Is this the licence, Numps? For love's sake,
let me see't. I never saw a licence.
- WASP. Did you not so? Why, you shall not see't, then. 35
- COKES. An' you love me, good Numps.
- WASP. Sir, I love you, and yet I do not love you
i'these fooleries. Set your heart at rest; there's
nothing in't, but hard words: and what would you
see't for? 40
- COKES. I would see the length and the breadth on't,
that's all; and I will see't now, so I will.
- WASP. You sha'not see it here.
- COKES. Then I'll see't at home, and I'll look upo'the
case here. 45
- WASP. Why, do so. A man must give way to him a

11 *'Sprecious*: by God's precious (blood).

13 *exorbitant*: out of the way (an anticipation of the peculiar jargon
to be associated with Adam Overdo).

16 *Marry gip*: get along with you.

17 *French-hood*: hood fashionable among citizens' wives.

29 *Whetstone . . . you*: proverbial, but perhaps referring to a
Bedlam lunatic.

- little in trifles, gentlemen; these are errors, diseases of youth, which he will mend when he comes to judgement, and knowledge of matters. I pray you conceive so, and I thank you. And I pray you pardon him, and I thank you again. 50
- QUARLOUS. Well, this dry nurse, I say still, is a delicate man.
- WINWIFE. And I am for the cosset, his charge! Did you ever see a fellow's face more accuse him for an ass? 55
- QUARLOUS. Accuse him? It confesses him one without accusing. What pity 'tis yonder wench should marry such a cokes!
- WINWIFE. 'Tis true. 60
- QUARLOUS. She seems to be discreet, and as sober as she is handsome.
- WINWIFE. Ay, and if you mark her, what a restrained scorn she casts upon all his behaviour, and speeches! 65
- COKES. Well, Numps, I am now for another piece of business more, the Fair, Numps, and then –
- WASP. Bless me! Deliver me, help, hold me! The Fair!
- COKES. Nay, never fidge up and down, Numps, and vex itself. I am resolute Bartholomew, in this; I'll make no suit on't to you; 'twas all the end of my journey, indeed, to show Mistress Grace my Fair. I call't my Fair, because of Bartholomew: you know my name is Bartholomew, and Bartholomew Fair. 75
- LITTLEWIT. That was mine afore, gentlemen, this morning: I had that i'faith, upon his licence, believe me, there he comes after me.
- QUARLOUS. Come, John, this ambitious wit of yours, I am afraid, will do you no good i'the end. 80
- LITTLEWIT. No? Why sir?
- QUARLOUS. You grow so insolent with it, and overdoing, John, that if you look not to it, and tie it up, it will bring you to some obscure place in time, and there 'twill leave you. 85

53 *delicate*: fine.

54 *cosset*: spoiled child.

70 *fidge*: fidget.

71 *itself*: yourself.

- WINWIFE. Do not trust it too much, John, be more sparing, and use it but now and then. A wit is a dangerous thing in this age; do not overbuy it.
- LITTLEWIT. Think you so, gentlemen? I'll take heed on't, hereafter. 90
- WIN. Yes, do, John.
- COKES. A pretty little soul, this same Mistress Littlewit! Would I might marry her.
- GRACE. [*aside*] So would I, or anybody else, so I might 'scape you. 95
- COKES. Numps, I will see it, Numps, 'tis decreed: never be melancholy for the matter.
- WASP. Why, see it, sir, do see it, see it! Who hinders you? Why do you not go see it? 'Slid, see it. 100
- COKES. The Fair, Numps, the Fair.
- WASP. Would the Fair and all the drums and rattles in't were i'your belly for me; they are already i'your brain. He that had the means to travel your head, now, should meet finer sights than any are i'the Fair; and make a finer voyage on't, to see it all hung with cockle-shells, pebbles, fine wheat-straws, and here and there a chicken's feather, and a cobweb. 105
- QUARLOUS. Good faith, he looks, methinks, an' you mark him, like one that were made to catch flies, with his Sir Cranion legs. 110
- WINWIFE. And his Numps, to flap 'em away.
- WASP. God be wi'you, sir, there's your bee in a box, and much good do't you. 115
[*Gives him the box, and starts to leave.*]
- COKES. Why, your friend and Bartholomew, an' you be so contumacious.
- QUARLOUS. What mean you, Numps?
- WASP. I'll not be guilty, I, gentlemen.
- MISTRESS OVERDO. You will not let him go, brother, and lose him? 120
- COKES. Who can hold that will away? I had rather lose him than the Fair, I wusse.
- WASP. You do not know the inconvenience, gentlemen, you persuade to: nor what trouble I have with him in these humours. If he go to the 125

89 *overbuy*: pay too much for (since it will get you into trouble).

112 *Sir Cranion*: daddy-long-legs.

116 *your friend and Bartholomew*: goodbye (as if signing off a letter).

Fair, he will buy of everything, to a baby there;
 and household stuff for that too. If a leg or an arm
 on him did not grow on, he would lose it i' the
 press. Pray Heaven I bring him off with one stone! 130
 And then he is such a ravener after fruit! You will
 not believe what a coil I had, t'other day, to
 compound a business between a Katherine-pear
 woman and him, about snatching! 'Tis intolerable,
 gentlemen. 135

WINWIFE. Oh! but you must not leave him, now, to
 these hazards, Numps.

WASP. Nay, he knows too well I will not leave him,
 and that makes him presume: well, sir, will you go
 now? If you have such an itch i' your feet, to foot it 140
 to the Fair, why do you stop? Am I your tarrier?
 Go, will you go, sir? Why do you not go?

COKES. Oh Numps! Have I brought you about?
 Come, Mistress Grace, and sister, I am resolute
 Bat, i' faith, still. 145

GRACE. Truly, I have no such fancy to the Fair, nor
 ambition to see it; there's none goes thither of any
 quality or fashion.

COKES. Oh Lord, sir! You shall pardon me, Mistress
 Grace, we are enow of ourselves to make it a 150
 fashion: and for qualities, let Numps alone, he'll
 find qualities.

[*Exeunt* COKES, WASP, GRACE
and MISTRESS OVERDO.]

QUARLOUS. What a rogue in apprehension is this! To
 understand her language no better.

WINWIFE. Ay, and offer to marry to her! Well, I will 155
 leave the chase of my widow for today, and directly
 to the Fair. These flies cannot, this hot season, but
 engender us excellent creeping sport.

QUARLOUS. A man that has but a spoonful of brain
 would think so. Farewell, John. 160

[*Exeunt* QUARLOUS *and* WINWIFE.]

LITTLEWIT. Win, you see 'tis in fashion to go to the
 Fair, Win: we must to the Fair too, you and I, Win.

130 *stone*: testicle.

133 *Katherine-pear*: small, early pear.

141 *tarrier*: obstructor.

145 *Bat*: short for Bartholomew.

153 *apprehension*: understanding (alluding to Cokes's mistaking of Grace's words).

- I have an affair i'the Fair, Win, a puppet play of mine own making – say nothing – that I writ for the motion-man, which you must see, Win. 165
- WIN. I would I might, John, but my mother will never consent to such a – ‘profane motion’, she will call it.
- LITTLEWIT. Tut, we’ll have a device, a dainty one (now, Wit, help at a pinch, good Wit, come, come, good Wit, an’t be thy will). I have it, Win, I have it i’faith, and ’tis a fine one. Win, long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, i’the Fair, do you see? I’the heart o’the Fair, not at Pie Corner. Your mother will do anything, Win, to satisfy your longing, you know; pray thee, long presently, and be sick o’t’h’sudden, good Win. I’ll go in and tell her, cut thy lace i’the mean time and play the hypocrite, sweet Win. 170
- WIN. No, I’ll not make me unready for it. I can be hypocrite enough, though I were never so strait-laced. 175
- LITTLEWIT. You say true, you have been bred i’the Family, and brought up to’t. Our mother is a most elect hypocrite, and has maintained us all this seven year with it, like gentlefolks. 180
- WIN. Ay, let her alone, John, she is not a wise wilful widow for nothing, nor a sanctified sister for a song. And let me alone too, I ha’somewhat o’the mother in me, you shall see. Fetch her, fetch her. Ah, ah! 185
- [Exit LITTLEWIT.] 190

165 *motion-man*: puppet-master.

174 *Pie Corner*: on the edge of the Fair. See *The Alchemist*, I.i.25.

177 *lace*: the stays on her bodice.

179 *unready*: undressed.

180 *hypocrite*: see Additional Note, p. 529 below.

183 *Family*: sect (as in the Family of Love).

184 *elect*: one of the godly; predestined to salvation.

189 *mother*: parent; but also hysteria.

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] PURECRAFT [*and*] LITTLEWIT.

- [PURECRAFT.] Now the blaze of the beauteous discipline fright away this evil from our house!
How now, Win-the-fight, child: how do you?
Sweet child, speak to me.
- WIN. Yes, forsooth. 5
- PURECRAFT. Look up, sweet Win-the-fight, and suffer not the enemy to enter you at this door, remember that your education has been with the purest. What polluted one was it that named first the unclean beast, pig, to you, child? 10
- WIN. Uh, uh!
- LITTLEWIT. Not I, o' my sincerity, mother: she longed above three hours, ere she would let me know it. Who was it, Win?
- WIN. A profane black thing with a beard, John. 15
- PURECRAFT. Oh! resist it, Win-the-fight, it is the Tempter, the wicked Tempter; you may know it by the fleshly motion of pig. Be strong against it, and its foul temptations in these assaults, whereby it broacheth flesh and blood, as it were, on the weaker side, and pray against its carnal provocations, good child, sweet child, pray. 20
- LITTLEWIT. Good mother, I pray you, that she may eat some pig, and her bellyful, too; and do not you cast away your own child, and perhaps one of mine, with your tale of the Tempter. How do you, Win? Are you not sick? 25
- WIN. Yes, a great deal, John. Uh, uh!
- PURECRAFT. What shall we do? Call our zealous brother Busy hither, for his faithful fortification in this charge of the adversary. 30
- [*Exit* LITTLEWIT.]
- Child, my dear child, you shall eat pig, be comforted, my sweet child.
- WIN. Ay, but i'the Fair, mother.
- PURECRAFT. I mean i'the Fair, if it can be any way made or found lawful. 35

1-2 *beauteous discipline*: godly practice. The whole scene is rife with Puritan cant.

18 *motion*: urging.

[Enter LITTLEWIT.]

Where is our brother Busy? Will he not come?
Look up, child.

LITTLEWIT. Presently, mother, as soon as he has
cleansed his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth 40
i'the cold turkey pie i'the cupboard, with a great
white loaf on his left hand, and a glass of malmsey
on his right.

PURECRAFT. Slander not the brethren, wicked one.

[Enter] BUSY.

LITTLEWIT. Here he is now, purified, mother. 45

PURECRAFT. Oh brother Busy! Your help here to
edify, and raise us up in a scruple. My daughter
Win-the-fight is visited with a natural disease of
woman, called 'A longing to eat pig'.

LITTLEWIT. Ay sir, a Bartholomew pig, and i'the 50
Fair.

PURECRAFT. And I would be satisfied from you,
religiously-wise, whether a widow of the sanctified
assembly, or a widow's daughter, may commit the
act, without offence to the weaker sisters. 55

BUSY. Verily, for the disease of longing, it is a
disease, a carnal disease, or appetite, incident to
women: and as it is carnal, and incident, it is
natural, very natural. Now pig, it is a meat, and a
meat that is nourishing, and may be longed for, 60
and so consequently eaten; it may be eaten; very
exceeding well eaten. But in the Fair, and as a
Bartholomew pig, it cannot be eaten, for the very
calling it a Bartholomew pig, and to eat it so, is a
spice of idolatry, and you make the Fair no better 65
than one of the high places. This, I take it, is the
state of the question. A high place.

LITTLEWIT. Ay, but in state of necessity, place
should give place, Master Busy. (I have a conceit
left, yet.) 70

PURECRAFT. Good brother Zeal-of-the-land, think
to make it as lawful as you can.

47 *scruple*: question of conscience.

56-119 Busy's speech parodies the affectations of Puritan preaching—
elaborate rhetoric lavished on nonsensical argument.

65 *spice*: species.

66 *high places*: places of idolatry.

- LITTLEWIT. Yes sir, and as soon as you can: for it must be, sir. You see the danger my little wife is in, sir. 75
- PURECRAFT. Truly, I do love my child dearly, and I would not have her miscarry, or hazard her first fruits, if it might be otherwise.
- BUSY. Surely, it may be otherwise, but it is subject to construction, subject, and hath a face of offence with the weak, a great face, a foul face, but that face may have a veil put over it, and be shadowed, as it were; it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it, in a booth, the tents of the wicked: the place is not much, not very much, we may be religious in midst of the profane, so it be eaten with a reformed mouth, with sobriety, and humbleness; not gorged in with gluttony, or greediness; there's the fear: for, should she go there, as taking pride in the place, or delight in the unclean dressing, to feed the vanity of the eye, or the lust of the palate, it were not well, it were not fit, it were abominable, and not good. 80
- LITTLEWIT. Nay, I knew that afore, and told her on't. But courage, Win, we'll be humble enough; we'll seek out the homeliest booth i'the Fair, that's certain; rather than fail, we'll eat it o'the ground. 85
- PURECRAFT. Ay, and I'll go with you myself, Win-the-fight, and my brother, Zeal-of-the-land, shall go with us too, for our better consolation. 100
- WIN. Uh, uh!
- LITTLEWIT. Ay, and Solomon too, Win, the more the merrier. [*Aside*] Win, we'll leave Rabbi Busy in a booth. – Solomon, my cloak.
- [*Enter*] SOLOMON.
- SOLOMON. Here, sir. 105
- BUSY. In the way of comfort to the weak, I will go and eat. I will eat exceedingly, and prophesy. There may be a good use made of it, too, now I think on't; by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism, whereof 110

the brethren stand taxed. I will therefore eat, yea,
I will eat exceedingly.

LITTLEWIT. Good, i'faith, I will eat heartily too,
because I will be no Jew; I could never away with
that stiffnecked generation: and truly, I hope my
little one will be like me, that cries for pig so, i'the
mother's belly. 115

BUSY. Very likely, exceeding likely, very exceeding
likely.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I

[*Enter*] JUSTICE OVERDO [*disguised*].

[OVERDO.] Well, in Justice' name and the King's,
and for the commonwealth! Defy all the world,
Adam Overdo, for a disguise, and all story; for
thou hast fitted thyself, I swear. Fain would I meet
the Lynceus now, that eagle's eye, that piercing
Epidaurian serpent (as my Quintus Horace calls
him), that could discover a Justice of Peace (and
lately of the quorum) under this covering. They
may have seen many a fool in the habit of a justice;
but never till now, a justice in the habit of a fool. 10
Thus must we do, though, that wake for the public
good: and thus hath the wise magistrate done in all

111 *stand taxed*: are commonly accused (because of their doctrinal emphasis on the Old Testament; see I.iii.132).

114 *away with*: abide.

0 s.d. on the staging of the Fair, see Additional Note, p. 530 below.

2 *commonwealth*: the general good.

4 *fitted*: furnished.

5 *Lynceus*: an Argonaut, famed for his keen eyesight.

6 *Epidaurian serpent*: serpents, which were supposed to have keen sight, were sacred to Aesculapius, whose temple was at Epidaurus in Greece.

Quintus Horace: in his *Satires*, I.iii.26–7.

8 *quorum*: those JPs of learning and ability whose presence was necessary to constitute a full bench of magistrates.

ages. There is a doing of right out of wrong, if the
 way be found. Never shall I enough commend a
 worthy worshipful man, sometime a capital 15
 member of this city, for his high wisdom in this
 point, who would take you, now the habit of a
 porter; now of a carman; now of the dog-killer, in
 this month of August; and in the winter, of a seller
 of tinderboxes: and what would he do in all these 20
 shapes? Marry, go you into every alehouse, and
 down into every cellar; measure the length of
 puddings, take the gauge of blackpots and cans,
 ay, and custards with a stick; and their
 circumference, with a thread; weigh the loaves of 25
 bread on his middle finger; then would he send for
 'em, home; give the puddings to the poor, the
 bread to the hungry, the custards to his children;
 break the pots, and burn the cans, himself; he
 would not trust his corrupt officers; he would do't 30
 himself. Would all men in authority would follow
 this worthy precedent! For, alas, as we are public
 persons, what do we know? Nay, what can we
 know? We hear with other men's ears; we see with
 other men's eyes; a foolish constable, or a sleepy 35
 watchman, is all our information. He slanders a
 gentleman, by the virtue of his place (as he calls
 it), and we, by the vice of ours, must believe him –
 as a while ago, they made me, yea me, to
 mistake an honest zealous pursuivant for a 40
 seminary, and a proper young bachelor of music
 for a bawd. This we are subject to, that live in high
 place; all our intelligence is idle, and most of our
 intelligencers knaves: and by your leave, ourselves
 thought little better, if not errant fools, for 45
 believing 'em. I, Adam Overdo, am resolved

15 *man*: see Additional Note, p. 530 below.

capital: chief.

19 *August*: plague month, when stray dogs would be exterminated.

23 *blackpots*: beer pots.

24 *custards*: pies, of meat or fruit.

40 *pursuivant*: state messenger, with power to execute warrants.

41 *seminary*: Roman Catholic priest trained at a European seminary.

43 *intelligence*: information.

idle: unreliable.

therefore to spare spy-money hereafter, and make mine own discoveries. Many are the yearly enormities of this Fair, in whose courts of Pie Powders I have had the honour during the three days sometimes to sit as judge. But this is the special day for detection of those foresaid enormities. Here is my black book, for the purpose; this the cloud that hides me; under this covert I shall see, and not be seen. On, Junius Brutus. And as I began, so I'll end: in Justice' name, and the King's, and for the commonwealth!

[*Stands aside.*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] LEATHERHEAD [*and*] TRASH.

[LEATHERHEAD.] The Fair's pestilence dead, methinks; people come not abroad today, whatever the matter is. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady o'the basket? Sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop or I'll ha'it proclaimed i'the Fair what stuff they are made on.

TRASH. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? Nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

LEATHERHEAD. Yes, stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

OVERDO. [*aside*] Ay? Have I met with enormity so soon?

LEATHERHEAD. I shall mar your market, old Joan.

TRASH. Mar my market, thou too-proud pedlar? Do thy worst; I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground as well as thou dost, and thou wrong'st me, for all thou art parcel-poet,

49–50 *Pie Powders*: summary courts held at fairs to administer justice among itinerant traders; in contrast to Overdo's delusions of grandeur, the lowest and least dignified courts in England.

55 *Junius Brutus*: who disguised himself as an idiot to escape the malice of the Tarquins; had a reputation as an inflexible judge.

1 *pestilence*: plaguily.

19 *parcel*: part-time.

and an inginer. I'll find a friend shall right me, and
make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are
you puffed up with the pride of your wares? Your
arsedine? 20

LEATHERHEAD. Go to, old Joan, I'll talk with you
anon, and take you down too, afore Justice
Overdo; he is the man must charm you. I'll ha'you
i'the Pie Powders. 25

TRASH. Charm me? I'll meet thee face to face, afore
his worship, when thou dar'st: and though I be a
little crooked o'my body, I'll be found as upright in
my dealing as any woman in Smithfield, I. Charm
me? 30

OVERDO. [*aside*] I am glad to hear my name is their
terror, yet; this is doing of justice.

[*Enter*] PASSENGERS.

LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack? What is't you
buy? What do you lack? Rattles, drums, halberts,
horses, babies o'the best? Fiddles o'the finest? 35

[*Enter*] COSTERMONGER [*and*]

NIGHTINGALE.

COSTERMONGER. Buy any pears, pears, fine, very
fine pears!

TRASH. Buy any gingerbread, gilt gingerbread! 40

NIGHTINGALE. [*sings*]

Hey, now the Fair's a-filling!

Oh, for a tune to startle

The birds o'the booths here billing

Yearly with old Saint Bartle!

The drunkards they are wading,

The punks and chapmen trading;

Who'd see the Fair without his lading? 45

Buy any ballads, new ballads?

[*Enter*] URSLA.

20 *inginer*: designer (of shows).

21 *cattle*: chattels, wares.

23 *arsedine*: imitation gold leaf, used on toys.

34 s.d. PASSENGERS: passers-by.

36 *halberts*: (toy) weapons.

40 *gilt*: decorated with gold leaf.

45 *wading*: staggering.

46 *chapmen*: customers.

47 *lading*: freight (of purchases).

- URSLA. Fie upon't! Who would wear out their youth
and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any
cooler vocation? Hell's a kind of cold cellar to't, a
very fine vault, o' my conscience! What, Mooncalf! 50
- MOONCALF. [*within*] Here, mistress.
- NIGHTINGALE. How now, Ursla? In a heat, in a
heat? 55
- URSLA. [*to MOONCALF*] My chair, you false faucet,
you; and my morning's draught, quickly, a bottle
of ale to quench me, rascal. – I am all fire and fat,
Nightingale, I shall e'en melt away to the first
woman, a rib, again, I am afraid. I do water the
ground in knots, as I go, like a great garden-pot;
you may follow me by the S's I make. 60
- NIGHTINGALE. Alas, good Urs; was Zekiel here this
morning?
- URSLA. Zekiel? What Zekiel? 65
- NIGHTINGALE. Zekiel Edgworth, the civil cutpurse,
you know him well enough; he that talks bawdy to
you still. I call him my secretary.
- URSLA. He promised to be here this morning, I
remember. 70
- NIGHTINGALE. When he comes, bid him stay: I'll be
back again presently.
- URSLA. Best take your morning's dew in your belly,
Nightingale.
- MOONCALF *brings in the chair.*
- Come, sir, set it here. Did not I bid you should get
this chair let out o'the sides for me, that my hips
might play? You'll never think of anything, till
your dame be rump-galled. 'Tis well, changeling;
because it can take in your grasshopper's thighs,
you care for no more. Now you look as you had
been i'the corner o'the booth, fleaing your breech
with a candle's end, and set fire o'the Fair. Fill,
stoat, fill. 80
- OVERDO. [*aside*] This pig-woman do I know, and I
will put her in for my second enormity. She hath 85

56 *faucet*: tap (for a barrel).

61 *knots*: criss-cross lines.

68 *secretary*: confidant.

78 *changeling*: idiot child left by the fairies in exchange for a stolen human baby.

81 *fleaing*: chasing fleas from.

been before me, punk, pinnacle, and bawd, any time these two-and-twenty years, upon record i'the Pie Powders.

URSLA. Fill again, you unlucky vermin.

MOONCALF. Pray you be not angry, mistress; I'll ha'it widened anon. 90

URSLA. No, no, I shall e'en dwindle away to't, ere the Fair be done, you think, now you ha'heated me! A poor vexed thing I am, I feel myself dropping already, as fast as I can: two stone o'suet a day is my proportion: I can but hold life and soul together with this (here's to you, Nightingale) and a whiff of tobacco at most. Where's my pipe now? Not filled? Thou errant incubee! 95

NIGHTINGALE. Nay, Ursla, thou'lt gall between the tongue and the teeth with fretting, now. 100

URSLA. How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust – tapster, a man of reckoning under me – that remembers nothing I say to him?

[Exit NIGHTINGALE.]

But look to't, sirrah, you were best. Threepence a pipeful I will ha'made of all my whole half-pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of coltsfoot, mixed with it too, to itch it out. I, that have dealt so long in the fire, will not be to seek in smoke, now. Then six-and-twenty shillings a barrel I will advance o'my beer; and fifty shillings a hundred o'my bottle-ale, I ha'told you the ways how to raise it. Froth your cans well i'the filling, at length, rogue, and jog your bottles o'the buttock, sirrah, then skink out the first glass, ever, and drink with all companies, though you be sure to be drunk; you'll misreckon the better, and be less ashamed on't. But your true trick, rascal, must be to be ever busy, and mis-take away the bottles and cans in haste, before they be half drunk off, and never hear anybody call (if they should chance to mark 110 115 120

86 *pinnacle*: go-between (compare the name Pinnacia Stuff in *The New Inn*).

96 *proportion*: guess.

99 *incubee*: child of a woman and an incubus (?).

107 *coltsfoot*: herb, used to adulterate tobacco.

108 *itch*: eke.

111 *advance*: raise in price.

115 *skink*: pour.

- you) till you ha'brought fresh, and be able to forswear 'em. Give me a drink of ale.
- OVERDO. [*aside*] This is the very womb, and bed of enormity, gross as herself! This must all down for enormity, all, every whit on't. 125
- One knocks.*
- URSLA. Look who's there, sirrah! Five shillings a pig is my price, at least; if it be a sow-pig, sixpence more; if she be a great-bellied wife, and long for't, sixpence more for that. 130
- OVERDO. [*aside*] *O tempora! O mores!* I would not ha'lost my discovery of this one grievance for my place and worship o'the bench. How is the poor subject abused, here! Well, I will fall in with her, and with her Mooncalf, and win out wonders of enormity. [*Comes forward*] By thy leave, goodly woman, and the fatness of the Fair, oily as the king's constable's lamp, and shining as his shoeing-horn! Hath thy ale virtue, or thy beer strength, that the tongue of man may be tickled, and his palate pleased in the morning? Let thy pretty nephew here go search and see. 135
- URSLA. What new roarer is this?
- MOONCALF. Oh Lord, do you not know him, Mistress? 'Tis mad Arthur of Bradley, that makes the orations. Brave Master, old Arthur of Bradley, how do you? Welcome to the Fair! When shall we hear you again to handle your matters, with your back again' a booth, ha? I ha'been one o'your little disciples, i' my days! 140
- OVERDO. Let me drink, boy, with my love, thy aunt, here, that I may be eloquent; but of thy best, lest it be bitter in my mouth, and my words fall foul on the Fair.
- URSLA. Why dost thou not fetch him drink, and offer him to sit? 145
- MOONCALF. Is't ale or beer, Master Arthur?
- OVERDO. Thy best, pretty stripling, thy best; the same thy dove drinketh, and thou drawest on holy days. 160

131 *O tempora! O mores!*: what an age! what manners! (Cicero, *In Catilinam*, I.i.2).

145 *Arthur of Bradley*: mentioned in an old ballad (still current in the 1650s).

149 *again'*: against.

URSLA. Bring him a sixpenny bottle of ale; they say a fool's handsel is lucky.

OVERDO. Bring both, child. Ale for Arthur, and beer for Bradley. Ale for thine aunt, boy.

[Exit MOONCALF.]

[*Aside*] My disguise takes to the very wish and reach of it. I shall, by the benefit of this, discover enough, and more, and yet get off with the reputation of what I would be: a certain middling thing, between a fool and a madman. 165

SCENE III

[*Enter*] KNOCKEM to them.

[KNOCKEM.] What! my little lean Ursla! my she-bear! Art thou alive yet, with thy litter of pigs, to grunt out another Bartholomew Fair, ha?

URSLA. Yes, and to amble afoot, when the Fair is done, to hear you groan out of a cart, up the heavy hill. 5

KNOCKEM. Of Holborn, Ursla, mean'st thou so? For what? For what, pretty Urs?

URSLA. For cutting halfpenny purses, or stealing little penny dogs out o'the Fair. 10

KNOCKEM. Oh! good words, good words, Urs.

OVERDO. [*aside*] Another special enormity. A cutpurse of the sword, the boot, and the feather! Those are his marks.

URSLA. You are one of those horse-leeches, that gave out I was dead, in Turnbull Street, of a surfeit of bottle-ale and tripes? 15

KNOCKEM. No, 'twas better meat, Urs: cows' udders, cows' udders!

URSLA. Well, I shall be meet with your mumbling mouth one day. 20

KNOCKEM. What? Thou'lt poison me with a newt in a bottle of ale, wilt thou? Or a spider in a tobacco pipe, Urs? Come, there's no malice in these fat

162 *handsel*: first takings of the day.

165 *takes*: works.

5-6 *heavy hill*: Holborn hill, *en route* to the gallows at Tyburn.

15 *horse-leeches*: farriers; bloodsuckers.

20 *meet*: even.

folks; I never fear thee, an' I can 'scape thy lean Mooncalf here. Let's drink it out, good Urs, and no vapours! 25

[Exit URSLA.]

OVERDO. Dost thou hear, boy? (There's for thy ale, and the remnant for thee.) Speak in thy faith of a faucet, now: is this goodly person before us here, this vapours, a knight of the knife? 30

MOONCALF. What mean you by that, Master Arthur? OVERDO. I mean a child of the horn-thumb, a babe of booty, boy; a cutpurse.

MOONCALF. Oh Lord, sir! far from it. This is Master Dan Knockem – Jordan, the ranger of Turnbull. He is a horse-courser, sir. 35

OVERDO. Thy dainty dame, though, called him cutpurse.

MOONCALF. Like enough, sir, she'll do forty such things in an hour (an' you listen to her) for her recreation, if the toy take her i'the greasy kerchief: it makes her fat, you see. She battens with it. 40

OVERDO. [aside] Here might I ha'been deceived, now, and ha'put a fool's blot upon myself, if I had not played an after-game o'discretion. 45

URSLA comes in again dropping.

KNOCKEM. Alas, poor Urs, this's an ill season for thee.

URSLA. Hang yourself, hackney-man.

KNOCKEM. How, how, Urs? Vapours! Motion breed vapours? 50

URSLA. Vapours? Never tusk, nor twirl your dibble, good Jordan, I know what you'll take to a very drop. Though you be captain o'the roarers, and

27 *vapours*: a catch-phrase or cant term in this play which generally means moods or humours but which is used by Knockem to mean almost anything. The source of the vapours is Ursula's smoky booth, and their culmination is the senseless quarrelling of the game of vapours in IV. iv.

33 *horn-thumb*: a thimble used to protect the thumb in the act of purse-cutting.

36 *Jordan*: chamber-pot (his nickname).

42 *toy*: whim.

i'the greasy kerchief: in her head.

46 *after-game*: second set, to reverse the first.

52 *tusk*: bluster (see Jonson's *Epigrams*, 107.29).

dibble: trowel-like beard.

- fight well at the case of piss-pots, you shall not
fright me with your lion-chap, sir, nor your tusks. 55
You angry? You are hungry: come, a pig's head
will stop your mouth and stay your stomach, at all
times.
- KNOCKEM. Thou art such another mad merry Urs 60
still! Troth, I do make conscience of vexing thee,
now i'the dog-days, this hot weather, for fear of
foundering thee i'the body, and melting down a
pillar of the Fair. Pray thee take thy chair again,
and keep state, and let's have a fresh bottle of ale, 65
and a pipe of tobacco, and no vapours. I'll ha'this
belly o'thine taken up, and thy grass scoured,
wench. Look! here's Ezekiel Edgworth, a fine boy
of his inches as any is i'the Fair! Has still money in
his purse, and will pay all with a kind heart, and 70
good vapours.

SCENE IV

[*Enter*] to them EDGWORTH,
NIGHTINGALE, CORNCUTTER,
TINDERBOX-MAN [*and*] PASSENGERS.

[EDGWORTH.] That I will, indeed, willingly, Master
Knockem. [*To* MOONCALF] Fetch some ale and
tobacco.

[*Exit* MOONCALF.]

- LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack, gentlemen?
Maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young 5
master: cost you but a token a week his provender.
CORNCUTTER. Ha'you any corns i'your feet and toes?
TINDERBOX-MAN. Buy a mousetrap, a mousetrap,
or a tormentor for a flea.
TRASH. Buy some gingerbread. 10
NIGHTINGALE. Ballads, ballads! Fine new ballads!
Hear for your love, and buy for your money!

55 *case of piss-pots*: by analogy with 'case of pistols'.

56 *chap*: jaw.

63 *foundering*: giving a surfeit; a farrier's term.

67 *taken up*: reduced; *scoured* = purged out; more farrier's terms.

6 *token*: a tavern-token, issued by the tradesman in lieu of small
change.

9 *tormentor*: trap.

*A delicate ballad o' 'The Ferret and the Coney';
 'A Preservative again' the Punks' Evil';
 Another of 'Goose-green Starch and the Devil';* 15
*'A Dozen of Divine Points', and 'The Godly
 Garters';
 'The Fairing of Good Counsel', of an ell and three
 quarters.*

What is't you buy?
*'The Windmill blown down by the witch's fart!'
 Or 'Saint George, that O! did break the dragon's
 heart!'* 20

[Enter MOONCALF.]

EDGORTH. Master Nightingale, come hither, leave
 your mart a little.

NIGHTINGALE. Oh my secretary! What says my
 secretary!

OVERDO. Child o'the bottles, what's he? What's he? 25

MOONCALF. A civil young gentleman, Master
 Arthur, that keeps company with the roars, and
 disburses all still. He has ever money in his purse.
 He pays for them, and they roar for him: one does
 good offices for another. They call him the 30
 secretary, but he serves nobody. A great friend of
 the ballad-man's, they are never asunder.

OVERDO. What pity 'tis so civil a young man should
 haunt this debauched company! Here's the bane
 of the youth of our time apparent. A proper 35
 penman, I see't in his countenance; he has a good
 clerk's look with him, and I warrant him a quick
 hand.

MOONCALF. A very quick hand, sir. [Exit.]

This they whisper, that OVERDO hears it not.

EDGORTH. All the purses and purchase I give you 40

13–20 Nightingale's titles are a mixture of popular subjects with
 uplifting morality in ballad form.

13 *Ferret and the Coney*: swindler and dupe (slang); 'coney' =
 rabbit.

14 *Punks' Evil*: syphilis.

15 *Goose-green*: yellowish green.

16 *Points*: tagged laces, for fastening clothes; punningly,
 'maxims'.

17 *ell*: 45 inches.

29 *roar*: act riotously (to help the cutpurse).

40 *purchase*: booty.

- today by conveyance, bring hither to Ursla's presently. Here we will meet at night in her lodge, and share. Look you choose good places for your standing i'the Fair, when you sing, Nightingale.
- URSLA. Ay, near the fullest passages; and shift 'em often. 45
- EDGWORTH. And i'your singing, you must use your hawk's eye nimbly, and fly the purse to a mark, still – where 'tis worn, and o'which side – that you may gi'me the sign with your beak, or hang your head that way i'the tune. 50
- URSLA. Enough, talk no more on't: your friendship, masters, is not now to begin. Drink your draught of indenture, your sup of covenant, and away. The Fair fills apace, company begins to come in, and I ha'ne'er a pig ready yet. 55
- KNOCKEM. Well said! Fill the cups, and light the tobacco; let's give fire i'the works, and noble vapours.
- EDGWORTH. And shall we ha'smocks, Ursla, and good whimsies, ha? 60
- URSLA. Come, you are i'your bawdy vein! The best the Fair will afford, Zekiel, if bawd Whit keep his word.
- [Enter MOONCALF.]
- How do the pigs, Mooncalf? 65
- MOONCALF. Very passionate, Mistress, one on 'em has wept out an eye. Master Arthur o'Bradley is melancholy, here; nobody talks to him. Will you any tobacco, Master Arthur?
- OVERDO. No, boy, let my meditations alone. 70
- MOONCALF. He's studying for an oration now.
- OVERDO. [aside] If I can, with this day's travail and all my policy, but rescue this youth, here, out of the hands of the lewd man and the strange woman, I will sit down at night, and say with my friend 75

41 *conveyance*: sleight of hand.

48 *fly* . . . *to a mark*: indicate the precise location (a hawking term).

52–3 *your friendship* . . . *begin*: i.e. you've cheated with one another before.

53–4 *draught of indenture*: pledge.

61 *whimsies*: wenchies.

74 *strange woman*: harlot.

Ovid, *Iamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis, etc.*

KNOCKEM. Here, Zekiel; here's a health to Ursla, and a kind vapour. Thou hast money i'thy purse still, and store! How dost thou come by it? Pray thee vapour thy friends some in a courteous vapour. 80

EDGWORTH. Half I have, Master Dan Knockem, is always at your service.

OVERDO. [*aside*] Ha, sweet nature! What goshawk would prey upon such a lamb? 85

KNOCKEM. Let's see what 'tis, Zekiel, count it! [*To MOONCALF*] Come, fill him to pledge me.

SCENE V

[*Enter to them WINWIFE [and] QUARLOUS.*

[WINWIFE.] We are here before 'em, methinks.

QUARLOUS. All the better, we shall see 'em come in now.

LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? A fine horse? A lion? A bull? A bear? A dog, or a cat? An excellent fine Bartholomew-bird? Or an instrument? What is't you lack? 5

QUARLOUS. 'Slid, here's Orpheus among the beasts, with his fiddle and all! 10

TRASH. Will you buy any comfortable bread, gentlemen?

QUARLOUS. And Ceres selling her daughter's picture in gingerwork!

WINWIFE. That these people should be so ignorant to think us chapmen for 'em! Do we look as if we would buy gingerbread, or hobby-horses? 15

QUARLOUS. Why, they know no better ware than

76-7 *Iamque . . . ignis*: Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, 15.871-2: 'And now my work is done, which neither the wrath of Jove, nor fire, nor sword, nor the gnawing tooth of time, shall ever be able to undo.'

80 *store*: plenty.

9 *Orpheus*: whose music could charm wild animals.

11 *comfortable*: refreshing.

13 *Ceres*: mother of Proserpina, carried off to Hades by Pluto.

16 *chapmen*: (in this instance) customers.

- they have, nor better customers than come. And our very being here makes us fit to be demanded, as well as others. Would Cokes would come! There were a true customer for 'em. 20
- KNOCKEM. [*to EDGWORTH*] How much is't? Thirty shillings? Who's yonder? Ned Winwife? And Tom Quarlous, I think! Yes. (Gi'me it all, gi'me it all.) 25
Master Winwife! Master Quarlous! Will you take a pipe of tobacco with us? (Do not discredit me now, Zekiel.)
- WINWIFE. Do not see him! He is the roaring horse-courser, pray thee, let's avoid him: turn down this way. 30
- QUARLOUS. 'Slud, I'll see him and roar with him too, an' he roared as loud as Neptune. Pray thee go with me.
- WINWIFE. You may draw me to as likely an inconvenience, when you please, as this. 35
- QUARLOUS. Go to then, come along. We ha'nothing to do, man, but to see sights now.
- KNOCKEM. Welcome, Master Quarlous, and Master Winwife! Will you take any froth and smoke with us? 40
- QUARLOUS. Yes, sir, but you'll pardon us if we knew not of so much familiarity between us afore.
- KNOCKEM. As what, sir?
- QUARLOUS. To be so lightly invited to smoke and froth. 45
- KNOCKEM. A good vapour! Will you sit down, sir? This is old Ursla's mansion, how like you her bower? Here you may ha'your punk and your pig in state, sir, both piping hot. 50
- QUARLOUS. I had rather ha'my punk cold, sir.
- OVERDO. [*aside*] There's for me: punk! and pig!
- URSLA. (*she calls within*) What, Mooncalf, you rogue!
- MOONCALF. By and by, the bottle is almost off, Mistress. Here, Master Arthur. 55
- URSLA. [*within*] I'll part you and your play-fellow

32 'Slud: by God's blood.

35-6 'If you want to embarrass me, you're going the right way about it.'

51 *cold*: not on fire (with the pox).

55 *off*: empty.

- there, i'the guarded coat, an' you sunder not the sooner.
- KNOCKEM. Master Winwife, you are proud, methinks; you do not talk, nor drink. Are you proud? 60
- WINWIFE. Not of the company I am in, sir, nor the place, I assure you.
- KNOCKEM. You do not except at the company, do you? Are you in vapours, sir? 65
- MOONCALF. Nay, good Master Dan Knockem, respect my mistress' bower, as you call it; for the honour of our booth, none o'your vapours here.
- URSLA. (*she comes out with a firebrand*) Why, you thin lean polecat you, an' they have a mind to be i'their vapours, must you hinder 'em? What did you know, vermin, if they would ha'lost a cloak, or such a trifle? Must you be drawing the air of pacification here, while I am tormented within, i'the fire, you weasel? 70
- MOONCALF. Good mistress, 'twas in the behalf of your booth's credit that I spoke.
- URSLA. Why? Would my booth ha'broke, if they had fallen out in't, sir? Or would their heat ha'fired it? In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire that they fall not, or I'll both baste and roast you, till your eyes drop out, like 'em. (*Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a while.*) 80
- QUARLOUS. Body o'the Fair! What's this? Mother o'the bawds? 85
- KNOCKEM. No, she's mother o'the pigs, sir, mother o'the pigs!
- WINWIFE. Mother o'the Furies, I think, by her firebrand. 90
- QUARLOUS. Nay, she is too fat to be a Fury, sure; some walking sow of tallow!
- WINWIFE. An inspired vessel of kitchen stuff!
She drinks this while.
- QUARLOUS. She'll make excellent gear for the coach-makers here in Smithfield, to anoint wheels and axle-trees with. 95
- URSLA. Ay, ay, gamesters, mock a plain plump soft

58 *guarded*: trimmed, with lace as braid.

79 *broke*: gone bankrupt.

92 *sow*: large mass.

93 *inspired*: animated, life-infused.

- wench o' the suburbs, do, because she's juicy and wholesome. You must ha' your thin pinched ware, pent up i' the compass of a dog-collar (or 'twill not do), that looks like a long laced conger set upright; and a green feather, like fennel, i' the jowl on't. 100
- KNOCKEM. Well said, Urs, my good Urs, to 'em Urs.
- QUARLOUS. Is she your quagmire, Dan Knockem? Is this your bog? 105
- NIGHTINGALE. We shall have a quarrel presently.
- KNOCKEM. How? Bog? Quagmire? Foul vapours! Humh!
- QUARLOUS. Yes, he that would venture for't, I assure him, might sink into her, and be drowned a week, ere any friend he had could find where he were. 110
- WINWIFE. And then he would be a fortnight weighing up again.
- QUARLOUS. 'Twere like falling into a whole shire of butter: they had need be a team of Dutchmen, should draw him out. 115
- KNOCKEM. Answer 'em, Urs, where's thy Bartholomew-wit now? Urs, thy Bartholomew-wit? 120
- URSLA. Hang 'em, rotten, rogyu cheaters! I hope to see 'em plagued one day (poxed they are already, I am sure) with lean playhouse poultry, that has the bony rump sticking out like the ace of spades or the point of a partisan, that every rib of 'em is like the tooth of a saw: and will so grate 'em with their hips and shoulders, as (take 'em all together) they were as good lie with a hurdle. 125
- QUARLOUS. Out upon her, how she drips! She's able to give a man the sweating sickness, with looking on her. 130
- URSLA. Marry, look off, with a patch o' your face;

98 *suburbs*: notorious for their brothels.

101 *laced*: streaked.

102 *jowl*: fish head.

104 *quagmire*: horse-dealers kept aside parts of their yards where horses could stand deep in wet clay, and so disguise their leg deficiencies.

114 *weighing*: raising (as an anchor).

116 *Dutchmen*: supposed to be great lovers of butter.

123 *playhouse poultry*: whores who frequented theatres.

125 *partisan*: long-handled spear.

132 *patch*: used to hide pox scabs.

- and a dozen i'your breech, though they be
o'scarlet, sir. I ha'seen as fine outsides as either
o'yours bring lousy linings to the brokers, ere now, 135
twice a week.
- QUARLOUS. Do you think there may be a fine new
cucking-stool i'the Fair, to be purchased? One
large enough, I mean. I know there is a pond of
capacity for her. 140
- URSLA. For your mother, you rascal! Out, you rogue,
you hedge-bird, you pimp, you pannier-man's
bastard, you!
- QUARLOUS. Ha, ha, ha.
- URSLA. Do you sneer, you dog's head, you trendle-
tail? You look as you were begotten atop of a cart
in harvest-time, when the whelp was hot and
eager. Go, snuff after your brother's bitch,
Mistress Commodity; that's the livery you wear,
'twill be out at the elbows shortly. It's time you 150
went to't, for the t'other remnant.
- KNOCKEM. Peace, Urs, peace, Urs! – They'll kill the
poor whale, and make oil of her. – Pray thee go in.
- URSLA. I'll see 'em poxed first, and piled, and double
piled. 155
- WINWIFE. Let's away, her language grows greasier
than her pigs.
- URSLA. Does't so, snotty nose? Good Lord! are you
snivelling? You were engendered on a she-beggar
in a barn, when the bald thrasher, your sire, was 160
scarce warm.
- WINWIFE. Pray thee, let's go.
- QUARLOUS. No, faith; I'll stay the end of her, now.
I know she cannot last long; I find by her similes
she wanes apace. 165
- URSLA. Does she so? I'll set you gone. Gi'me my
pig-pan hither a little. I'll scald you hence, an' you
will not go. [Exit.]
- KNOCKEM. Gentlemen, these are very strange
vapours! And very idle vapours, I assure you! 170

138 *cucking-stool*: in which a scold would be punished by ducking.

142 *hedge-bird*: vagrant.

pannier-man: hawkler.

145–6 *trendle-tail*: mongrel with curly tail.

149 *Commodity*: gain.

154 *piled*: threadbare; suffering from piles; bald (from the pox).

- QUARLOUS. You are a very serious ass, we assure you.
- KNOCKEM. Humh! Ass? And serious? Nay then, pardon me my vapour. I have a foolish vapour, gentlemen: any man that does vapour me the ass, Master Quarlous – 175
- QUARLOUS. What then, Master Jordan?
- KNOCKEM. I do vapour him the lie.
- QUARLOUS. Faith, and to any man that vapours me the lie, I do vapour that. 180
- [Strikes him.]
- KNOCKEM. Nay, then, vapours upon vapours.
- EDGWORTH, NIGHTINGALE. 'Ware the pan, the pan, the pan, she comes with the pan, gentlemen.
- URSLA comes in with the scalding-pan. They fight. She falls with it.*
- God bless the woman.
- URSLA. Oh! 185
- [Exeunt QUARLOUS and WINWIFE.]
- TRASH. What's the matter?
- OVERDO. Goodly woman!
- MOONCALF. Mistress!
- URSLA. Curse of hell, that ever I saw these fiends! Oh! I ha'scalded my leg, my leg, my leg, my leg! I ha'lost a limb i'the service! Run for some cream and salad oil, quickly. [To MOONCALF] Are you under-peering, you baboon? Rip off my hose, an' you be men, men, men. 190
- MOONCALF. Run you for some cream, good mother Joan. I'll look to your basket. 195
- [Exit TRASH.]
- LEATHERHEAD. Best sit up i'your chair, Ursla. Help, gentlemen.
- KNOCKEM. Be of good cheer, Urs. Thou hast hindered me the currying of a couple of stallions here, that abused the good race-bawd of Smithfield; 'twas time for 'em to go. 200
- NIGHTINGALE. I'faith, when the pan came; they had made you run else. [To EDGWORTH] This had been a fine time for purchase, if you had ventured. 205

200 *currying*: dressing down (of a horse).

201 *race-bawd*: mother of the bawds; by analogy with race-mare (= mare for breeding).

205 *purchase*: cutting purses.

- EDGWORTH. Not a whit, these fellows were too fine
to carry money.
- KNOCKEM. Nightingale, get some help to carry her
leg out o'the air; take off her shoes. Body o'me,
she has the mallanders, the scratches, the crown 210
scab, and the quitter bone i'the t'other leg.
- URSLA. Oh, the pox! Why do you put me in mind
o'my leg, thus, to make it prick and shoot? Would
you ha'me i'the Hospital, afore my time?
- KNOCKEM. Patience, Urs, take a good heart. 'Tis but 215
a blister, as big as a windgall; I'll take it away with
the white of an egg, a little honey, and hog's
grease, ha'thy pasterns well rolled, and thou shalt
pace again by tomorrow. I'll tend thy booth, and
look to thy affairs the while: thou shalt sit i'thy 220
chair and give directions, and shine Ursa major.
- [*Exeunt* KNOCKEM and
MOONCALF with URSLA.]

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] COKES, WASP, MISTRESS OVERDO
[*and*] GRACE.

- [OVERDO.] These are the fruits of bottle-ale and
tobacco! The foam of the one, and the fumes of the
other! Stay, young man, and despise not the
wisdom of these few hairs, that are grown grey in
care of thee. 5
- EDGWORTH. Nightingale, stay a little. Indeed, I'll
hear some o'this!
- COKES. Come, Numps, come, where are you?
Welcome into the Fair, Mistress Grace.
- EDGWORTH. [*to* NIGHTINGALE] 'Slight, he will call 10
company, you shall see, and put us into doings
presently.
- OVERDO. Thirst not after that frothy liquor, ale; for
who knows, when he openeth the stopple, what

206 *too fine*: too well bred, too high class.

210–11 *mallanders* . . . *quitter bone*: diseases in the leg and hoof in horses.

216 *windgall*: soft tumour on a horse's leg.

221 *Ursa major*: the constellation of the Great Bear.

- may be in the bottle? Hath not a snail, a spider, 15
 yea, a newt been found there? Thirst not after it,
 youth: thirst not after it.
- COKES. This is a brave fellow, Numps, let's hear him.
 WASP. 'Sblood, how brave is he? In a guarded coat?
 You were best truck with him; e'en strip, and truck 20
 presently, it will become you. Why will you hear
 him? Because he is an ass, and may be a kin to the
 Cokeses?
- COKES. Oh, good Numps!
- OVERDO. Neither do thou lust after that tawny weed, 25
 tobacco.
- COKES. Brave words!
- OVERDO. Whose complexion is like the Indian's that
 vents it!
- COKES. Are they not brave words, sister? 30
- OVERDO. And who can tell if, before the gathering
 and making up thereof, the alligarta hath not
 pissed thereon?
- WASP. Heart, let 'em be brave words, as brave as
 they will! An' they were all the brave words in a 35
 country, how then? Will you away yet? Ha'you
 enough on him? Mistress Grace, come you away, I
 pray you, be not you accessory. If you do lose your
 licence, or somewhat else, sir, with listening to his
 fables, say Numps is a witch, with all my heart, do, 40
 say so.
- COKES. Avoid, i'your satin doublet, Numps.
- OVERDO. The creeping venom of which subtle
 serpent, as some late writers affirm, neither the
 cutting of the perilous plant, nor the drying of it, 45
 nor the lighting or burning, can any way persway
 or assuage.
- COKES. Good, i'faith! Is't not, sister?
- OVERDO. Hence it is, that the lungs of the
 tobacconist are rotted, the liver spotted, the brain 50

20 *truck*: deal; change clothes.

29 *vents*: sells.

32 *alligarta*: alligator.

40 *witch*: wizard.

42 *Avoid*: be off.

44 *some late writers*: Jonson twits his royal patron; James I's
Counterblast to Tobacco appeared in 1604.

46 *persway*: lessen (perswage).

50 *tobacconist*: smoker.

- smoked like the backside of the pig-woman's booth, here, and the whole body within, black as her pan you saw e'en now, without.
- COKES. A fine similitude, that, sir! Did you see the pan? 55
- EDGWORTH. Yes, sir.
- OVERDO. Nay, the hole in the nose, here, of some tobacco-takers, or the third nostril, if I may so call it, which makes that they can vent the tobacco out like the ace of clubs, or rather the flower-de-lys, is caused from the tobacco, the mere tobacco! when the poor innocent pox, having nothing to do there, is miserably, and most unconscionably slandered. 60
- COKES. Who would ha'missed this, sister?
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Not anybody but Numps. 65
- COKES. He does not understand.
- EDGWORTH. [*aside*] Nor you feel.
He picketh his purse.
- COKES. What would you have, sister, of a fellow that knows nothing but a basket-hilt and an old fox in't? The best music i'the Fair will not move a log. 70
- EDGWORTH. In to Ursla, Nightingale, and carry her comfort: see it told. This fellow was sent to us by fortune, for our first fairing.
- OVERDO. But what speak I of the diseases of the body, children of the Fair? 75
- COKES. That's to us, sister. Brave, i'faith.
- OVERDO. Hark, O you sons and daughters of Smithfield! and hear what malady it doth the mind: it causeth swearing, it causeth swaggering, it causeth snuffling, and snarling, and now and then a hurt. 80
- MISTRESS OVERDO. He hath something of Master Overdo, methinks, brother.
- COKES. So methought, sister, very much of my brother Overdo: and 'tis when he speaks. 85
- OVERDO. Look into any angle o'the town – the

57 *hole in the nose*: an effect of syphilis.

69 *basket-hilt*: protective handle for a sword (such as would be worn on stage by a clown).

fox: sword.

72 *told*: counted.

86 *angle*: corner.

Straits, or the Bermudas – where the quarrelling lesson is read, and how do they entertain the time but with bottle-ale and tobacco? The lecturer is o'one side, and his pupils o'the other; but the seconds are still bottle-ale and tobacco, for which the lecturer reads, and the novices pay. Thirty pound a week in bottle-ale! Forty in tobacco! And ten more in ale again! Then, for a suit to drink in, so much, and, that being slavered, so much for another suit, and then a third suit, and a fourth suit! And still the bottle-ale slavereth, and the tobacco stinketh!

WASP. Heart of a madman! are you rooted here? Will you never away? What can any man find out in this bawling fellow, to grow here for? He is a full handful higher, sin' he heard him. Will you fix here? And set up a booth, sir?

OVERDO. I will conclude briefly –

WASP. Hold your peace, you roaring rascal, I'll run my head i'your chaps else. [*To COKES*] You were best build a booth, and entertain him; make your will, an' you say the word, and him your heir! Heart, I never knew one taken with a mouth of a peck afore. By this light, I'll carry you away o'my back, an' you will not come.

He gets him up on pickpack.

COKES. Stay, Numps, stay, set me down. I ha'lost my purse, Numps, oh, my purse! One o'my fine purses is gone.

MISTRESS OVERDO. Is't indeed, brother?

COKES. Ay, as I am an honest man, would I were an arrant rogue, else. A plague of all roguy, damned cutpurses for me.

WASP. Bless 'em with all my heart, with all my heart, do you see! Now, as I am no infidel that I know of, I am glad on't. Ay, I am; here's my witness! Do you see, sir? I did not tell you of his fables, I? No, no, I am a dull malt-horse, I, I know nothing. Are you not justly served i'your conscience now? Speak

87 *Straits . . . Bermudas*: alternative names for a disreputable district near Charing Cross.

88 *read*: taught.

107 *entertain*: hire.

110 *a peck*: of two gallons' capacity.

123 *malt-horse*: dray-horse.

- i'your conscience. Much good do you with all my heart, and his good heart that has it, with all my heart again. 125
- EDGWORTH. [*aside*] This fellow is very charitable; would he had a purse too! But I must not be too bold, all at a time. 130
- COKES. Nay, Numps, it is not my best purse.
- WASP. Not your best! Death! Why should it be your worst? Why should it be any, indeed, at all?
- Answer me to that, gi'me a reason from you, why it should be any? 135
- COKES. Nor my gold, Numps; I ha'that yet, look here else, sister. [*Shows his second purse.*]
- WASP. Why so, there's all the feeling he has!
- MISTRESS OVERDO. I pray you, have a better care of that, brother. 140
- COKES. Nay, so I will, I warrant you; let him catch this, that catch can. I would fain see him get this, look you, here.
- WASP. So, so, so, so, so, so, so, so! Very good.
- COKES. I would ha'him come again, now, and but offer at it. Sister, will you take notice of a good jest? I will put it just where t'other was, and if we ha'good luck, you shall see a delicate fine trap to catch the cutpurse nibbling. 145
- EDGWORTH. [*aside*] Faith, and he'll try ere you be out o'the Fair. 150
- COKES. Come, Mistress Grace, prithee be not melancholy for my mischance; sorrow wi'not keep it, sweetheart.
- GRACE. I do not think on't, sir. 155
- COKES. 'Twas but a little scurvy white money, hang it; it may hang the cutpurse one day. I ha'gold left to gi'thee a fairing yet, as hard as the world goes: nothing angers me but that nobody here looked like a cutpurse, unless 'twere Numps. 160
- WASP. How? I? I look like a cutpurse? Death! your sister's a cutpurse! and your mother and father, and all your kin were cutpurses! And here is a rogue is the bawd o'the cutpurses, whom I will beat to begin with. 165
- They speak all together; and WASP
beats the JUSTICE.*

COKES. Numps,	OVERDO. Hold thy	
Numps.	hand, child of wrath	
MISTRESS OVERDO.	and heir of anger.	
Good Master	Make it not Childer-	
Humphrey.	mass Day in thy	170
WASP. You are the	fury, or the feast of	
patrico, are you, the	the French	
patriarch of the	Bartholomew,	
cutpurses? You	parent of the	
share, sir, they say,	Massacre. Murder,	175
let them share this	murder, murder!	
with you. Are you		
i'your hot fit of		
preaching again? I'll		
cool you.		180
	[<i>Exeunt, leaving</i> LEATHERHEAD <i>and</i> TRASH.]	

ACT III

SCENE I

[*Enter*] WHIT, HAGGIS, BRISTLE,
LEATHERHEAD [*and*] TRASH.

[WHIT.] Nay, 'tish all gone now! Dish 'tish, phen tou
vilt not be phitin call, Master Offisher! Phat ish a
man te better to lishen out noyshes for tee, and tou
art in anoder 'orld – being very shuffishient noishes
and gallantsh too? One o'their brabblesh would 5
have fed ush all dish fortnight, but tou art so bushy
about beggersh still, tou hast no leshure to intend
shentlemen, an't be.

HAGGIS. Why, I told you, Davy Bristle.

169–70 *Childermass Day*: Holy Innocents' Day, 28 December.

172 *patrico*: vagabonds' parson.

172–3 *French Bartholomew*: the day of the great massacre of
Protestants in France, St Bartholomew's Day 1572.

5 *brabblesh*: brawls.

7 *intend*: attend to.

- BRISTLE. Come, come, you told me a pudding, Toby Haggis; a matter of nothing; I am sure it came to nothing! You said, 'Lets go to Ursla's', indeed; but then you met the man with the monsters, and I could not get you from him. An old fool, not leave seeing yet? 10
- HAGGIS. Why, who would ha'thought anybody would ha'quarrelled so early? Or that the ale o'the Fair would ha'been up so soon? 15
- WHIT. Phy, phat o'clock toest tou tink it ish, man?
- HAGGIS. I cannot tell. 20
- WHIT. Tou art a vishe vatchman, i'te meanteeme.
- HAGGIS. Why, should the watch go by the clock, or the clock by the watch, I pray?
- BRISTLE. One should go by another, if they did well.
- WHIT. Tou art right now! Phen didst tou ever know or hear of a shuffishient vatchman, but he did tell the clock, phat bushiness soever he had? 25
- BRISTLE. Nay, that's most true, a sufficient watchman knows what o'clock it is.
- WHIT. Shleeping or vaking! ash well as te clock himshelf, or te Jack dat shtrikes him! 30
- BRISTLE. Let's enquire of Master Leatherhead, or Joan Trash here. Master Leatherhead, do you hear, Master Leatherhead?
- WHIT. If it be a Ledderhead, 'tish a very tick Ledderhead, tat sho mush noish vill not piersh him. 35
- LEATHERHEAD. I have a little business now, good friends, do not trouble me.
- WHIT. Phat? Because o'ty wrought neet-cap and ty phelvet sherkin, man? Phy, I have sheen tee in ty ledder sherkin ere now, mashter o'de hobby-horses, as bushy and as stately as tou sheem'st to be. 40
- TRASH. Why, what an' you have, Captain Whit? He has his choice of jerkins, you may see by that, and 45

10 *a pudding*: a load of tripe.

19, 21 Jacobean stage Welsh. Bristle, Haggis and Whit are designed to appear as the proverbial Irishman, Scotsman and Welshman, so that the play embraces a cross-section of the British nation as a whole.

31 *Jack*: mechanical figure that strikes the bell.

40 *wrought neet-cap*: embroidered nightcap.

his caps too, I assure you, when he pleases to be either sick or employed.

LEATHERHEAD. God a mercy, Joan, answer for me.

WHIT. Away, be not sheen i' my company; here be shentlemen, and men of vorship. 50

SCENE II

[Enter] QUARLOUS [and] WINWIFE.

[QUARLOUS.] We had wonderful ill luck, to miss this prologue o' the purse, but the best is we shall have five acts of him ere night: he'll be spectacle enough! I'll answer for't.

WHIT. O Creesh! Duke Quarlous, how dosht tou? 5

Tou dosht not know me, I fear? I am te vishest man, but Justish Overdo, in all Bartholomew Fair now. Gi' me twelpeence from tee, I will help tee to a vife vorth forty marks for't, an't be.

QUARLOUS. Away, rogue, pimp, away! 10

WHIT. And she shall show tee as fine cut'ork for't in her shmock too, as tou cansht vish i' faith; vilt tou have her, vorshipful Vinvife? I will help tee to her, here, be an't be, in te pig-quarter, gi' me ty twelpeence from tee. 15

WINWIFE. Why, there's twelpeence; pray thee wilt thou be gone?

WHIT. Tou art a vorthy man, and a vorshipful man still.

QUARLOUS. Get you gone, rascal. 20

WHIT. I do mean it, man. Prinsh Quarlous, if tou hasht need on me, tou shalt find me here, at Ursla's. I will see phat ale and punk ish i' te pigshty for tee, bless ty good vorship. [Exit.]

QUARLOUS. Look who comes here! John Littlewit! 25

WINWIFE. And his wife, and my widow, her mother: the whole family.

50-1 Whit's anxiety is explained by the cheat that he runs, acting as a spy and informer for the Watch (see his behaviour at IV.iv.186 s.d. and 208).

5 *Creesh*: Christ.

11 *cut'ork*: cutwork, lace.

28 *family*: see I.v.183.

[*Enter*] BUSY, LITTLEWIT, PURECRAFT
[*and*] WIN.

QUARLOUS. 'Slight, you must gi' 'em all fairings now!
WINWIFE. Not I, I'll not see 'em. 30

QUARLOUS. They are going a-feasting. What school-
master's that is with 'em?

WINWIFE. That's my rival, I believe, the baker!

BUSY. So, walk on in the middle way, fore-right; turn
neither to the right hand, nor to the left. Let not 35
your eyes be drawn aside with vanity, nor your ear
with noises.

QUARLOUS. Oh, I know him by that start!

LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack? What do you
buy, pretty mistress? A fine hobby-horse, to make 40
your son a tilter? a drum, to make him a soldier? a
fiddle, to make him a reveller? What is't you lack?
Little dogs for your daughters, or babies, male or
female?

BUSY. Look not toward them, hearken not! The 45
place is Smithfield, or the field of smiths, the grove
of hobby-horses and trinkets. The wares are the
wares of devils, and the whole Fair is the shop of
Satan! They are hooks and baits, very baits, that
are hung out on every side, to catch you, and to 50
hold you, as it were, by the gills, and by the
nostrils, as the fisher doth: therefore you must
not look, nor turn toward them. The heathen man
could stop his ears with wax, against the harlot
o'the sea: do you the like, with your fingers, 55
against the bells of the Beast.

WINWIFE. What flashes comes from him!

QUARLOUS. Oh, he has those of his oven! A notable
hot baker 'twas, when he plied the peel: he is 60
leading his flock into the Fair, now.

WINWIFE. Rather driving 'em to the pens, for he will
let 'em look upon nothing.

[*Enter*] KNOCKEM [*and*] WHIT.

34 *fore-right*: straight ahead.

38 *start*: outburst.

41 *tilter*: jousting.

53-5 Ulysses was lashed to the mast as he sailed past the sirens, but it was the crew whose ears were closed with wax.

59 *hot*: with the implication of 'lecherous'.

peel: long-handled shovel for placing loaves in the oven.

- KNOCKEM.** Gentlewomen, the weather's hot!
Whither walk you? Have a care o' your fine velvet
caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate
booth, with boughs, here i' the way, and cool
yourselves i' the shade, you and your friends. The
best pig and bottle-ale i' the Fair, sir. 65
- LITTLEWIT is gazing at the sign; which is
the Pig's Head with a large writing under it.*
- Old Ursla is cook, there you may read: the pig's
head speaks it. Poor soul, she has had a stringhalt,
the maryhinchco: but she's prettily amended. 70
- WHIT.** A delicate show-pig, little mistress, with
shweet sauce, and crackling like de bay-leaf i' de
fire, la! Tou shalt ha' de clean side o' de tableclot
and dy glass vashed with phatersh of Dame
Annessh Cleare. 75
- LITTLEWIT.** This's fine, verily. 'Here be the best
pigs, and she does roast 'em as well as ever she
did', the pig's head says.
- KNOCKEM.** Excellent, excellent, mistress, with fire
o' juniper and rosemary branches! The oracle of
the pig's head, that, sir. 80
- PURECRAFT.** Son, were you not warned of the vanity
of the eye? Have you forgot the wholesome
admonition, so soon? 85
- LITTLEWIT.** Good mother, how shall we find a pig, if
we do not look about for't? Will it run off o' the spit
into our mouths, think you, as in Lubberland? and
cry, 'Wee, wee'?
- BUSY.** No, but your mother, religiously wise,
conceiveth it may offer itself by other means to the
sense, as by way of steam, which I think it doth,
here in this place (huh, huh), yes, it doth. [*BUSY
scents after it like a hound*] And it were a sin of
obstinacy, great obstinacy, high and horrible
obstinacy, to decline, or resist the good titillation
of the famelic sense, which is the smell. Therefore 95

65 *delicate*: delightful.

70-1 *stringhalt* . . . *maryhinchco*: diseases of the legs in horses.

75-6 *Dame Annessh Cleare*: a spring in Hoxton, anciently named
from Dame Annis (Agnes) Clare.

81 *juniper and rosemary*: fragrant woods.

88 *Lubberland*: the imaginary country of plenty and idleness;
Cockaigne.

97 *famelic*: pertaining to hunger.

- be bold (huh, huh, huh), follow the scent. Enter the tents of the unclean, for once, and satisfy your wife's frailty. Let your frail wife be satisfied: your zealous mother, and my suffering self, will also be satisfied. 100
- LITTLEWIT. Come, Win, as good winny here, as go farther and see nothing.
- BUSY. We 'scape so much of the other vanities by our early entering. 105
- PURECRAFT. It is an edifying consideration.
- WIN. This is scurvy, that we must come into the Fair and not look on't.
- LITTLEWIT. Win, have patience, Win, I'll tell you more anon. 110
- KNOCKEM. Mooncalf, entertain within there; the best pig i'the booth, a pork-like pig. These are Banbury-bloods, o'the sincere stud, come a-pig-hunting. Whit, wait, Whit, look to your charge. 115
- [Exit WHIT.]
- BUSY. A pig prepare presently, let a pig be prepared to us.
- [Exeunt BUSY, PURECRAFT, LITTLEWIT
and WIN into the booth.]
- [Enter MOONCALF and URSLA.]
- MOONCALF. 'Slight, who be these?
- URSLA. Is this the good service, Jordan, you'd do me? 120
- KNOCKEM. Why, Urs? Why, Urs? Thou'lt ha' vapours i'thy leg again presently; pray thee go in, 't may turn to the scratches else.
- URSLA. Hang your vapours, they are stale, and stink like you. Are these the guests o'the game you promised to fill my pit withal, today? 125
- KNOCKEM. Ay, what ail they, Urs?
- URSLA. Ail they? They are all sippers, sippers o'the city. They look as they would not drink off two penn'orth of bottle-ale amongst 'em. 130
- MOONCALF. A body may read that i'their small printed ruffs.

103 *winny*: stay.

114 *sincere stud*: true breed.

127 *what ail they*: what's the matter with them?

131-2 *small printed ruffs*: the size of their ruffs and the exactness of the folds ('in print') distinguishes them as Puritans.

KNOCKEM. Away, thou art a fool, Urs, and thy
 Mooncalf too, i' your ignorant vapours now!
 Hence! Good guests, I say, right hypocrites, good 135
 gluttons. In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board,
 and half a dozen of the biggest bottles afore 'em,
 and call Whit. I do not love to hear innocents
 abused. Fine ambling hypocrites! and a stone-
 puritan with a sorrel head and beard: good- 140
 mouthed gluttons, two to a pig. Away!

[Exit MOONCALF.]

URSLA. Are you sure they are such?

KNOCKEM. O' the right breed; thou shalt try 'em by
 the teeth, Urs. Where's this Whit?

[Enter WHIT.]

WHIT. *Behold man, and see, what a worthy man am*
ee! 145

With the fury of my sword, and the shaking of my
beard,

I will make ten thousand men afeared.

KNOCKEM. Well said, brave Whit! In, and fear the
 ale out o' the bottles into the bellies of the brethren
 and the sisters. Drink to the cause, and pure 150
 vapours.

[Exeunt KNOCKEM, WHIT and URSLA.]

QUARLOUS. My roarer is turned tapster, methinks.
 Now were a fine time for thee, Winwife, to lay
 aboard thy widow; thou'lt never be master of a
 better season or place. She that will venture herself 155
 into the Fair, and a pig-box, will admit any assault,
 be assured of that.

WINWIFE. I love not enterprises of that suddenness,
 though.

QUARLOUS. I'll warrant thee, then, no wife out o' the 160
 widows' hundred: if I had but as much title to her,
 as to have breathed once on that strait stomacher

139-40 *stone-puritan*: lascivious male Puritan; formed on the model of
 'stone-horse' (= stallion).

140 *sorrel*: chestnut.

145-7 Whit's doggerel is borrowed from the self-advertising speeches
 of rufflers in the Whitsun folk-plays of St George.

148 *fear*: frighten.

153-4 *lay aboard*: attack (literally, 'ship to ship').

161 *hundred*: district; class (a division of land).

162 *stomacher*: stiff ornamental covering worn under the bodice.

of hers, I would now assure myself to carry her yet,
 ere she went out of Smithfield. Or she should carry
 me, which were the fitter sight, I confess. But you 165
 are a modest undertaker, by circumstances and
 degrees. Come, 'tis disease in thee, not judgement;
 I should offer at all together. Look, here's the
 poor fool again, that was stung by the wasp
 erstwhile. 170

SCENE III

[*Enter*] OVERDO.

[OVERDO.] I will make no more orations, shall draw
 on these tragical conclusions. And I begin now to
 think, that by a spice of collateral justice, Adam
 Overdo deserved this beating. For I, the said
 Adam, was one cause (a by-cause) why the purse 5
 was lost – and my wife's brother's purse too –
 which they know not of yet. But I shall make very
 good mirth with it at supper, that will be the sport,
 and put my little friend Master Humphrey Wasp's
 choler quite out of countenance: when, sitting at 10
 the upper end o'my table, as I use, and drinking to
 my brother Cokes and Mistress Alice Overdo, as I
 will, my wife, for their good affection to old
 Bradley, I deliver to 'em it was I that was
 cudgelled, and show 'em the marks. To see what 15
 bad events may peep out o'the tail of good
 purposes! The care I had of that civil young man I
 took fancy to this morning (and have not left it yet)
 drew me to that exhortation, which drew the
 company, indeed, which drew the cutpurse; which 20
 drew the money; which drew my brother Cokes his
 loss; which drew on Wasp's anger; which drew on
 my beating: a pretty gradation! And they shall ha't
 i'their dish, i'faith, at night for fruit: I love to be
 merry at my table. I had thought once, at one 25
 special blow he ga'me, to have revealed myself;

163 *carry*: win.

166 *undertaker*: adventurer.

168 *offer at*: have a go.

3 *collateral*: indirect, concomitant.

5 *by-cause*: secondary cause.

but then (I thank thee, fortitude), I remembered
 that a wise man (and who is ever so great a part
 o'the commonwealth in himself) for no particular
 disaster ought to abandon a public good design. 30
 The husbandman ought not, for one unthankful
 year, to forsake the plough; the shepherd ought
 not, for one scabbed sheep, to throw by his tar-
 box; the pilot ought not, for one leak i'the poop, to
 quit the helm; nor the alderman ought not, for one 35
 custard more at a meal, to give up his cloak; the
 constable ought not to break his staff and forswear
 the watch, for one roaring night; nor the piper
 o'the parish (*ut parvis componere magna solebam*)
 to put up his pipes, for one rainy Sunday. These 40
 are certain knocking conclusions; out of which I
 am resolved, come what come can – come beating,
 come imprisonment, come infamy, come banish-
 ment, nay, come the rack, come the hurdle,
 welcome all – I will not discover who I am, till my 45
 due time: and yet still all shall be, as I said ever,
 in Justice' name, and the King's, and for the
 commonwealth. [Exit.]

WINWIFE. What does he talk to himself, and act so
 seriously? Poor fool! 50
 QUARLOUS. No matter what. Here's fresher
 argument, intend that.

SCENE IV

[Enter] COKES, MISTRESS OVERDO,
 GRACE, [and] WASP [laden with purchases].

[COKES.] Come, Mistress Grace, come sister, here's
 more fine sights yet, i'faith. God's lid, where's
 Numps?

LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack, gentlemen?

29 *particular*: personal.

33–4 *tar-box*: used to hold tar-salve for skin diseases in sheep.

35–6 *one custard more*: an extra guest.

39 *ut . . . solebam*: Virgil, *Eclogues*, i.23: 'as I used to compare
 great things with small'.

41 *knocking*: decisive.

44 *hurdle*: on which traitors were dragged to execution.

52 *intend*: attend to.

- What is't you buy? Fine rattles? Drums? Babies?
Little dogs? And birds for ladies? What do you
lack? 5
- COKES. Good honest Numps, keep afore, I am so
afraid thou'lt lose somewhat: my heart was at my
mouth when I missed thee. 10
- WASP. You were best buy a whip i'your hand to drive
me.
- COKES. Nay, do not mistake, Numps, thou art so apt
to mistake: I would but watch the goods. Look you
now, the treble fiddle was e'en almost like to be
lost. 15
- WASP. Pray you take heed you lose not yourself: your
best way were e'en get up and ride for more surety.
Buy a token's worth of great pins, to fasten
yourself to my shoulder. 20
- LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack, gentlemen? Fine
purses, pouches, pincases, pipes? What is't you
lack? A pair o'smiths to wake you i'the morning?
Or a fine whistling bird?
- COKES. Numps, here be finer things than any we
ha'bought by odds! And more delicate horses, a
great deal! Good Numps, stay and come hither. 25
- WASP. Will you scorse with him? You are in
Smithfield; you may fit yourself with a fine easy-
going street-nag for your saddle again' Michaelmas
term, do. Has he ne'er a little odd cart for you, to
make a caroché on i'the country, with four pied
hobby-horses? Why the measles should you stand
here with your train, cheaping of dogs, birds, and
babies? You ha'no children to bestow 'em on, 30
ha'you?
- COKES. No, but again' I ha'children, Numps, that's
all one.
- WASP. Do, do, do, do! How many shall you have,
think you? An' I were as you, I'd buy for all my
tenants too. They are a kind o'civil savages that
will part with their children for rattles, pipes, and 40

23 *pair o'smiths*: clock with mechanical smiths to strike the bell (?).

28 *scorse*: barter, exchange.

30, 37 *again'*: against, in anticipation of.

32 *caroché*: coach.

34 *cheaping of*: bargaining for.

- knives. You were best buy a hatchet or two, and truck with 'em.
- COKES. Good Numps, hold that little tongue o'thine, and save it a labour. I am resolute Bat, thou know'st. 45
- WASP. A resolute fool you are, I know, and a very sufficient coxcomb, with all my heart – nay, you have it, sir, an' you be angry, turd i'your teeth, twice (if I said it not once afore), and much good do you. 50
- WINWIFE. Was there ever such a self-affliction? And so impertinent?
- QUARLOUS. Alas! his care will go near to crack him; let's in, and comfort him. 55
- WASP. Would I had been set i'the ground, all but the head on me, and had my brains bowled at, or threshed out, when first I underwent this plague of a charge! 60
- QUARLOUS. How now, Numps! Almost tired i'your protectorship? Overparted? Overparted?
- WASP. Why, I cannot tell, sir; it may be I am. Does't grieve you?
- QUARLOUS. No, I swear does't not, Numps, to satisfy you. 65
- WASP. Numps? 'Sblood, you are fine and familiar! How long ha've been acquainted, I pray you?
- QUARLOUS. I think it may be remembered, Numps. That? 'Twas since morning, sure. 70
- WASP. Why, I hope I know't well enough, sir; I did not ask to be told.
- QUARLOUS. No? Why then?
- WASP. It's no matter why. You see with your eyes, now, what I said to you today? You'll believe me another time? 75
- QUARLOUS. Are you removing the Fair, Numps?
- WASP. A pretty question! and a very civil one! Yes, faith, I ha'my lading, you see, or shall have anon; you may know whose beast I am by my burden. If the pannier-man's jack were ever better known by 80

54 *impertinent*: superfluous; trivial.

55 *crack*: craze.

62 *Overparted*: given too difficult a part to play.

81 *pannier-man's jack*: hawker's ass, which would be sold for dog-meat when it died (Hibbard).

- his loins of mutton, I'll be flayed and feed dogs for him, when his time comes.
- WINWIFE. How melancholy Mistress Grace is yonder! Pray thee let's go enter ourselves in grace with her. 85
- COKES. Those six horses, friend, I'll have –
- WASP. How!
- COKES. And the three Jew's trumps; and half a dozen o'birds, and that drum (I have one drum already), and your smiths (I like that device o'your smiths very pretty well), and four halberts – and (le'me see) that fine painted great lady, and her three women for state, I'll have. 90
- WASP. No, the shop; buy the whole shop, it will be best, the shop, the shop! 95
- LEATHERHEAD. If his worship please.
- WASP. Yes, and keep it during the Fair, bobchin.
- COKES. Peace, Numps. Friend, do not meddle with him, an' you be wise, and would show your head above board: he will sting thorough your wrought night-cap, believe me. A set of these violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have i'the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles. I would fain have a fine young masque at my marriage, now I think on't: but I do want such a number o'things. And Numps will not help me now, and I dare not speak to him. 100
- TRASH. Will your worship buy any gingerbread, very good bread, comfortable bread? 110
- COKES. Gingerbread! Yes, let's see.
- He runs to her shop.*
- WASP. There's the t'other springe!
- LEATHERHEAD. Is this well, goody Joan? To interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers? Can you answer this at the Pie Powders? 115

85 *grace*: favour.89 *trumps*: harps.94 *state*: show, pomp.98 *bobchin*: fool (with a jerking chin).101 *above board*: in company.103 *delicate*: fine.*noise*: band of musicians.113 *springe*: snare.

- TRASH. Why, if his mastership have a mind to buy, I
 hope my ware lies as open as another's! I may
 show my ware, as well as you yours. 120
- COKES. Hold your peace; I'll content you both: I'll
 buy up his shop, and thy basket.
- WASP. Will you, i'faith!
- LEATHERHEAD. Why should you put him from it,
 friend? 125
- WASP. Cry you mercy! You'd be sold too, would
 you? What's the price on you? Jerkin and all, as
 you stand? Ha'you any qualities?
- TRASH. Yes, goodman angry-man, you shall find he
 has qualities, if you cheapen him. 130
- WASP. God's so, you ha'the selling of him? What are
 they? Will they be bought for love or money?
- TRASH. No indeed, sir.
- WASP. For what then? Victuals?
- TRASH. He scorns victuals, sir; he has bread and
 butter at home, thanks be to God! and yet he will
 do more for a good meal. If the toy take him i'the
 belly, marry, then they must not set him at lower
 end; if they do, he'll go away, though he fast. But
 put him atop o'the table, where his place is, and 140
 he'll do you forty fine things. He has not been sent
 for and sought out for nothing, at your great city
 suppers, to put down Coriat and Cokeley, and
 been laughed at for his labour; he'll play you all
 the puppets i'the town over, and the players, every 145
 company, and his own company too; he spares
 nobody!
- COKES. I'faith?
- TRASH. He was the first, sir, that ever baited the
 fellow i'the bear's skin, an't like your worship: no 150
 dog ever came near him since. And for fine
 motions!

128 *qualities*: accomplishments.

130 *cheapen*: bargain for.

131 *God's so*: euphemism for the oath *cazzo* (Italian for 'penis').

138-9 *lower end*: end of the table for inferior guests.

143 *Coriat*: Thomas Coryate (1577?-1617), to the narrative of
 whose travels (pub. 1611) Jonson contributed parodic com-
 mendatory verses.

Cokeley: a jester.

149-50 *baited . . . skin*: a show apparently staged at the Fortune, 1612,
 in which actors dressed as dogs and a bear.

152 *motions*: puppet shows.

- COKES. Is he good at those too? Can he set out a masque, trow?
- TRASH. O Lord, master! Sought to, far and near, for his inventions: and he engrosses all, he makes all the puppets i'the Fair. 155
- COKES. Dost thou, in troth, old velvet jerkin? Give me thy hand.
- TRASH. Nay, sir, you shall see him in his velvet jerkin, and a scarf too, at night, when you hear him interpret Master Littlewit's motion. 160
- COKES. Speak no more, but shut up shop presently, friend. I'll buy both it and thee too, to carry down with me, and her hamper beside. Thy shop shall furnish out the masque, and hers the banquet: I cannot go less, to set out anything with credit. 165
What's the price, at a word, o'thy whole shop, case and all, as it stands?
- LEATHERHEAD. Sir, it stands me in six-and-twenty shillings seven pence halfpenny, besides three shillings for my ground. 170
- COKES. Well, thirty shillings will do all, then! And what comes yours to?
- TRASH. Four shillings and eleven pence, sir, ground and all, an't like your worship. 175
- COKES. Yes, it does like my worship very well, poor woman. That's five shillings more, what a masque shall I furnish out for forty shillings – twenty pound Scotch! And a banquet of gingerbread! There's a stately thing! Numps! Sister! And my wedding gloves too! (That I never thought on afore.) All my wedding gloves, gingerbread! O me! What a device will there be, to make 'em eat their fingers' ends! And delicate brooches for the bridemen and all! And then I'll ha'this posy put to 'em: 'For the best grace', meaning Mistress Grace, my wedding posy. 180
185

154 *trow*: do you think?156 *engrosses*: monopolises.162 *interpret*: speak for the puppets.166 *banquet*: dessert.170 *stands me in*: costs me.179–80 *pound Scotch*: worth 1s 8d in 1603, or one-twelfth of a pound sterling.186 *posy*: motto.

- GRACE. I am beholden to you, sir, and to your Bartholomew-wit. 190
- WASP. You do not mean this, do you? Is this your first purchase?
- COKES. Yes, faith, and I do not think, Numps, but thou'lt say it was the wisest act that ever I did in my wardship. 195
- WASP. Like enough! I shall say anything, I!

SCENE V

[*Enter*] OVERDO, EDGWORTH [*and*]
NIGHTINGALE.

- [OVERDO. (*aside*)] I cannot beget a project, with all my political brain, yet; my project is how to fetch off this proper young man from his debauched company. I have followed him all the Fair over, and still I find him with this songster: and I begin shrewdly to suspect their familiarity, and the young man of a terrible taint, poetry! With which idle disease, if he be infected, there's no hope of him in a state-course. *Actum est* of him for a commonwealth's-man, if he go to't in rhyme once. 5 10
- EDGWORTH. [*to* NIGHTINGALE] Yonder he is buying o'gingerbread: set in quickly, before he part with too much on his money.
- NIGHTINGALE. [*sings*] *My masters and friends and good people, draw near, etc.*
- COKES. Ballads! Hark, hark! Pray thee, fellow, stay a little. Good Numps, look to the goods. (*He runs to the ballad-man*) What ballads hast thou? Let me see, let me see myself. 15
- WASP. Why so! He's flown to another lime-bush, there he will flutter as long more, till he ha'ne'er a feather left. Is there a vexation like this, gentlemen? Will you believe me now? Hereafter shall I have credit with you? 20
- QUARLOUS. Yes faith, shalt thou, Numps, and thou

2 *political*: shrewd.

9 *state-course*: career in public service (?).

Actum est of: it's all up with.

9–10 *commonwealth's-man*: good citizen.

19 *lime-bush*: birds were caught in bushes smeared with lime.

- art worthy on't, for thou sweatest for't. [*To WINWIFE*] I never saw a young pimp errant and his squire better matched. 25
- WINWIFE. Faith, the sister comes after 'em well, too.
- GRACE. Nay, if you saw the Justice her husband, my guardian, you were fitted for the mess. He is such a wise one his way – 30
- WINWIFE. I wonder we see him not here.
- GRACE. Oh! he is too serious for this place, and yet better sport than the other three, I assure you, gentlemen, where'er he is, though't be o'the bench. 35
- COKES. How dost thou call it? 'A Caveat against Cutpurses'? A good jest, i'faith. I would fain see that demon, your cutpurse you talk of, that delicate-handed devil. They say he walks hereabout; I would see him walk now. Look you sister, here, here, let him come sister, and welcome. (*He shows his purse boastingly*) Balladman, does any cutpurses haunt hereabout? Pray thee raise me one or two: begin and show me one. 40
- NIGHTINGALE. Sir, this is a spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone, if you buy it. 45
- COKES. No matter for the price. Thou dost not know me, I see; I am an odd Bartholomew. 50
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Has't a fine picture, brother?
- COKES. O sister, do you remember the ballads over the nursery-chimney at home o'my own pasting up? There be brave pictures! Other manner of pictures than these, friend. 55
- WASP. Yet these will serve to pick the pictures out o'your pockets, you shall see.
- COKES. So I heard 'em say. Pray thee mind him not, fellow: he'll have an oar in everything. 60
- NIGHTINGALE. It was intended, sir, as if a purse should chance to be cut in my presence, now, I

26 *pimp*: novice.

27 *squire*: pander.

30 *mess*: dining party (originally of four persons).

37 *How*: what.

57 *pictures*: coins, stamped with the king's picture.

- COKES. *Youth, youth, etc.* Where's this youth now? 135
 A man must call upon him, for his own good, and
 yet he will not appear. Look here, here's for him;
 (*He shows his purse*) handy-dandy, which hand
 will he have? On, I pray thee, with the rest. I do
 hear of him, but I cannot see him, this Master 140
 Youth, the cutpurse.
- NIGHTINGALE. *At plays and at sermons, and at the
 sessions,
 'Tis daily their practice such booty to make:
 Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
 They stick not the stare-about's purses to take.* 145
*Nay, one without grace,
 At a far better place,
 At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face.*
- (COKES. That was a fine fellow! I would have him
 now.) 150
*Alack then for pity, must I bear the curse,
 That only belongs to the cunning cutpurse?*
- COKES. But where's their cunning now, when they
 should use it? They are all chained now, I warrant 155
 you. *Youth, youth, thou hadst better, etc.* The
 rat-catchers' charms are all fools and asses to this!
 A pox on 'em, that they will not come! That a man
 should have such a desire to a thing and want it.
- QUARLOUS. 'Fore God, I'd give half the Fair, an'
 'twere mine, for a cutpurse for him, to save his 160
 longing.
- COKES. Look you, sister, here, here, where is't now?
 Which pocket is't in, for a wager?
He shows his purse again.
- WASP. I beseech you leave your wagers, and let him
 end his matter, an't may be. 165
- COKES. Oh, are you edified, Numps?
- OVERDO. [*aside*] Indeed, he does interrupt him too
 much. There Numps spoke to purpose.
- COKES. Sister, I am an ass, I cannot keep my purse?
 On, on, I pray thee, friend. 170
[He shows his purse] again.

138 *handy-dandy*: a children's game, of guessing in which hand an object is concealed.

155-6 *The ratcatcher's . . . this*: i.e. because it is less effective in removing rats than this is in scaring away cutpurses.

- NIGHTINGALE. *But O you vile
nation of cutpurses all,
Relent and repent, and amend and
be sound,
And know that you ought not, by
honest men's fall,
Advance your own fortunes,
to die above ground;* EDGWORTH
*gets up to
him, and
tickles him
in the ear
with a straw
twice to
draw his
hand out* 175
- (WINWIFE. Will you see sport? Look
there's a fellow gathers up to him, mark.)
(QUARLOUS. Good, i'faith! Oh, he has
lighted on the wrong pocket.) *of his
pocket.*
- And though you go gay,
In silks as you may,* 180
- It is not the highway to heaven, as they say.*
- (WINWIFE. He has it! 'Fore God, he is a brave fellow;
pity he should be detected.)
- Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse,
And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.* 185
- Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy
nurse,
Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.*
- ALL. An excellent ballad! An excellent ballad!
- EDGWORTH. Friend, let me ha'the first, let me ha'the
first, I pray you. 190
- COKES. Pardon me, sir. First come, first served; and
I'll buy the whole bundle too.
- WINWIFE. That conveyance was better than all, did
you see't? He has given the purse to the ballad-
singer. 195
- QUARLOUS. Has he?
- EDGWORTH. Sir, I cry you mercy; I'll not hinder the
poor man's profit: pray you, mistake me not.
- COKES. Sir, I take you for an honest gentleman, if
that be mistaking; I met you today afore. Ha! 200
- Humh! O God! My purse is gone, my purse, my
purse, etc.*
- WASP. Come, do not make a stir, and cry yourself an
ass thorough the Fair afore your time.
- COKES. Why, hast thou it, Numps? Good Numps, 205
- how came you by it? I mar'!*
- WASP. I pray you seek some other gamester, to play

- the fool with: you may lose it time enough, for all your Fair-wit.
- COKES. By this good hand, glove and all, I ha'lost it already, if thou hast it not; feel else. And Mistress Grace's handkercher, too, out o'the t'other pocket. 210
- WASP. Why, 'tis well; very well, exceeding pretty and well. 215
- EDGWORTH. Are you sure you ha'lost it, sir?
- COKES. O God! yes; as I am an honest man, I had it but e'en now, at 'Youth, youth'.
- NIGHTINGALE. I hope you suspect not me, sir.
- EDGWORTH. Thee! That were a jest indeed! Dost thou think the gentleman is foolish? Where hadst thou hands, I pray thee? [*Aside*] Away, ass, away. 220
[*Exit* NIGHTINGALE.]
- OVERDO. [*aside*] I shall be beaten again, if I be spied.
- EDGWORTH. Sir, I suspect an odd fellow, yonder, is stealing away. 225
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Brother, it is the preaching fellow! You shall suspect him. He was at your t'other purse, you know! – Nay, stay, sir, and view the work you ha'done. An' you be beneficed at the gallows and preach there, thank your own handiwork. 230
- COKES. Sir, you shall take no pride in your preferment: you shall be silenced quickly.
- OVERDO. What do you mean, sweet buds of gentility?
- COKES. To ha'my pennyworths out on you, bud! No less than two purses a day serve you? I thought you a simple fellow, when my man Numps beat you i'the morning, and pitied you – 235
- MISTRESS OVERDO. So did I, I'll be sworn, brother; but now I see he is a lewd and pernicious enormity, as Master Overdo calls him. 240
- OVERDO. [*aside*] Mine own words turned upon me, like swords.
- COKES. Cannot a man's purse be at quiet for you i'the master's pocket, but you must entice it forth, and debauch it? 245
- WASP. Sir, sir, keep your debauch, and your fine Bartholomew-terms to yourself, and make as

227 *shall*: ought to.

230 *preach there*: i.e. a repentance sermon.

much on 'em as you please. But gi'me this from
you i'the mean time: I beseech you, see if I can
look to this. 250

[*Tries to take the box.*]

COKES. Why, Numps?

WASP. Why? Because you are an ass, sir, there's a
reason the shortest way, an' you will needs ha'it.
Now you ha'got the trick of losing, you'd lose your
breach, an't 'twere loose. I know you, sir. Come,
deliver, 255

WASP takes the licence from him.

you'll go and crack the vermin you breed, now,
will you? 'Tis very fine! Will you ha'the truth on't?
They are such retchless flies as you are, that blow
cutpurses abroad in every corner; your foolish
having of money makes 'em. An' there were no
wiser than I, sir, the trade should lie open for you,
sir, it should i'faith, sir. I would teach your wit to
come to your head, sir, as well as your land to
come into your hand, I assure you, sir. 260

WINWIFE. Alack, good Numps.

WASP. Nay, gentlemen, never pity me, I am not
worth it. Lord send me at home once, to Harrow
o'the Hill again; if I travel any more, call me
Coriat, with all my heart. 265

[*Exeunt WASP, COKES,
MISTRESS OVERDO, with OVERDO.*]

QUARLOUS. Stay, sir, I must have a word with you in
private. Do you hear?

EDGWORTH. With me, sir? What's your pleasure,
good sir? 275

QUARLOUS. Do not deny it. You are a cutpurse, sir,
this gentleman here, and I, saw you; nor do we
mean to detect you (though we can sufficiently
inform ourselves toward the danger of concealing
you), but you must do us a piece of service. 280

EDGWORTH. Good gentlemen, do not undo me; I am
a civil young man, and but a beginner, indeed.

QUARLOUS. Sir, your beginning shall bring on your

258 *crack the vermin you breed*: punish the criminals bred by your own carelessness.

260 *retchless*: heedless.

262-3 *An' . . . you*: 'If I could have my way, you would be taught some trade.'

278 *detect*: inform on.

- ending, for us. We are no catchpoles nor constables. That you are to undertake is this: you saw the old fellow, with the black box, here? 285
- EDGWORTH. The little old governor, sir?
- QUARLOUS. That same. I see you have flown him to a mark already. I would ha'you get away that box from him, and bring it us. 290
- EDGWORTH. Would you ha'the box and all, sir? Or only that, that is in't? I'll get you that, and leave him the box to play with still (which will be the harder o'the two), because I would gain your worships' good opinion of me. 295
- WINWIFE. He says well; 'tis the greater mastery, and 'twill make the more sport when 'tis missed.
- EDGWORTH. Ay, and 'twill be the longer a-missing, to draw on the sport.
- QUARLOUS. But look you do it now, sirrah, and keep your word, or – 300
- EDGWORTH. Sir, if ever I break my word with a gentleman, may I never read word at my need. Where shall I find you?
- QUARLOUS. Somewhere i'the Fair, hereabouts. 305
Dispatch it quickly.
- [Exit EDGWORTH.]
- I would fain see the careful fool deluded! Of all beasts, I love the serious ass: he that takes pains to be one, and plays the fool with the greatest diligence that can be. 310
- GRACE. Then you would not choose, sir, but love my guardian, Justice Overdo, who is answerable to that description in every hair of him.
- QUARLOUS. So I have heard. But how came you, Mistress Wellborn, to be his ward, or have relation to him, at first? 315
- GRACE. Faith, through a common calamity: he bought me, sir; and now he will marry me to his wife's brother, this wise gentleman that you see, or else I must pay value o'my land. 320

284 *catchpoles*: sheriff's officers.

288-9 *flown him to a mark*: marked him out.

303 *word*: his neck verse (see I.iv.8-9).

307 *careful*: painstaking. Wasp, Busy and Overdo are the play's careful fools, as opposed to simple fools such as Littlewit and Cokes.

314-20 see Additional Note, p. 530 below.

- QUARLOUS. 'Slid, is there no device of
disparagement, or so? Talk with some crafty
fellow, some picklock o'the law! Would I had
studied a year longer i'the Inns of Court, an't had
been but i'your case. 325
- WINWIFE. [*aside*] Ay, Master Quarlous, are you
proffering?
- GRACE. You'd bring but little aid, sir.
- WINWIFE. [*aside*] I'll look to you i'faith, gamester. –
An unfortunate foolish tribe you are fallen into, 330
lady; I wonder you can endure 'em.
- GRACE. Sir, they that cannot work their fetters off
must wear 'em.
- WINWIFE. You see what care they have on you, to
leave you thus. 335
- GRACE. Faith, the same they have of themselves, sir.
I cannot greatly complain, if this were all the plea
I had against 'em.
- WINWIFE. 'Tis true! But will you please to withdraw
with us a little, and make them think they have lost 340
you. I hope our manners ha'been such hitherto,
and our language, as will give you no cause to
doubt yourself in our company.
- GRACE. Sir, I will give myself no cause; I am so secure
of mine own manners, as I suspect not yours. 345
- QUARLOUS. Look where John Littlewit comes.
- WINWIFE. Away, I'll not be seen by him.
- QUARLOUS. No, you were not best; he'd tell his
mother, the widow.
- WINWIFE. Heart, what do you mean? 350
- QUARLOUS. Cry you mercy, is the wind there? Must
not the widow be named?
[*Exeunt* GRACE, WINWIFE and QUARLOUS.]

325 *i'your case*: possibly a bawdy quibble is intended.

327 *proffering*: making advances.

343 *doubt*: fear.

344 *secure*: confident.

SCENE VI

[Enter] LITTLEWIT [and] WIN.

[LITTLEWIT.] Do you hear, Win, Win?

WIN. What say you, John?

LITTLEWIT. While they are paying the reckoning,
 Win, I'll tell you a thing, Win: we shall never see
 any sights i'the Fair, Win, except you long still, 5
 Win: good Win, sweet Win, long to see some
 hobby-horses, and some drums, and rattles, and
 dogs, and fine devices, Win. The bull with the five
 legs, Win; and the great hog: now you ha'begun
 with pig, you may long for anything, Win, and so 10
 for my motion, Win.

WIN. But we sha'not eat o'the bull and the hog, John;
 how shall I long then?

LITTLEWIT. Oh, yes, Win! You may long to see, as
 well as to taste, Win. How did the pothecary's 15
 wife, Win, that longed to see the anatomy, Win?
 Or the lady, Win, that desired to spit i'the great
 lawyer's mouth after an eloquent pleading? I
 assure you they longed, Win; good Win, go in and
 long. 20

[Exeunt LITTLEWIT and WIN.]

TRASH. I think we are rid of our new customer,
 brother Leatherhead, we shall hear no more of
 him.

They plot to be gone.

LEATHERHEAD. All the better. Let's pack up all and
 be gone, before he find us. 25

TRASH. Stay a little, yonder comes a company: it may
 be we may take some more money.

[Enter] KNOCKEM [and] BUSY.

KNOCKEM. Sir, I will take your counsel, and cut my
 hair, and leave vapours: I see that tobacco, and
 bottle-ale, and pig, and Whit, and very Ursla 30
 herself, is all vanity.

BUSY. Only pig was not comprehended in my
 admonition, the rest were. For long hair, it is an
 ensign of pride, a banner, and the world is full of
 those banners, very full of banners. And bottle-ale 35

is a drink of Satan's, a diet-drink of Satan's,
 devised to puff us up, and make us swell in this
 latter age of vanity, as the smoke of tobacco, to
 keep us in mist and error. But the fleshly woman,
 which you call Ursula, is above all to be avoided, 40
 having the marks upon her of the three enemies of
 man: the world, as being in the Fair; the devil, as
 being in the fire; and the flesh, as being herself.

[Enter] PURECRAFT.

PURECRAFT. Brother Zeal-of-the-land! What shall
 we do? My daughter Win-the-fight is fallen into 45
 her fit of longing again.

BUSY. For more pig? There is no more, is there?

PURECRAFT. To see some sights, i'the Fair.

BUSY. Sister, let her fly the impurity of the place,
 swiftly, lest she partake of the pitch thereof. Thou 50
 art the seat of the Beast, O Smithfield, and I will
 leave thee. Idolatry peepeth out on every side of
 thee.

KNOCKEM. An excellent right hypocrite! Now his
 belly is full, he falls a-railing and kicking, the jade. 55
 A very good vapour! I'll in, and joy Ursula, with
 telling how her pig works; two and a half he ate to
 his share. And he has drunk a pailful. He eats with
 his eyes, as well as his teeth. [Exit.]

LEATHERHEAD. What do you lack, gentlemen? 60

What is't you buy? Rattles, drums, babies –

BUSY. Peace, with thy apocryphal wares, thou
 profane publican: thy Bels, thy dragons, and thy
 Toby's dogs. Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a very
 idol, a fierce and rank idol; and thou the 65
 Nebuchadnezzar, the proud Nebuchadnezzar of

36 *diet-drink*: medicine.

38 *latter age*: alluding to the millenarian belief that the world was about to end.

51 *Beast*: in the book of Revelation, the symbol of Antichrist and his power.

62 *apocryphal*: spurious (alluding to the Puritan rejection of the Apocrypha).

63 *publican*: heathen, excommunicate.

63–4 *Bels . . . dragons . . . Toby's dogs*: all of which feature in the Apocrypha (*Toby* = Tobit).

66 *Nebuchadnezzar*: who forced his people to worship an idol in Babylon (Daniel 3).

the Fair, that sett'st it up, for children to fall down to and worship.

LEATHERHEAD. Cry you mercy, sir, will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise? 70

[*Enter LITTLEWIT and WIN.*]

LITTLEWIT. Look, Win, do look o'God's name, and save your longing. Here be fine sights.

PURECRAFT. Ay, child, so you hate 'em, as our brother Zeal does, you may look on 'em.

LEATHERHEAD. Or what do you say to a drum, sir? 75

BUSY. It is the broken belly of the Beast, and thy bellows there are his lungs, and these pipes are his throat, those feathers are of his tail, and thy rattles the gnashing of his teeth.

TRASH. And what's my gingerbread, I pray you? 80

BUSY. The provender that pricks him up. Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work.

LEATHERHEAD. Sir, if you be not quiet the quicker, I'll ha'you clapped fairly by the heels, for disturbing the Fair. 85

BUSY. The sin of the Fair provokes me, I cannot be silent.

PURECRAFT. Good brother Zeal!

LEATHERHEAD. Sir, I'll make you silent, believe it. 90

LITTLEWIT. I'd give a shilling you could, i'faith, friend.

LEATHERHEAD. Sir, give me your shilling. I'll give you my shop if I do not, and I'll leave it in pawn with you i'the meantime. 95

LITTLEWIT. A match, i'faith; but do it quickly then.

[*Exit LEATHERHEAD.*]

BUSY. (*he speaks to the widow*) Hinder me not, woman. I was moved in spirit, to be here this day, in this Fair, this wicked, and foul Fair – and fitter may it be called a foul, than a Fair – to protest against the abuses of it, the foul abuses of it, in regard of the afflicted Saints, that are troubled, very much troubled, exceedingly troubled, with 100

81 *pricks . . . up*: stimulates.

82–3 *popery . . . images . . . legend*: Busy sees in the gingerbread shapes a survival of the saints' images and legends which had been purged from the reformed churches.

102 *Saints*: the Puritan elect.

- the opening of the merchandise of Babylon again,
and the peeping of popery upon the stalls here, 105
here in the high places. See you not Goldilocks,
the purple strumpet, there? In her yellow gown,
and green sleeves? The profane pipes, the tinkling
timbrels? A shop of relics!
- LITTLEWIT. Pray you forbear, I am put in trust with 110
'em.
- BUSY. And this idolatrous grove of images, this
flasket of idols! which I will pull down –
Overthrows the gingerbread.
- TRASH. Oh my ware, my ware, God bless it!
- BUSY. – in my zeal and glory to be thus exercised. 115
- LEATHERHEAD *enters with officers.*
- LEATHERHEAD. Here he is, pray you lay hold on his
zeal; we cannot sell a whistle, for him, in tune.
Stop his noise, first!
- BUSY. Thou canst not, 'tis a sanctified noise. I will
make a loud and most strong noise, till I have 120
daunted the profane enemy. And for this cause –
- LEATHERHEAD. Sir, here's no man afraid of you, or
your cause. You shall swear it i'the stocks, sir.
- BUSY. I will thrust myself into the stocks, upon the
pikes of the land. 125
- LEATHERHEAD. Carry him away.
- PURECRAFT. What do you mean, wicked men?
- BUSY. Let them alone; I fear them not.
*[Exeunt officers with BUSY,
followed by PURECRAFT.]*
- LITTLEWIT. Was not this shilling well ventured,
Win, for our liberty? Now we may go play, and 130
see over the Fair, where we list, ourselves. My
mother is gone after him, and let her e'en go, and
loose us.
- WIN. Yes John, but I know not what to do.
- LITTLEWIT. For what, Win? 135
- WIN. For a thing I am ashamed to tell you, i'faith,
and 'tis too far to go home.
- LITTLEWIT. I pray thee be not ashamed, Win. Come,
i'faith thou shall not be ashamed. Is it anything
about the hobby-horse man? An't be, speak freely. 140

113 *flasket*: long shallow basket.

124–5 *I will thrust . . . land*: i.e. as a martyr.

- WIN. Hang him, base bobchin, I scorn him. No, I have a very great, what-sha'-call-um, John.
- LITTLEWIT. Oh! Is that all, Win? We'll go back to Captain Jordan, to the pig-woman's, Win. He'll help us, or she with a dripping-pan, or an old kettle, or something. The poor greasy soul loves you, Win; and after, we'll visit the Fair all over, Win, and see my puppet play, Win, you know it's a fine matter, Win. 145
- [*Exeunt* LITTLEWIT and WIN.]
- LEATHERHEAD. Let's away. I counselled you to pack up afore, Joan. 150
- TRASH. A pox of his Bedlam purity! He has spoiled half my ware; but the best is, we lose nothing if we miss our first merchant.
- LEATHERHEAD. It shall be hard for him to find or know us, when we are translated, Joan. 155
- [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

[*Enter*] TROUBLE-ALL, BRISTLE, HAGGIS, COKES [*and*] OVERDO.

- [TROUBLE-ALL.] My masters, I do make no doubt but you are officers.
- BRISTLE. What then, sir?
- TROUBLE-ALL. And the King's loving and obedient subjects. 5
- BRISTLE. Obedient, friend? Take heed what you speak, I advise you: Oliver Bristle advises you. His loving subjects, we grant you: but not his obedient, at this time, by your leave. We know ourselves a little better than so; we are to command, sir, and such as you are to be obedient. Here's one of his 10

154 *merchant*: customer.

156 *translated*: moved, or disguised.

7 *Oliver*: a slip by Jonson; named Davy at III.i.9.

- obedient subjects, going to the stocks, and we'll make you such another, if you talk.
- TRouble-ALL. You are all wise enough i' your places, I know. 15
- BRISTLE. If you know it, sir, why do you bring it in question?
- TRouble-ALL. I question nothing, pardon me. I do only hope you have warrant for what you do, and so, quit you, and so, multiply you. 20
- He goes away again.*
- HAGGIS. What's he? – Bring him up to the stocks there. Why bring you him not up?
- [TRouble-ALL] *comes again.*
- TRouble-ALL. If you have Justice Overdo's warrant, 'tis well, you are safe; that is the warrant of warrants. I'll not give this button for any man's warrant else. 25
- BRISTLE. Like enough, sir; but let me tell you, an' you play away your buttons thus, you will want 'em ere night, for any store I see about you. You might keep 'em, and save pins, I wusse. 30
- [TRouble-ALL] *goes away.*
- OVERDO. [*aside*] What should he be, that doth so esteem and advance my warrant? He seems a sober and discreet person! It is a comfort to a good conscience, to be followed with a good fame in his sufferings. The world will have a pretty taste by this, how I can bear adversity: and it will beget a kind of reverence toward me, hereafter, even from mine enemies, when they shall see I carry my calamity nobly, and that it doth neither break me nor bend me. 35
- HAGGIS. Come, sir, here's a place for you to preach in. Will you put in your leg? 40
- They put him in the stocks.*
- OVERDO. That I will, cheerfully.
- BRISTLE. O' my conscience, a seminary! He kisses the stocks. 45
- COKES. Well, my masters, I'll leave him with you. Now I see him bestowed, I'll go look for my goods, and Numps.

20 *quit you . . . you*: God absolve you and increase your family.

29 *store*: supply.

44 *seminary*: see II.i.41 n.

HAGGIS. You may, sir, I warrant you. Where's the
t'other bawler? Fetch him too; you shall find 'em
both fast enough. 50

[Exit COKES.]

OVERDO. [*aside*] In the midst of this tumult, I will yet
be the author of mine own rest, and, not minding
their fury, sit in the stocks in that calm as shall be
able to trouble a triumph. 55

[TROUBLE-ALL] *comes again.*

TROUBLE-ALL. Do you assure me upon your words?
May I undertake for you, if I be asked the
question, that you have this warrant?

HAGGIS. What's this fellow, for God's sake?

TROUBLE-ALL. Do but show me 'Adam Overdo',
and I am satisfied. 60

Goes out.

BRISTLE. He is a fellow that is distracted, they say,
one Trouble-all. He was an officer in the court of
Pie Powders here last year, and put out on his
place by Justice Overdo. 65

OVERDO. [*aside*] Ha!

BRISTLE. Upon which, he took an idle conceit, and's
run mad upon't, so that, ever since, he will do
nothing but by Justice Overdo's warrant. He will
not eat a crust, nor drink a little, nor make him in
his apparel ready. His wife, sir-reverence, cannot
get him make his water, or shift his shirt, without
his warrant. 70

OVERDO. [*aside*] If this be true, this is my greatest
disaster! How am I bound to satisfy this poor man,
that is, of so good a nature to me, out of his wits,
where there is no room left for dissembling! 75

[TROUBLE-ALL] *comes in.*

TROUBLE-ALL. If you cannot show me 'Adam
Overdo', I am in doubt of you: I am afraid you
cannot answer it. 80

Goes again.

HAGGIS. Before me, neighbour Bristle, and now I
think on't better, Justice Overdo is a very
parantory person.

55 *trouble*: mar.

64 *on*: of.

67 *idle conceit*: foolish fancy.

80 *answer*: justify.

83 *parantory*: peremptory (a malapropism).

- BRISTLE. Oh! are you advised of that? And a severe
justicer, by your leave. 85
- OVERDO. [*aside*] Do I hear ill o'that side, too?
- BRISTLE. He will sit as upright o'the bench, an' you
mark him, as a candle i'the socket, and give light to
the whole court in every business.
- HAGGIS. But he will burn blue, and swell like a boil, 90
God bless us, an' he be angry.
- BRISTLE. Ay, and he will be angry too, when him list,
that's more; and when he is angry, be it right or
wrong, he has the law on's side ever. Ay, mark
that too. 95
- OVERDO. [*aside*] I will be more tender hereafter. I
see compassion may become a Justice, though it
be a weakness, I confess, and nearer a vice than a
virtue.
- HAGGIS. Well, take him out o'the stocks again. We'll 100
go a sure way to work; we'll ha'the ace of hearts of
our side if we can.
- They take the Justice out.*
- [*Enter*] POCHER, BUSY [*and*] PURECRAFT.
- POCHER. Come, bring him away to his fellow there.
Master Busy, we shall rule your legs, I hope,
though we cannot rule your tongue. 105
- BUSY. No, minister of darkness, no, thou canst not
rule my tongue. My tongue it is mine own, and
with it I will both knock, and mock down your
Bartholomew-abominations, till you be made a
hissing to the neighbour parishes round about. 110
- HAGGIS. Let him alone, we have devised better on't.
- PURECRAFT. And shall he not into the stocks then?
- BRISTLE. No, mistress, we'll have 'em both to Justice
Overdo, and let him do over 'em as is fitting. Then
I, and my gossip Haggis, and my beadle Pocher are 115
discharged.
- PURECRAFT. Oh, I thank you, blessed, honest men!
- BRISTLE. Nay, never thank us, but thank this
madman that comes here; he put it in our heads.

84 *advised*: aware.90 *burn blue*: a blue tint to candlelight was believed to be an ill omen.92 *him list*: it pleases him.101-2 *of our side*: on our side.116 *discharged*: freed from responsibility.

[TROUBLE-ALL] *comes again.*

PURECRAFT. Is he mad? Now heaven increase his
madness, and bless it, and thank it! Sir, your poor
handmaid thanks you. 120

TROUBLE-ALL. Have you a warrant? An' you have a
warrant, show it.

PURECRAFT. Yes, I have a warrant out of the Word,
to give thanks for removing any scorn intended to
the brethren. 125

TROUBLE-ALL. It is Justice Overdo's warrant that I
look for. If you have not that, keep your word, I'll
keep mine. Quit ye, and multiply ye. 130

[*Exeunt all but TROUBLE-ALL.*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] EDGORTH [*and*] NIGHTINGALE.

[EDGORTH.] Come away, Nightingale, I pray thee.

TROUBLE-ALL. Whither go you? Where's your
warrant?

EDGORTH. Warrant for what, sir?

TROUBLE-ALL. For what you go about; you know
how fit it is. An' you have no warrant, bless you,
I'll pray for you, that's all I can do. *Goes out.* 5

EDGORTH. What means he?

NIGHTINGALE. A madman that haunts the Fair; do
you not know him? It's marvel he has not more
followers after his ragged heels. 10

EDGORTH. Beshrew him, he startled me: I thought
he had known of our plot. Guilt's a terrible thing!
Ha'you prepared the costermonger?

NIGHTINGALE. Yes, and agreed for his basket of
pears; he is at the corner here, ready. And your
prize, he comes down, sailing that way all alone,
without his protector; he is rid of him, it seems. 15

EDGORTH. Ay, I know. I should ha'followed his
protectorship for a feat I am to do upon him, but
this offered itself so i'the way, I could not let it 20

125 *the Word*: the Bible.

15 *agreed*: i.e. a price.

'scape. Here he comes, whistle. Be this sport called 'Dorring the dottrel'.

[Enter] COKES.

NIGHTINGALE. (*whistles*) Wh, wh, wh, wh, etc.

[Enter] COSTERMONGER.

COKES. By this light, I cannot find my gingerbread-wife, nor my hobby-horse man in all the Fair, now, to ha' my money again. And I do not know the way out on't, to go home for more. Do you hear, friend, you that whistle, what tune is that you whistle? 25

NIGHTINGALE. A new tune I am practising, sir.

COKES. Dost thou know where I dwell, I pray thee?

Nay, on with thy tune, I ha' no such haste for an answer. I'll practise with thee.

COSTERMONGER. Buy any pears, very fine pears, pears fine. 35

NIGHTINGALE *sets his foot afore him, and he falls with his basket.*

COKES. God's so! A muss, a muss, a muss, a muss.

COSTERMONGER. Good gentleman, my ware, my ware! I am a poor man. Good sir, my ware.

NIGHTINGALE. Let me hold your sword, sir, it troubles you. 40

COKES. Do, and my cloak, an' thou wilt; and my hat, too.

COKES *falls a-scrambling whilst they run away with his things.*

EDGORTH. A delicate great boy! Methinks he out-scrambles 'em all. I cannot persuade myself but he goes to grammar school yet, and plays the truant today. 45

NIGHTINGALE. Would he had another purse to cut, Zekiel.

EDGORTH. Purse? A man might cut out his kidneys, I think, and he never feel 'em, he is so earnest at the sport. 50

NIGHTINGALE. His soul is half-way out on's body at the game.

23 *Dorring the dottrel*: fooling the simpleton. The dottrel (a kind of plover) was proverbially easy to catch.

37 *muss*: scramble.

EDGWORTH. Away, Nightingale; that way! 55

[Exit NIGHTINGALE.]

COKES. I think I am furnished for Catherine-pears,
for one undermeal. Gi'me my cloak.

COSTERMONGER. Good gentleman, give me my
ware.

COKES. Where's the fellow I ga'my cloak to? my 60
cloak? and my hat? Ha! God's lid, is he gone?
Thieves, thieves! Help me to cry, gentlemen.

He runs out.

EDGWORTH. Away, Costermonger, come to us to
Ursla's.

[Exit COSTERMONGER.]

Talk of him to have a soul? 'Heart, if he have any 65
more than a thing given him instead of salt, only to
keep him from stinking, I'll be hanged afore my
time, presently. Where should it be, trow? In his

blood? He has not so much to'ard it in his whole
body as will maintain a good flea; and if he take 70
this course, he will not ha'so much land left as to
rear a calf within this twelve month. Was there

ever green plover so pulled? That his little
overseer had been here now, and been but tall
enough to see him steal pears in exchange for his 75
beaver-hat and his cloak, thus! I must go find him

out next, for his black box, and his patent (it
seems) he has of his place, which I think the
gentleman would have a reversion of, that spoke
to me for it so earnestly. [Exit.] 80

[COKES] comes again.

COKES. Would I might lose my doublet, and hose,
too, as I am an honest man, and never stir, if I think
there be anything but thieving and cozening i'this
whole Fair. Bartholomew Fair, quoth he! An' ever
any Bartholomew had that luck in't that I have 85
had, I'll be martyred for him, and in Smithfield
too. I ha'paid for my pears; a rot on 'em, I'll keep

57 *undermeal*: afternoon meal.

73 *pulled*: plucked.

77 *patent*: document conferring an office. Edgworth supposes that Quarlous wishes to steal Wasp's entitlement to his governorship, and have the *reversion* (the right of succeeding) to himself.

86 *Smithfield*: many of the Protestant martyrs under Mary Tudor were burned at Smithfield.

'em no longer. (*Throws away his pears*) You were choke-pears to me; I had been better ha'gone to mumchance for you, I wusse. Methinks the Fair should not have used me thus, an' 'twere but for my name's sake; I would not ha'used a dog o'the name so. Oh, Numps will triumph now! 90

TROUBLE-ALL *comes again.*

Friend, do you know who I am? Or where I lie? I do not myself, I'll be sworn. Do but carry me home, and I'll please thee; I ha'money enough there. I ha'lost myself, and my cloak and my hat; and my fine sword, and my sister, and Numps, and Mistress Grace (a gentlewoman that I should ha'married), and a cut-work handkercher she ga'me, and two purses today. And my bargain o'hobby-horses and gingerbread, which grieves me worst of all. 95 100

TROUBLE-ALL. By whose warrant, sir, have you done all this? 105

COKES. Warrant? Thou art a wise fellow indeed – as if a man need a warrant to lose anything with.

TROUBLE-ALL. Yes, Justice Overdo's warrant a man may get and lose with, I'll stand to't.

COKES. Justice Overdo? Dost thou know him? I lie there, he is my brother-in-law, he married my sister: pray thee show me the way, dost thou know the house? 110

TROUBLE-ALL. Sir, show me your warrant; I know nothing without a warrant, pardon me. 115

COKES. Why, I warrant thee. Come along, thou shalt see I have wrought pillows there, and cambric sheets, and sweet bags too. Pray thee guide me to the house.

TROUBLE-ALL. Sir, I'll tell you: go you thither yourself, first, alone; tell your worshipful brother your mind; and but bring me three lines of his hand, or his clerk's, with 'Adam Overdo' 120

89 *choke-pears*: coarse variety of pears; a severe reproof.

90 *mumchance*: a dicing game.

94 *lie*: lodge (Cokes is temporarily up in town from the country).

95 *carry*: escort.

117 *wrought*: embroidered.

118 *sweet bags*: bags of herbs, to perfume the linen.

underneath. Here I'll stay you; I'll obey you, and
 I'll guide you presently. 125
 COKES. [*aside*] 'Slid, this is an ass, I ha'found him.
 Pox upon me, what do I talking to such a dull fool?
 – Farewell. You are a very coxcomb, do you hear?
 TROUBLE-ALL. I think I am. If Justice Overdo sign
 to it, I am, and so we are all; he'll quit us all, 130
 multiply us all.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III

[*Enter*] GRACE, [*and*] QUARLOUS [*and*]
 WINWIFE *with their swords drawn.*

[GRACE.] Gentlemen, this is no way that you take:
 you do but breed one another trouble and offence,
 and give me no contentment at all. I am no she that
 affects to be quarrelled for, or have my name or
 fortune made the question of men's swords. 5
 QUARLOUS. 'Slood, we love you.
 GRACE. If you both love me, as you pretend, your
 own reason will tell you but one can enjoy me; and
 to that point, there leads a directer line than by my
 infamy, which must follow if you fight. 'Tis true (I 10
 have professed it to you ingenuously) that rather
 than to be yoked with this bridegroom is appointed
 me, I would take up any husband, almost, upon
 any trust – though subtlety would say to me (I
 know) he is a fool, and has an estate, and I might 15
 govern him, and enjoy a friend beside. But these
 are not my aims; I must have a husband I must
 love, or I cannot live with him. I shall ill make one
 of these politic wives!
 WINWIFE. Why, if you can like either of us, lady, say 20
 which is he, and the other shall swear instantly to
 desist.
 QUARLOUS. Content, I accord to that willingly.
 GRACE. Sure you think me a woman of an extreme

126 *found him*: found him out.

4 *affects*: aspires, likes.

16 *friend*: lover.

19 *politic*: scheming.

- levity, gentlemen, or a strange fancy, that, meeting
 you by chance in such a place as this, both at one
 instant, and not yet of two hours' acquaintance,
 neither of you deserving afore the other of me, I
 should so forsake my modesty (though I might
 affect one more particularly) as to say, 'This is he',
 and name him. 25
- QUARLOUS. Why, wherefore should you not? What
 should hinder you? 30
- GRACE. If you would not give it to my modesty, allow
 it yet to my wit; give me so much of woman, and
 cunning, as not to betray myself impertinently. 35
 How can I judge of you, so far as to a choice,
 without knowing you more? You are both equal
 and alike to me, yet: and so indifferently affected
 by me, as each of you might be the man, if the other
 were away. For you are reasonable creatures, you
 have understanding and discourse; and if Fate
 send me an understanding husband, I have no fear
 at all but mine own manners shall make him a good
 one. 40 45
- QUARLOUS. Would I were put forth to making for
 you, then.
- GRACE. It may be you are; you know not what's
 toward you. Will you consent to a motion of mine,
 gentlemen? 50
- WINWIFE. Whatever it be, we'll presume reasonable-
 ness, coming from you.
- QUARLOUS. And fitness, too.
- GRACE. I saw one of you buy a pair of tables, e'en
 now. 55
- WINWIFE. Yes, here they be, and maiden ones, too,
 unwritten in.
- GRACE. The fitter for what they may be employed in.
 You shall write, either of you, here, a word, or a
 name – what you like best – but of two or three 60

36 *cunning*: knowledge (of the world).

impertinently: unsuitably.

39 *indifferently*: impartially.

42 *discourse*: rationality.

46 *put forth to making*: apprenticed to be trained (Hibbard).

49 *toward*: in store for.

motion: proposal.

54 *tables*: writing-tablets.

59 *either*: each.

60 *what*: whichever.

- syllables at most; and the next person that comes this way (because Destiny has a high hand in business of this nature) I'll demand which of the two words he or she doth approve; and according to that sentence, fix my resolution and affection, without change. 65
- QUARLOUS. Agreed, my word is conceived already.
- WINWIFE. And mine shall not be long creating after.
- GRACE. But you shall promise, gentlemen, not to be curious to know which of you it is, is taken; but give me leave to conceal that till you have brought me either home, or where I may safely tender myself. 70
- WINWIFE. Why, that's but equal.
- QUARLOUS. We are pleased. 75
- GRACE. Because I will bind both your endeavours to work together, friendly and jointly, each to the other's fortune, and have myself fitted with some means to make him that is forsaken a part of amends. 80
- QUARLOUS. These conditions are very courteous. Well, my word is out of the *Arcadia*, then: 'Argalus'.
- WINWIFE. And mine out of the play: 'Palamon'.
- TROUBLE-ALL *comes again*.
- TROUBLE-ALL. Have you any warrant for this, gentlemen? 85
- QUARLOUS, WINWIFE. Ha!
- TROUBLE-ALL. There must be a warrant had, believe it.
- WINWIFE. For what? 90
- TROUBLE-ALL. For whatsoever it is, anything indeed, no matter what.
- QUARLOUS. 'Slight, here's a fine ragged prophet, dropped down i'the nick!
- TROUBLE-ALL. Heaven quit you, gentlemen. 95

72 *tender*: offer.

74 *equal*: fair.

83 *Argalus*: a heroic knight, lover of Parthenia, in Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (c. 1580).

84 *Palamon*: from *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1613), by Shakespeare and Fletcher; a rival with his cousin Arcite for the same lady. Jonson is parodying the romantic 'tales and tempests' which he criticised in the Induction (150-1).

- QUARLOUS. Nay, stay a little. Good lady, put him to the question.
- GRACE. You are content, then?
- WINWIFE, QUARLOUS. Yes, yes.
- GRACE. Sir, here are two names written – 100
- TROUBLE-ALL. Is Justice Overdo one?
- GRACE. How, sir? I pray you, read 'em to yourself – it is for a wager between these gentlemen – and, with a stroke or any difference, mark which you approve best. 105
- TROUBLE-ALL. They may be both worshipful names for aught I know, mistress, but Adam Overdo had been worth three of 'em, I assure you, in this place; that's in plain English.
- GRACE. This man amazes me! I pray you, like one of 'em, sir. 110
- TROUBLE-ALL. I do like him there, that has the best warrant. Mistress, to save your longing, and multiply him, it may be this. But I am I still for Justice Overdo, that's my conscience. And quit you. 115
[Exit.]
- WINWIFE. Is't done, lady?
- GRACE. Ay, and strangely as ever I saw! What fellow is this, trow?
- QUARLOUS. No matter what, a fortune-teller we ha' made him. Which is't, which is't? 120
- GRACE. Nay, did you not promise not to enquire?
- [Enter] EDGWORTH.
- QUARLOUS. 'Slid, I forgot that, pray you pardon me. Look, here's our Mercury come: the licence arrives i'the finest time, too! 'Tis but scraping out Cokes his name, and 'tis done. 125
- WINWIFE. How now, lime-twig? Hast thou touched?
- EDGWORTH. Not yet, sir. Except you would go with me and see't, it's not worth speaking on. The act is nothing, without a witness. Yonder he is, your man with the box, fallen into the finest company, and so transported with vapours. They ha' got in a northern clothier, and one Puppy, a western man, 130

104 *difference*: distinguishing mark.

115 *conscience*: conviction.

124 *Mercury*: god of thieves.

127 *lime-twig*: twig smeared with lime (to catch birds).

133 *western*: West Country; from Cornwall or Devon.

- that's come to wrestle before my Lord Mayor
anon, and Captain Whit, and one Val Cutting, 135
that helps Captain Jordan to roar, a circling boy;
with whom your Numps is so taken, that you may
strip him of his clothes, if you will. I'll undertake to
geld him for you, if you had but a surgeon ready,
to sear him. And Mistress Justice, there, is the 140
goodest woman! She does so love 'em all over, in
terms of justice and the style of authority, with her
hood upright – that I beseech you come away,
gentlemen, and see't.
- QUARLOUS. 'Slight, I would not lose it for the Fair. 145
What'll you do, Ned?
- WINWIFE. Why, stay hereabout for you; Mistress
Wellborn must not be seen.
- QUARLOUS. Do so, and find out a priest i'the
meantime; I'll bring the licence. [*To EDGWORTH*] 150
Lead, which way is't?
- EDGWORTH. Here, sir, you are o'the backside o'the
booth already, you may hear the noise.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV

[*Enter*] KNOCKEM, NORTHERN, PUPPY,
CUTTING, WHIT, WASP [*and*] MISTRESS
OVERDO.

- [KNOCKEM.] Whit, bid Val Cutting continue the
vapours for a lift, Whit, for a lift.
- NORTHERN. I'll ne mare, I'll ne mare, the eale's too
meeghty.
- KNOCKEM. How now, my Galloway nag, the 5
stagers? Ha! Whit, gi'him a slit i'the forehead.
Cheer up, man, a needle and thread to stitch his

134 *wrestle*: a wrestling match in the presence of the lord mayor was always staged on the first afternoon of Bartholomew Fair.

136 *circling boy*: meaning unclear; a cheat? Cutting uses a circle as a means of picking a quarrel with Quarulous at IV.iv.152–63.

140 *sear*: cauterise.

2 *lift*: trick, theft.

3 a Jacobean version of stage Scots.

5 *Galloway nag*: a Scottish breed of horses, small and tough.

6 *stagers*: dizziness in horses (to which Knockem proposes remedies).

ears. I'd cure him now, an' I had it, with a little butter, and garlic, long-pepper, and grains.

Where's my horn? I'll gi' him a mash, presently, shall take away this dizziness. 10

PUPPY. Why, where are you, zurs? Do you vlinch, and leave us i'the zuds, now?

NORTHERN. I'll ne mare, I's e'en as vull as a paiper's bag, by my troth, I. 15

PUPPY. Do my northern cloth zhrink i'the wetting, ha?

KNOCKEM. Why, well said, old flea-bitten, thou'lt never tire, I see.

They fall to their vapours again.

CUTTING. No, sir, but he may tire, if it please him. 20

WHIT. Who told dee sho? that he vuld never teer, man?

CUTTING. No matter who told him so, so long as he knows.

KNOCKEM. Nay, I know nothing, sir, pardon me there. 25

[Enter] EDGWORTH [and] QUARLOUS.

EDGWORTH. They are at it still, sir, this they call vapours.

WHIT. He shall not pardon dee, Captain, dou shalt not be pardoned. Predee shweetheart, do not pardon him. 30

CUTTING. 'Slight, I'll pardon him, an' I list, whosoever says nay to't.

QUARLOUS. Where's Numps? I miss him.

WASP. Why, I say nay to't. 35

QUARLOUS. Oh there he is!

KNOCKEM. To what do you say nay, sir?

Here they continue their game of vapours, which is nonsense: every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concerned him or no.

9 *long-pepper*: very strong variety of pepper.

grains: refuse of malt.

10 *horn*: flask.

mash: mixture of boiled grain and meal; a warm horse-food.

13 *i'the zuds*: in difficulty.

14 *paiper's*: piper's.

18-19 *flea-bitten . . . tire*: proverbial (a flea-bitten horse never tires).

- WASP. To anything, whatsoever it is, so long as I do not like it.
- WHIT. Pardon me, little man, dou musht like it a little. 40
- CUTTING. No, he must not like it at all, sir; there you are i'the wrong.
- WHIT. I tink I be; he musht not like it, indeed.
- CUTTING. Nay, then he both must and will like it, sir, for all you. 45
- KNOCKEM. If he have reason, he may like it, sir.
- WHIT. By no meansh, Captain, upon reason, he may like nothing upon reason.
- WASP. I have no reason, nor I will hear of no reason, nor I will look for no reason, and he is an ass that either knows any, or looks for't from me. 50
- CUTTING. Yes, in some sense you may have reason, sir.
- WASP. Ay, in some sense, I care not if I grant you. 55
- WHIT. Pardon me, thou ougsh to grant him nothing, in no shensh, if dou do love dyshelf, angry man.
- WASP. Why then, I do grant him nothing; and I have no sense.
- CUTTING. 'Tis true, thou hast no sense indeed. 60
- WASP. 'Slid, but I have sense, now I think on't better, and I will grant him anything, do you see?
- KNOCKEM. He is i'the right, and does utter a sufficient vapour.
- CUTTING. Nay, it is no sufficient vapour neither, I deny that. 65
- KNOCKEM. Then it is a sweet vapour.
- CUTTING. It may be a sweet vapour.
- WASP. Nay, it is no sweet vapour, neither, sir, it stinks, and I'll stand to't. 70
- WHIT. Yes, I tink it dosh shtink, Captain. All vapour dosh shtink.
- WASP. Nay, then it does not stink, sir, and it shall not stink.
- CUTTING. By your leave, it may, sir. 75
- WASP. Ay, by my leave, it may stink, I know that.
- WHIT. Pardon me, thou knoesht nothing; it cannot by thy leave, angry man.
- WASP. How can it not?
- KNOCKEM. Nay, never question him, for he is i'the right. 80
- WHIT. Yesh, I am i'de right, I confesh it; so ish de little man too.

- WASP. I'll have nothing confessed that concerns me.
I am not i'the right, nor never was i'the right, nor
never will be i'the right, while I am in my right
mind. 85
- CUTTING. Mind? Why, here's no man minds you, sir,
nor anything else.
- They drink again.*
- PUPPY. Vriend, will you mind this that we do? 90
- QUARLOUS. Call you this vapours? This is such
belching of quarrel as I never heard. Will you mind
your business, sir?
- EDGWORTH. You shall see, sir.
- NORTHERN. I'll ne mair, my waimb warks too mickle 95
with this auready.
- EDGWORTH. Will you take that, Master Wasp, that
nobody should mind you?
- WASP. Why? What ha'you to do? Is't any matter to
you? 100
- EDGWORTH. No, but methinks you should not be
unminded, though.
- WASP. Nor I wu'not be, now I think on't; do you hear,
new acquaintance, does no man mind me, say you?
- CUTTING. Yes, sir, every man here minds you, but 105
how?
- WASP. Nay, I care as little how as you do, that was
not my question.
- WHIT. No, noting was ty question. Tou art a learned
man, and I am a valiant man, i'faith, la; tou shalt 110
speak for me, and I vill fight for tee.
- KNOCKEM. Fight for him, Whit? A gross vapour; he
can fight for himself.
- WASP. It may be I can, but it may be I wu'not, how
then? 115
- CUTTING. Why, then you may choose.
- WASP. Why, and I'll choose whether I'll choose or no.
- KNOCKEM. I think you may, and 'tis true; and I allow
it for a resolute vapour.
- WASP. Nay, then, I do think you do not think, and it 120
is no resolute vapour.
- CUTTING. Yes, in some sort he may allow you.
- KNOCKEM. In no sort, sir, pardon me, I can allow
him nothing. You mistake the vapour.

92-3 *mind your business*: get on with your job.

95 *waimb*: stomach.

- WASP. He mistakes nothing, sir, in no sort. 125
- WHIT. Yes, I pre dee now, let him mistake.
- WASP. A turd i'your teeth, never predee me, for I
will have nothing mistaken.
- KNOCKEM. Turd, ha turd? A noisome vapour!
Strike, Whit. 130
- They fall by the ears. [EDGWORTH
steals the licence from the box, and exit.]*
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Why gentlemen, why
gentlemen, I charge you upon my authority,
conserve the peace. In the King's name, and my
husband's, put up your weapons. I shall be driven
to commit you myself, else. 135
- QUARLOUS. Ha, ha, ha.
- WASP. Why do you laugh, sir?
- QUARLOUS. Sir, you'll allow me my Christian liberty.
I may laugh, I hope.
- CUTTING. In some sort you may, and in some sort
you may not, sir. 140
- KNOCKEM. Nay, in some sort, sir, he may neither
laugh nor hope in this company.
- WASP. Yes, then he may both laugh and hope in any
sort, an't please him. 145
- QUARLOUS. Faith, and I will then, for it doth please
me exceedingly.
- WASP. No exceeding neither, sir.
- KNOCKEM. No, that vapour is too lofty.
- QUARLOUS. Gentlemen, I do not play well at your
game of vapours, I am not very good at it, but – 150
- CUTTING. Do you hear, sir? I would speak with you
in circle! *He draws a circle on the ground.*
- QUARLOUS. In circle, sir? What would you with me
in circle? 155
- CUTTING. Can you lend me a piece, a Jacobus, in
circle?
- QUARLOUS. 'Slid, your circle will prove more costly
than your vapours, then. Sir, no, I'll lend you
none. 160
- CUTTING. Your beard's not well turned up, sir.
- QUARLOUS. How, rascal? Are you playing with my
beard? I'll break circle with you.

135 *commit*: send to prison (but with an unintentional bawdy
innuendo at which Quarlous laughs).

148 *exceeding*: going too far.

162 *playing with*: making fun of.

They draw all, and fight.

PUPPY, NORTHERN. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

KNOCKEM. Gather up, Whit, gather up, Whit. Good vapours! 165

[KNOCKEM and WHIT
steal the cloaks, and exeunt.]

MISTRESS OVERDO. What mean you? Are you rebels, gentlemen? Shall I send out a sergeant-at-arms, or a writ o' rebellion against you? I'll commit you, upon my womanhood, for a riot, upon my justice-hood, if you persist. 170

WASP. Upon your justice-hood? Marry, shit o' your hood! You'll commit? Spoke like a true Justice of Peace's wife, indeed, and a fine female lawyer! Turd i' your teeth for a fee, now. 175

MISTRESS OVERDO. Why, Numps, in Master Overdo's name, I charge you.

WASP. Good Mistress Underdo, hold your tongue.

MISTRESS OVERDO. Alas, poor Numps!

WASP. Alas! And why alas from you, I beseech you? Or why poor Numps, Goody Rich? Am I come to be pitied by your tuftaffeta now? Why, Mistress, I knew Adam, the clerk, your husband, when he was Adam Scrivener, and writ for twopence a sheet, as high as he bears his head now, or you your hood, dame. 180
185

The Watch comes in [accompanied by WHIT].

What are you, sir?

BRISTLE. We be men, and no infidels. What is the matter here, and the noises? Can you tell?

WASP. Heart, what ha' you to do? Cannot a man quarrel in quietness, but he must be put out on't by you? What are you? 190

BRISTLE. Why, we be his Majesty's Watch, sir.

WASP. Watch? 'Sblood, you are a sweet Watch, indeed. A body would think, an' you watched well o' nights, you should be contented to sleep at this time o' day. Get you to your fleas and your flock-beds, you rogues, your kennels, and lie down close. 195

181 *Goody*: goodwife.

182 *tuftaffeta*: silk with raised tufts; a fashionable fabric.

195 *watched*: stayed awake; served as watchmen.

197-8 *flock-beds*: beds stuffed with coarse woollen refuse.

BRISTLE. Down? Yes, we will down, I warrant you! 200
 Down with him in his Majesty's name, down,
 down with him, and carry him away to the pigeon-
 holes.

[*They arrest WASP.*]

MISTRESS OVERDO. I thank you, honest friends, in 205
 the behalf o'the Crown, and the peace, and in
 Master Overdo's name, for suppressing
 enormities.

WHIT. Stay, Bristle, here ish anoder brash 210
 o'drunkards, but very quiet, special drunkards,
 will pay dee five shillings very well. Take 'em to
 dee, in de graish o'God: one of 'em does change
 cloth for ale in the Fair here, te t'oder ish a strong
 man, a mighty man, my Lord Mayor's man, and a
 wrestler. He has wreshled so long with the bottle,
 here, that the man with the beard hash almosht 215
 streak up hish heelsh.

BRISTLE. 'Slid, the Clerk o'the Market has been to
 cry him all the Fair over, here, for my Lord's
 service.

WHIT. Tere he ish, predee taik him hensch, and make 220
 ty best on him.

[*Exit Watch with WASP,
 NORTHERN and PUPPY.*]

How now, woman o'shilk, vat ailsh ty shweet
 faish? Art tou melancholy?

MISTRESS OVERDO. A little distempered with these 225
 enormities. Shall I entreat a courtesy of you,
 Captain?

WHIT. Entreat a hundred, velvet voman, I vill do it,
 shpeak out.

MISTRESS OVERDO. I cannot with modesty speak it 230
 out, but – [*Whispers*]

WHIT. I vill do it, and more, and more, for dee.
 What, Ursla, an't be bitch, an't be bawd, an't be!

[*Enter*] URSLA.

202–3 *pigeon-holes*: stocks.

208 *brash*: brace.

215 *man with the beard*: jug decorated with a face (see *The New Inn*,
 I.iv.13–14 n.).

217 *Clerk o'the Market*: city official acting as a market inspector.

218 *Lord's*: lord mayor's.

- URSLA. How now, rascal? What roar you for, old pimp?
- WHIT. Here, put up de cloaks, Ursh, de purchase. 235
Predee now, shweet Ursh, help dis good brave voman to a jordan, an't be.
- URSLA. 'Slid, call your Captain Jordan to her, can you not?
- WHIT. Nay, predee leave dy consheits, and bring the velvet woman to dee – 240
- URSLA. I bring her? Hang her! Heart, must I find a common pot for every punk i' your purlieus?
- WHIT. Oh good vordsh, Ursh; it ish a guest o' velvet, i' fait la. 245
- URSLA. Let her sell her hood and buy a sponge, with a pox to her. My vessel? Employed, sir. I have but one, and 'tis the bottom of an old bottle. An honest proctor and his wife are at it within; if she'll stay her time, so. 250
- WHIT. As soon ash tou cansht, shweet Ursh.
[Exit URSLA.]
Of a valiant man, I tink I am the patientsh man i' the world, or in all Smithfield.
[Enter KNOCKEM.]
- KNOCKEM. How now, Whit? Close vapours? Stealing your leaps? Covering in corners, ha? 255
- WHIT. No, fait, Captain, dough tou beesht a vishe man, dy vit is a mile hence now. I vas procuring a shmall courtesy for a woman of fashion here.
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Yes, Captain, though I am Justice of Peace's wife, I do love men of war and the sons of the sword, when they come before my husband. 260
- KNOCKEM. Sayst thou so, filly? Thou shalt have a leap presently, I'll horse thee myself, else.
[Enter URSLA.]
- URSLA. Come, will you bring her in now, and let her take her turn? 265
- WHIT. Gramercy good Ursh, I tank dee.
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Master Overdo shall thank her.
[Exit.]

243 *purlicus*: suburbs.255 *Covering*: copulating (of horses).

SCENE V

[Enter] LITTLEWIT [and] WIN.

[LITTLEWIT.] Good gammer Urs, Win and I are exceedingly beholden to you, and to Captain Jordan, and Captain Whit. Win, I'll be bold to leave you i'this good company, Win; for half an hour or so, Win, while I go and see how my matter goes forward, and if the puppets be perfect: and then I'll come and fetch you, Win. 5

WIN. Will you leave me alone with two men, John?

LITTLEWIT. Ay, they are honest gentlemen, Win, Captain Jordan and Captain Whit, they'll use you very civilly, Win. God b'w'you, Win. [Exit.] 10

URSLA. What's her husband gone?

KNOCKEM. On his false gallop, Urs, away.

URSLA. An' you be right Bartholomew-birds, now show yourselves so: we are undone for want of fowl i'the Fair, here. Here will be Zekiel Edgworth, and three or four gallants with him at night, and I ha'neither plover nor quail for 'em. Persuade this between you two to become a bird o'the game, while I work the velvet woman within (as you call her). 15 20

KNOCKEM. I conceive thee, Urs! Go thy ways.

[Exit URSLA.]

Dost thou hear, Whit? Is't not pity my delicate dark chestnut here – with the fine lean head, large forehead, round eyes, even mouth, sharp ears, long neck, thin crest, close withers, plain back, deep sides, short fillets, and full flanks; with a round belly, a plump buttock, large thighs, knit knees, straight legs, short pasterns, smooth hoofs, and short heels – should lead a dull honest woman's life, that might live the life of a lady? 25 30

WHIT. Yes, by my fait and trot, it is, Captain: de honesht woman's life is a scurvy dull life, indeed, la.

WIN. How, sir? Is an honest woman's life a scurvy life? 35

1 *gammer*: old girl (compare 'gaffer').

18 *plouer* . . . *quail*: wench.

26 *plain*: flat.

- WHIT. Yes, fait, shweetheart, believe him, de leef of
a bondwoman! But if dou vilt hearken to me, I vill
make tee a freewoman, and a lady: dou shalt live
like a lady, as te Captain saish. 40
- KNOCKEM. Ay, and be honest too, sometimes; have
her wires, and her tires, her green gowns, and
velvet petticoats.
- WHIT. Ay, and ride to Ware and Romford i'dy coash,
shee de players, be in love vit 'em; sup vit 45
gallantsh, be drunk, and cost dee noting.
- KNOCKEM. Brave vapours!
- WHIT. And lie by twenty on 'em, if dou pleash,
shweetheart.
- WIN. What, and be honest still? That were fine sport. 50
- WHIT. 'Tish common, shweetheart, tou may'st do it,
by my hand. It shall be justified to ty husband's
faish, now: tou shalt be as honesht as the skin
between his hornsh, la!
- KNOCKEM. Yes, and wear a dressing, top and 55
topgallant, to compare with e'er a husband on 'em
all, for a fore-top. It is the vapour of spirit in the
wife to cuckold, nowadays, as it is the vapour of
fashion in the husband not to suspect. Your prying
cat-eyed citizen is an abominable vapour. 60
- WIN. Lord, what a fool have I been!
- WHIT. Mend then, and do everything like a lady
hereafter; never know ty husband from another
man.
- KNOCKEM. Nor any one man from another, but i'the 65
dark.
- WHIT. Ay, and then it ish no dishgrash to know any
man.
- [Enter URSLA.]
- URSLA. Help, help here!
- KNOCKEM. How now? What vapour's there? 70
- URSLA. Oh, you are a sweet ranger, and look well to

42 *wires*: used to stiffen ruffs.

tires: headdresses.

green gowns: 'to give a wench a green gown' was to seduce (on the grass).

44 *Ware and Romford*: places of assignation just outside London.

53-4 *as honest* . . . *hornsh*: 'as honest as the skin between his brows' was proverbial; Whit changes 'brows' to the cuckold's 'horns'.

56 *topgallant*: a ship's high mast, as also *fore-top* (57).

your walks! Yonder is your punk of Turnbull,
Ramping Alice, has fallen upon the poor gentle-
woman within, and pulled her hood over her ears,
and her hair through it. 75

ALICE enters, beating the Justice's wife.

MISTRESS OVERDO. Help, help, i'the King's name.

ALICE. A mischief on you! They are such as you are
that undo us, and take our trade from us, with your
tuftaffeta haunches.

KNOCKEM. How now, Alice! 80

ALICE. The poor common whores can ha'no traffic
for the privy rich ones; your caps and hoods of
velvet call away our customers, and lick the fat
from us.

URSLA. Peace, you foul ramping jade, you – 85

ALICE. 'Od's foot, you bawd in grease, are you
talking?

KNOCKEM. Why, Alice, I say.

ALICE. Thou sow of Smithfield, thou.

URSLA. Thou tripe of Turnbull. 90

KNOCKEM. Catamountain vapours, ha!

URSLA. You know where you were tawed lately,
both lashed and slashed you were in Bridewell.

ALICE. Ay, by the same token you rid that week, and
broke out the bottom o'the cart, Night-tub. 95

KNOCKEM. Why, Lion-face, ha! Do you know who I
am? Shall I tear ruff, slit waistcoat, make rags of
petticoat, ha? Go to, vanish, for fear of vapours.
Whit, a kick, Whit, in the parting vapour.

[They kick ALICE out.]

Come, brave woman, take a good heart, thou shalt
be a lady too. 100

WHIT. Yes fait, dey shall all both be ladies, and write
madam. I vill do't myself for dem. 'Do' is the vord,
and D is the middle letter of 'Madam', DD, put
'em together and make deeds, without which all
words are alike, la. 105

82 *privy*: exclusive.

86 *in grease*: fat, ready for the slaughter.

91 *Catamountain*: wildcat.

92 *tawed*: flogged.

93 *Bridewell*: London prison.

94 *rid*: rode in the cart for whores.

95 *Night-tub*: tub for night-soil (excrement).

102 *write*: sign themselves.

KNOCKEM. 'Tis true. Ursla, take 'em in, open thy wardrobe, and fit 'em to their calling. Green gowns, crimson petticoats, green women! My Lord Mayor's green women! Guests o'the game, true bred. I'll provide you a coach, to take the air in. 110

WIN. But do you think you can get one?

KNOCKEM. Oh, they are as common as wheelbarrows where there are great dunghills. Every pettifogger's wife has 'em; for first he buys a coach, that he may marry, and then he marries that he may be made cuckold in't – for if their wives ride not to their cuckolding, they do 'em no credit. Hide and be hidden, ride and be ridden, says the vapour of experience. 115 120

[*Exeunt* URSLA, WIN
and MISTRESS OVERDO.]

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] TROUBLE-ALL.

[TROUBLE-ALL.] By what warrant does it say so?

KNOCKEM. Ha! Mad child o'the Pie Powders, art thou there? Fill us fresh can, Urs, we may drink together.

TROUBLE-ALL. I may not drink without a warrant, Captain. 5

KNOCKEM. 'Sblood, thou'll not stale without a warrant, shortly. Whit, give me pen, ink and paper. I'll draw him a warrant presently.

TROUBLE-ALL. It must be Justice Overdo's. 10

KNOCKEM. I know, man. Fetch the drink, Whit.

WHIT. I predee now, be very brief, Captain, for de new ladies stay for dee.

KNOCKEM. Oh, as brief as can be; here 'tis already: 'Adam Overdo'. 15

TROUBLE-ALL. Why, now I'll pledge you, Captain.

KNOCKEM. Drink it off. I'll come to thee, anon, again.

[*Exeunt.*]

116 *pettifogger*: small lawyer.

9 *presently*: at once.

[Enter] QUARLOUS [and] EDGWORTH.

QUARLOUS. (to the cutpurse) Well, sir. You are now discharged; beware of being spied, hereafter. 20

EDGWORTH. Sir, will it please you enter in here at Ursla's, and take part of a silken gown, a velvet petticoat, or a wrought smock. I am promised such, and I can spare any gentleman a moiety.

QUARLOUS. Keep it for your companions in beastliness, I am none of 'em, sir. If I had not already forgiven you a greater trespass, or thought you yet worth my beating, I would instruct your manners to whom you made your offers. But go your ways, talk not to me, the hangman is only fit to discourse with you; the hand of beadle is too merciful a punishment for your trade of life. 25 30

[Exit EDGWORTH.]

I am sorry I employed this fellow, for he thinks me such: *facinus quos inquinat, aequat*. But it was for sport. And would I make it serious, the getting of this licence is nothing to me, without other circumstances concur. I do think how impertinently I labour, if the word be not mine that the ragged fellow marked: and what advantage I have given Ned Winwife in this time now, of working her, though it be mine. He'll go near to her what a debauched rascal I am, and fright her out of all good conceit of me; I should do so by him, I am sure, if I had the opportunity. But my hope is in her temper, yet; and it must needs be next to despair, that is grounded on any part of a woman's discretion. I would give, by my troth, now, all I could spare, to my clothes and my sword, to meet my tattered soothsayer again, who was my judge i' the question, to know certainly whose word he has damned or saved. For till then I live but under a reprieve. I must seek him. Who be these? 35 40 45 50

22 *take part*: partake.

24 *moiety*: share.

34 *such*: such as he is.

facinus . . . *aequat*: Lucan, *Pharsalia*, V.290: 'Crime levels those whom it pollutes.'

38 *impertinently*: pointlessly.

42 *form*: set out.

43 *conceit*: opinion.

Enter WASP with the officers.

WASP. Sir, you are a Welsh cuckold, and a prating
runt, and no constable. 55

BRISTLE. You say very well. Come, put in his leg in
the middle roundel, and let him hole there.

WASP. You stink of leeks, metheglin, and cheese,
you rogue.

BRISTLE. Why, what is that to you, if you sit sweetly
in the stocks in the meantime? If you have a mind
to stink too, your breeches sit close enough to
your bum. Sit you merry, sir. 60

QUARLOUS. How now, Numps?

WASP. It is no matter how; pray you look off. 65

QUARLOUS. Nay, I'll not offend you, Numps. I
thought you had sat there to be seen.

WASP. And to be sold, did you not? Pray you mind
your business, an' you have any.

QUARLOUS. Cry you mercy, Numps. Does your leg
lie high enough? 70

[Enter] HAGGIS [with] OVERDO [and]

BUSY.

BRISTLE. How now, neighbour Haggis, what says
Justice Overdo's worship to the other offenders?

HAGGIS. Why, he says just nothing. What should he
say? Or where should he say? He is not to be
found, man. He ha'not been seen i'the Fair, here,
all this live-long day, never since seven o'clock
i'the morning. His clerks know not what to think
on't. There is no court of Pie Powders yet. Here
they be returned. 75

BRISTLE. What shall be done with 'em, then, in your
discretion? 80

HAGGIS. I think we were best put 'em in the stocks,
in discretion – there they will be safe in discretion

55 *runt*: uncouth oaf; literally, 'a stunted animal'.

57 *middle roundel*: apparently only one of Wasp's legs is stocked.
The stocks have three holes, one each for Wasp, Busy and
Overdo.

58 *metheglin*: Welsh mead.

cheese: of which the Welsh were supposed to be inordinately
fond.

82 *discretion*: opinion.

84 *in discretion*: in prudence; in separation.

- for the valour of an hour, or such a thing, till his worship come. 85
- BRISTLE. It is but a hole matter if we do, neighbour Haggis. Come, sir, here is company for you. Heave up the stocks.
- WASP. [*aside*] I shall put a trick upon your Welsh diligence, perhaps. 90
As they open the stocks, WASP puts his shoe on his hand and slips it in for his leg.
- BRISTLE. Put in your leg, sir.
- QUARLOUS. What, Rabbi Busy! Is he come?
They bring BUSY and put him in.
- BUSY. I do obey thee; the lion may roar, but he cannot bite. I am glad to be thus separated from the heathen of the land, and put apart in the stocks for the holy cause. 95
- WASP. What are you, sir?
- BUSY. One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and May-games, wakes and Whitsun ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses. 100
[They put OVERDO in the stocks.]
- WASP. And do you sigh and groan too, or rejoice in your affliction?
- OVERDO. I do not feel it, I do not think of it; it is a thing without me. Adam, thou art above these batteries, these contumelies. *In te manca ruit fortuna*, as thy friend Horace says; thou art one, *Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent*. And therefore, as another friend of thine says (I think it be thy friend Persius), *Non te quaesiveris extra*. 110
- QUARLOUS. What's here? A stoic i'the stocks? The fool is turned philosopher.

85 *valour*: quantity.

100–1 *May-games, wakes and Whitsun ales*: seasonal festivals in the country, opposed by the godly as heathen.

106 *without*: outside. Overdo plays the Stoic, his inner integrity unaffected by outward accidents.

107–10 *In te . . . terrent*: Horace, *Satires*, II. vii.83–8: 'Fortune maims herself when she attacks you', 'whom neither poverty, nor death, nor bonds can affright'.

111–12 *Non . . . extra*: Persius, *Satires*, I.7: 'Look to no one outside yourself.'

- BUSY. Friend, I will leave to communicate my spirit
with you, if I hear any more of those superstitious
relics, those lists of Latin, the very rags of Rome
and patches of popery. 115
- WASP. Nay, an' you begin to quarrel, gentlemen, I'll
leave you. I ha'paid for quarrelling too lately. 120
Look you, a device, but shifting in a hand for a
foot. God b'w'you. *He gets out.*
- BUSY. Wilt thou then leave thy brethren in
tribulation?
- WASP. For this once, sir. *[Exit.]* 125
- BUSY. Thou art a halting neutral – stay him there,
stop him – that will not endure the heat of
persecution.
- BRISTLE. How now, what's the matter?
- BUSY. He is fled, he is fled, and dares not sit it out. 130
- BRISTLE. What, has he made an escape? Which way?
Follow, neighbour Haggis.
[Exit HAGGIS.]
- [Enter] PURECRAFT.*
- PURECRAFT. Oh me! In the stocks! Have the wicked
prevailed?
- BUSY. Peace, religious sister, it is my calling, comfort 135
yourself; an extraordinary calling, and done for
my better standing, my surer standing hereafter.
The madman enters.
- TROUBLE-ALL. By whose warrant, by whose
warrant, this?
- QUARLOUS. Oh, here's my man dropped in, I looked 140
for.
- OVERDO. *[aside]* Ha!
- PURECRAFT. O good sir, they have set the faithful
here to be wondered at; and provided holes for the
holy of the land. 145
- TROUBLE-ALL. Had they warrant for it? Showed
they Justice Overdo's hand? If they had no
warrant, they shall answer it.
[Enter] HAGGIS.

115–18 Jonson travesties the Renaissance collision between humanism
and Calvinism, in its most reduced form.

117 *lists*: strips.

126 *halting neutral*: wavering neuter; committed to neither side.

- BRISTLE. Sure you did not lock the stocks
sufficiently, neighbour Toby! 150
- HAGGIS. No? See if you can lock 'em better.
- BRISTLE. They are very sufficiently locked, and
truly, yet something is in the matter.
- TROUBLE-ALL. True, your warrant is the matter that
is in question; by what warrant? 155
- BRISTLE. Madman, hold your peace! I will put you in
his room else, in the very same hole, do you see?
- QUARLOUS. [*aside*] How? Is he a madman?
- TROUBLE-ALL. Show me Justice Overdo's warrant, I
obey you. 160
- HAGGIS. You are a mad fool, hold your tongue.
- TROUBLE-ALL. In Justice Overdo's name, I drink to
you, and here's my warrant. *Shows his can.*
[*Exeunt HAGGIS and BRISTLE.*]
- OVERDO. [*aside*] Alas, poor wretch! How it earns my
heart for him! 165
- QUARLOUS. [*aside*] If he be mad, it is in vain to
question him. I'll try though. – Friend, there was a
gentlewoman showed you two names, some hour
since, Argalus and Palamon, to mark in a book.
Which of 'em was it you marked? 170
- TROUBLE-ALL. I mark no name but Adam Overdo;
that is the name of names, he only is the sufficient
magistrate, and that name I reverence; show it me.
- QUARLOUS. [*aside*] This fellow's mad indeed: I am
further off now than afore. 175
- OVERDO. [*aside*] I shall not breathe in peace, till I
have made him some amends.
- QUARLOUS. [*aside*] Well, I will make another use of
him, is come in my head: I have a nest of beards in
my trunk, one something like his. [*Exit.*] 180
- The Watchmen come back again.*
- BRISTLE. This mad fool has made me that I know not
whether I have locked the stocks or no; I think I
locked 'em.
- TROUBLE-ALL. Take Adam Overdo in your mind,
and fear nothing. 185
- BRISTLE. 'Slid, madness itself, hold thy peace, and
take that!

164 *earns*: grieves.

179 *nest*: collection.

180 *trunk*: trunk hose (stuffed breeches reaching to the knees).

TROUBLE-ALL. Strikest thou without a warrant?
Take thou that.

*The madman fights with 'em,
and they leave open the stocks.*

BUSY. We are delivered by a miracle! Fellow in
fettors, let us not refuse the means; this madness
was of the spirit. The malice of the enemy hath
mocked itself. 190

[*Exeunt* BUSY and OVERDO.]

PURECRAFT. Mad do they call him? The world is mad
in error, but he is mad in truth: I love him o'the
sudden (the cunning man said all true), and shall
love him more and more. How well it becomes a
man to be mad in truth! Oh, that I might be his
yoke-fellow, and be mad with him, what a many
should we draw to madness in truth with us! 200

[*Exit.*]

The Watch, missing them, are affrighted.

BRISTLE. How now? All 'scaped? Where's the
woman? It is witchcraft! Her velvet hat is a witch,
o'my conscience, or my key, t'one! The madman
was a devil, and I am an ass; so bless me, my place,
and mine office. 205

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V

SCENE I

[*Enter*] LEATHERHEAD, FILCHER [*and*]
SHARKWELL.

[LEATHERHEAD.] Well, luck and Saint
Bartholomew! Out with the sign of our invention,
in the name of wit, and do you beat the drum the
while.

[*They begin to erect a puppet-theatre.*]

All the fowl i'the Fair, I mean all the dirt in 5

203 *t'one*: the one or the other.

2 *sign*: a banner displaying the subject of the puppet play.

Smithfield (that's one of Master Littlewit's carwitchets now) will be thrown at our banner today, if the matter does not please the people. Oh the motions that I, Lantern Leatherhead, have given light to, i' my time, since my Master Pod died! *Jerusalem* was a stately thing; and so was *Nineveh*, and *The City of Norwich*; and *Sodom and Gomorrah*, with *The Rising o' the Prentices*, and pulling down the bawdy houses there, upon Shrove Tuesday; but *The Gunpowder Plot*, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen- or twenty-pence audience nine times in an afternoon. Your home-born projects prove ever the best, they are so easy, and familiar; they put too much learning i' their things nowadays, and that I fear will be the spoil o' this. Littlewit? I say, Micklewit! if not too mickle! – Look to your gathering there, goodman Filcher.

FILCHER. I warrant you, sir.

LEATHERHEAD. An' there come any gentlefolks, take twopence apiece, Sharkwell.

SHARKWELL. I warrant you, sir; threepence, an' we can.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

The Justice comes in like a porter.

[OVERDO.] This later disguise, I have borrowed of a porter, shall carry me out to all my great and good ends; which, however interrupted, were never destroyed in me. Neither is the hour of my severity yet come, to reveal myself, wherein, cloud-like, I

7 *carwitchets*: quibbles.

10 The folio has a marginal note: 'Pod was a Master of motions before him.' Mentioned in *Every Man out of his Humour*, IV. v. 62, and *Epigrams*, 97.2, 129.16.

11–15 see Additional Note, p. 530 below.

15 *Shrove Tuesday*: which the London apprentices annually celebrated by wrecking brothels.

18 *projects*: designs.

22 *mickle*: great.

23 *gathering*: collecting of entrance money.

2 *out*: through.

will break out in rain and hail, lightning and thunder, upon the head of enormity. Two main works I have to prosecute, first. One is to invent some satisfaction for the poor kind wretch who is out of his wits for my sake, and yonder I see him coming; I will walk aside and project for it. 10

[Enter] WINWIFE [and] GRACE.

WINWIFE. I wonder where Tom Quarulous is, that he returns not; it may be he is struck in here to seek us.

GRACE. See, here's our madman again. 15

[Enter] QUARLOUS [and] PURECRAFT.

QUARLOUS. [*aside*] I have made myself as like him as his gown and cap will give me leave.

QUARLOUS *in the habit of the madman is mistaken by* MISTRESS PURECRAFT.

PURECRAFT. Sir, I love you, and would be glad to be mad with you in truth.

WINWIFE. [*aside*] How? My widow in love with a madman? 20

PURECRAFT. Verily, I can be as mad in spirit as you.

QUARLOUS. By whose warrant? Leave your canting.

[To GRACE] Gentlewoman, have I found you? – Save ye, quit ye, and multiply ye. – Where's your book? 'Twas a sufficient name I marked, let me see't, be not afraid to show't me. 25

He desires to see the book of MISTRESS GRACE.

GRACE. What would you with it, sir?

QUARLOUS. Mark it again, and again, at your service. 30

GRACE. Here it is, sir, this was it you marked.

QUARLOUS. Palamon? Fare you well, fare you well.

WINWIFE. How, Palamon!

GRACE. Yes, faith, he has discovered it to you now, and therefore 'twere vain to disguise it longer. I am yours, sir, by the benefit of your fortune. 35

WINWIFE. And you have him, Mistress, believe it,

8 *One*: one of them.

11 *project*: devise a plan.

13 *is struck*: has turned.

23 *canting*: Puritan jargon.

36 *benefit*: favour.

that shall never give you cause to repent her benefit, but make you rather to think that in this choice she had both her eyes. 40

GRACE. I desire to put it to no danger of protestation.

[*Exeunt* GRACE and WINWIFE.]

QUARLOUS. Palamon the word, and Winwife the man!

PURECRAFT. Good sir, vouchsafe a yoke-fellow in your madness; shun not one of the sanctified sisters, that would draw with you in truth. 45

QUARLOUS. Away, you are a herd of hypocritical proud ignorants, rather wild than mad, fitter for woods and the society of beasts than houses and the congregation of men. You are the second part of the society of canters, outlaws to order and discipline, and the only privileged church-robbers of Christendom. Let me alone. [*Aside*] Palamon the word, and Winwife the man! 50

PURECRAFT. [*aside*] I must uncover myself unto him, or I shall never enjoy him, for all the cunning men's promises. – Good sir, hear me, I am worth six thousand pound; my love to you is become my rack. I'll tell you all, and the truth, since you hate the hypocrisy of the parti-coloured brotherhood. 55

These seven years, I have been a wilful holy widow only to draw feasts and gifts from my entangled suitors: I am also, by office, an assisting sister of the deacons, and a devourer, instead of a distributor, of the alms. I am a special maker of marriages for our decayed brethren with our rich widows, for a third part of their wealth, when they are married, for the relief of the poor elect: as also our poor handsome young virgins with our wealthy bachelors or widowers, to make them steal from their husbands, when I have confirmed them in the faith, and got all put into their custodies. And if I ha' not my bargain, they may sooner turn a scolding 60

40 *both her eyes*: Fortune was traditionally represented as blind-folded.

51 *the society of canters*: of which the first part were rogues and vagabonds, who boasted their own jargon.

52 *church-robbers*: because of Puritan opposition to 'idolatrous' church furnishings.

60 *parti-coloured*: multicoloured; factious.

- drab into a silent minister, than make me leave
pronouncing reprobation and damnation unto 75
them. Our elder, Zeal-of-the-land, would have
had me, but I know him to be the capital knave of
the land, making himself rich by being made
feoffee in trust to deceased brethren, and
cozening their heirs by swearing the absolute gift 80
of their inheritance. And thus having eased my
conscience, and uttered my heart with the tongue
of my love, enjoy all my deceits together, I beseech
you. I should not have revealed this to you, but
that in time I think you are mad, and I hope you'll 85
think me so too, sir.
- QUARLOUS. Stand aside, I'll answer you presently.
(*He considers with himself of it*) Why should not I
marry this six thousand pound, now I think on't?
And a good trade too that she has beside, ha? The 90
t'other wench Winwife is sure of; there's no
expectation for me there! Here I may make myself
some saver yet, if she continue mad, there's the
question. It is money that I want; why should I not
marry the money, when 'tis offered me? I have a 95
licence and all; it is but razing out one name, and
putting in another. There's no playing with a
man's fortune! I am resolved! I were truly mad, an'
I would not! – Well, come your ways, follow me;
an' you will be mad, I'll show you a warrant! 100
He takes her along with him.
- PURECRAFT. Most zealously, it is that I zealously
desire.
- OVERDO. Sir, let me speak with you.
The Justice calls him.
- QUARLOUS. By whose warrant?
- OVERDO. The warrant that you tender and respect 105
so: Justice Overdo's! I am the man, friend
Trouble-all, though thus disguised (as the careful
magistrate ought) for the good of the republic in

74 *silent minister*: a clergyman put out of his living for non-compliance with the canons approved by the Hampton Court Conference of 1604.

79 *feoffee in trust*: trustee invested with a freehold estate in land.
80–1 *the absolute . . . inheritance*: that he had been awarded, not merely entrusted with, their estates.

93 *saver*: compensation.

105 *tender*: regard.

- the Fair, and the weeding out of enormity. Do you want a house, or meat, or drink, or clothes? Speak whatsoever it is, it shall be supplied you. What want you? 110
- QUARLOUS. Nothing but your warrant.
- OVERDO. My warrant? For what?
- QUARLOUS. To be gone, sir. 115
- OVERDO. Nay, I pray thee, stay; I am serious, and have not many words, nor much time to exchange with thee. Think what may do thee good.
- QUARLOUS. Your hand and seal will do me a great deal of good; nothing else in the whole Fair, that I know. 120
- OVERDO. If it were to any end, thou shouldst have it willingly.
- QUARLOUS. Why, it will satisfy me, that's end enough, to look on; an' you will not gi't me, let me go. 125
- OVERDO. Alas! Thou shalt ha'it presently: I'll but step into the scrivener's hereby, and bring it. Do not go away. *The Justice goes out.*
- QUARLOUS. Why, this madman's shape will prove a very fortunate one, I think! Can a ragged robe produce these effects? If this be the wise Justice, and he bring me his hand, I shall go near to make some use on't. He is come already! 130
- [OVERDO] *returns.*
- OVERDO. Look thee! Here is my hand and seal, 'Adam Overdo'. If there be anything to be written above in the paper, that thou want'st now, or at any time hereafter, think on't. It is my deed, I deliver it so. Can your friend write? 135
- QUARLOUS. Her hand for a witness, and all is well. 140
- OVERDO. With all my heart.
- He urgeth* MISTRESS PURECRAFT.
- QUARLOUS. [*aside*] Why should not I ha'the conscience to make this a bond of a thousand pound, now? Or what I would else?
- OVERDO. Look you, there it is; and I deliver it as my deed again. 145
- QUARLOUS. Let us now proceed in madness.
- He takes her in with him.*

OVERDO. Well, my conscience is much eased; I
 ha'done my part, though it doth him no good, yet
 Adam hath offered satisfaction! The sting is
 removed from hence: poor man, he is much altered
 with his affliction, it has brought him low! Now for
 my other work, reducing the young man I have
 followed so long in love, from the brink of his bane
 to the centre of safety. Here, or in some suchlike
 vain place, I shall be sure to find him. I will wait
 the good time.

SCENE III

[*Enter*] COKES, SHARKWELL [*and*]
 FILCHER.

[COKES.] How now? What's here to do? Friend, art
 thou the master of the monuments?

SHARKWELL. 'Tis a motion, an't please your
 worship.

OVERDO. [*aside*] My fantastical brother-in-law,
 Master Bartholomew Cokes! 5

COKES. A motion, what's that? [*He reads the bill*]
 'The ancient modern history of *Hero and Leander*,
 otherwise called *The Touchstone of True Love*,
 with as true a trial of friendship between Damon
 and Pithias, two faithful friends o'the Bankside?' 10
 Pretty i'faith! What's the meaning on't? Is't an
 interlude? Or what is't?

FILCHER. Yes, sir. Please you come near, we'll take
 your money within. 15

COKES. Back with these children; they do so follow
 me up and down.

The boys o' the Fair follow him.

[*Enter*] LITTLEWIT.

LITTLEWIT. By your leave, friend.

FILCHER. You must pay, sir, an' you go in.

153 *reducing*: leading back.

2 *master of the monuments*: such as guided tourists around
 Westminster Abbey.

8-11 see Additional Note, p. 530 below.

13 *interlude*: play.

- LITTLEWIT. Who, I? I perceive thou know'st not me: 20
call the master o'the motion.
- SHARKWELL. What, do you not know the author,
fellow Filcher? You must take no money of him;
he must come in gratis. Master Littlewit is a
voluntary; he is the author. 25
- LITTLEWIT. Peace, speak not too loud; I would not
have any notice taken that I am the author, till we
see how it passes.
- COKES. Master Littlewit, how dost thou?
- LITTLEWIT. Master Cokes! You are exceeding well 30
met. What, in your doublet and hose, without a
cloak or a hat?
- COKES. I would I might never stir, as I am an honest
man, and by that fire; I have lost all i'the Fair, and
all my acquaintance too. Didst thou meet anybody 35
that I know, Master Littlewit? My man Numps, or
my sister Overdo, or Mistress Grace? Pray thee,
Master Littlewit, lend me some money to see the
interlude here. I'll pay thee again, as I am a
gentleman. If thou'lt but carry me home, I have 40
money enough there.
- LITTLEWIT. Oh, sir, you shall command it. What,
will a crown serve you?
- COKES. I think it will. What do we pay for coming in,
fellows? 45
- FILCHER. Twopence, sir.
- COKES. Twopence? There's twelvecence, friend.
Nay, I am a gallant, as simple as I look now, if you
see me with my man about me, and my artillery
again. 50
- LITTLEWIT. Your man was i'the stocks e'en now, sir.
- COKES. Who, Numps?
- LITTLEWIT. Yes, faith.
- COKES. For what, i'faith? I am glad o'that.
Remember to tell me on't anon; I have enough 55
now! What manner of matter is this, Master
Littlewit? What kind of actors ha'you? Are they
good actors?
- LITTLEWIT. Pretty youths, sir, all children, both old
and young; here's the master of 'em – 60

25 *voluntary*: volunteer; serving without pay.

34 *by that fire*: by hell (?).

48 *simple*: humble.

49 *artillery*: equipment.

[*Enter*] LEATHERHEAD.

LEATHERHEAD. [*whispers to* LITTLEWIT] Call me not Leatherhead, but Lantern.

LITTLEWIT. – Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

COKES. In good time, sir. I would fain see 'em, I would be glad to drink with the young company. Which is the tiring-house? 65

LEATHERHEAD. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't. 70

COKES. No? Not now my hat is off? What would you have done with me if you had had me, feather and all, as I was once today? Ha'you none of your pretty impudent boys, now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? Let me see some o'your actors. 75

LITTLEWIT. Show him 'em, show him 'em, Master Lantern; this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality.

OVERDO. [*aside*] Ay, the favouring of this licentious quality is the consumption of many a young gentleman; a pernicious enormity. 80

[LEATHERHEAD] *brings them out in a basket.*

COKES. What, do they live in baskets?

LEATHERHEAD. They do lie in a basket, sir, they are o'the small players. 85

COKES. These be players minors, indeed. Do you call these players?

LEATHERHEAD. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: indeed, I am the mouth of 'em all! 90

COKES. Thy mouth will hold 'em all. I think one Taylor would go near to beat all this company, with a hand bound behind him.

61–2 *Call . . . Lantern:* (to avoid detection by Cokes).

65 *In good time:* well met.

67 *tiring-house:* dressing-room.

79 *quality:* acting profession.

92 *Taylor:* tailors were proverbial for their cowardice (and for their greed, 94); but also referring to the actor Joseph Taylor, who belonged to the company acting *Bartholomew Fair*, or perhaps to John Taylor, the 'water poet', who staged a 'combat of wit' at the Hope in October 1614.

- LITTLEWIT. Ay, and eat 'em all, too, an' they were in
cake-bread. 95
- COKES. I thank you for that, Master Littlewit, a good
jest! Which is your Burbage now?
- LEATHERHEAD. What mean you by that, sir?
- COKES. Your best actor. Your Field?
- LITTLEWIT. Good i'faith! You are even with me, sir. 100
- LEATHERHEAD. This is he that acts young Leander,
sir. He is extremely beloved of the womenkind,
they do so affect his action, the green gamesters,
that come here; and this is lovely Hero; this with
the beard, Damon; and this pretty Pythias; this is 105
the ghost of King Dionysius in the habit of a
scrivener, as you shall see anon, at large.
- COKES. Well, they are a civil company, I like 'em for
that; they offer not to flear, nor jeer, nor break
jests, as the great players do. And then there goes 110
not so much charge to the feasting of 'em, or
making 'em drunk, as to the other, by reason of
their littleness. Do they use to play perfect? Are
they never flustered?
- LEATHERHEAD. No, sir, I thank my industry and 115
policy for it; they are as well governed a company,
though I say it – And here is young Leander, is a
proper an actor of his inches, and shakes his head
like an ostler.
- COKES. But do you play it according to the printed 120
book? I have read that.
- LEATHERHEAD. By no means, sir.
- COKES. No? How then?
- LEATHERHEAD. A better way, sir; that is too learned
and poetical for our audience. What do they know 125
what Hellespont is? 'Guilty of true love's blood'?
Or what Abydos is? Or 'the other Sestos hight'?
- COKES. Th'art i'the right. I do not know myself.
- LEATHERHEAD. No, I have entreated Master

97 *Burbage*: Richard Burbage, leading actor with the King's Men, died 1619.

99 *Field*: Nathan Field (1587–1619), also presumably in the cast for this performance.

103 *affect his action*: like his acting.

119 *ostler*: there was an actor called William Ostler (died December 1614) among the King's Men.

120–1 *printed book*: Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* (pub. 1598), from which Leatherhead quotes at 126–7.

- Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people. 130
- COKES. How, I pray thee, good Master Littlewit?
- LITTLEWIT. It pleases him to make a matter of it, sir. But there is no such matter, I assure you: I have only made it a little easy and modern for the times, sir, that's all. As, for the Hellespont, I imagine our Thames here; and then Leander I make a dyer's son, about Puddle Wharf; and Hero a wench o'the Bankside, who going over one morning to Old Fish Street, Leander spies her land at Trig Stairs, and falls in love with her. Now do I introduce Cupid, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer; and he strikes Hero in love with a pint of sherry; and other pretty passages there are o'the friendship, that will delight you, sir, and please you of judgement. 135 140 145
- COKES. I'll be sworn they shall; I am in love with the actors already, and I'll be allied to them presently. (They respect gentlemen, these fellows.) Hero shall be my fairing; but which of my fairings? 150
- Le'me see – i'faith, my fiddle! And Leander my fiddle-stick: then Damon my drum; and Pythias my pipe, and the ghost of Dionysius my hobby-horse. All fitted.

SCENE IV

To them [enter] WINWIFE [and] GRACE.

[WINWIFE.] Look, yonder's your Cokes gotten in among his play-fellows; I thought we could not miss him, at such a spectacle.

GRACE. Let him alone; he is so busy he will never spy us. 5

LEATHERHEAD. Nay, good sir.

138 *Puddle Wharf*: on the north bank of the Thames, near St Paul's.
138–9 *wench o'the Bankside*: Southwark was notorious for its prostitutes.

140 *Trig Stairs*: stairs leading down to the Thames, a little downstream from Paul's Stairs.

143 *drawer*: tapster.
with: by means of.

148 *be allied to them*: join them to my family (of purchases).

COKES *is handling the puppets.*

- COKES. I warrant thee, I will not hurt her, fellow;
what, dost think me uncivil? I pray thee be not
jealous: I am toward a wife.
- LITTLEWIT. Well, good Master Lantern, make ready 10
to begin, that I may fetch my wife, and look you be
perfect; you undo me else i' my reputation.
- LEATHERHEAD. I warrant you, sir. Do not you breed
too great an expectation of it among your friends:
that's the only hurter of these things. 15
- LITTLEWIT. No, no, no. [Exit.]
- COKES. I'll stay here and see; pray thee let me see.
- WINWIFE. How diligent and troublesome he is!
- GRACE. The place becomes him, methinks.
- OVERDO. [aside] My ward, Mistress Grace, in the 20
company of a stranger? I doubt I shall be
compelled to discover myself before my time!

[Enter] KNOCKEM, WHIT, EDGWORTH,
WIN [and] MISTRESS OVERDO [the ladies
masked].

The doorkeepers speak.

- FILCHER. Twopence apiece, gentlemen, an excellent
motion.
- KNOCKEM. Shall we have fine fireworks, and good 25
vapours?
- SHARKWELL. Yes, Captain, and waterworks, too.
- WHIT. I predee, take a care o'dy shmall lady there,
Edgworth; I will look to dish tall lady myself.
- LEATHERHEAD. Welcome gentlemen, welcome 30
gentlemen.
- WHIT. Predee, mashter o'de monshtersh, help a very
sick lady, here, to a chair to shit in.
- LEATHERHEAD. Presently, sir.
- They bring MISTRESS OVERDO a chair.*
- WHIT. Good fait now, Ursla's ale and aqua vitae ish 35
to blame for't. Shit down, shweetheart, shit down
and shleep a little.
- EDGWORTH. [to WIN] Madam, you are very welcome
hither.
- KNOCKEM. Yes, and you shall see very good vapours. 40

9 toward: about to have.

21 doubt: suspect.

27 waterworks: a pageant performed on the water.

- OVERDO. [*aside*] Here is my care come! I like to see him in so good company; and yet I wonder that persons of such fashion should resort hither!
- By EDGWORTH.
- EDGWORTH. This is a very private house, madam.
The cutpurse courts MISTRESS LITTLEWIT.
- LEATHERHEAD. Will it please your ladyship sit, 45
madam?
- WIN. Yes, goodman. They do so all-to-be-madam
me, I think they think me a very lady!
- EDGWORTH. What else, madam?
- WIN. Must I put off my mask to him? 50
- EDGWORTH. Oh, by no means.
- WIN. How should my husband know me, then?
- KNOCKEM. Husband? An idle vapour. He must not
know you, nor you him; there's the true vapour.
- OVERDO. [*aside*] Yea, I will observe more of this. [*To* 55
WHIT] Is this a lady, friend?
- WHIT. Ay, and dat is anoder lady, shweetheart. If
dou hasht a mind to 'em, give me twelpepence from
tee, and dou shalt have eder-oder on 'em!
- OVERDO. Ay? [*Aside*] This will prove my chiefest 60
enormity: I will follow this.
- EDGWORTH. Is not this a finer life, lady, than to be
clogged with a husband?
- WIN. Yes, a great deal. When will they begin, trow,
in the name o'the motion? 65
- EDGWORTH. By and by, madam, they stay but for
company.
- KNOCKEM. Do you hear, puppet-master, these are
tedious vapours; when begin you?
- LEATHERHEAD. We stay but for Master Littlewit, 70
the author, who is gone for his wife; and we begin
presently.
- WIN. That's I, that's I.
- EDGWORTH. That was you, lady, but now you are no
such poor thing. 75
- KNOCKEM. Hang the author's wife, a running
vapour! Here be ladies will stay for ne'er a Delia
o' 'em all.

44 *private house*: term used for the small indoor theatres, as opposed to large public playhouses such as the Hope.

77 *Delia*: the lady addressed in Samuel Daniel's sonnet sequence *Delia* (1592).

WHIT. But hear me now, here ish one o'de ladish
ashleep. Stay till she but vake, man. 80

[Enter] to them WASP.

The doorkeepers again.

WASP. How now, friends? What's here to do?

FILCHER. Twopence apiece, sir, the best motion in
the Fair.

WASP. I believe you lie; if you do, I'll have my money
again and beat you. 85

WINWIFE. Numps is come!

WASP. Did you see a master of mine come in here, a
tall young squire of Harrow o'the Hill, Master
Bartholomew Cokes?

FILCHER. I think there be such a one within. 90

WASP. Look he be, you were best. But it is very
likely; I wonder I found him not at all the rest. I
ha'been at the eagle, and the black wolf, and the
bull with the five legs and two pizzles (he was a calf
at Uxbridge Fair two years agone), and at the dogs
that dance the morris, and the hare o'the tabor,
and missed him at all these! Sure this must needs
be some fine sight that holds him so, if it have him. 95

COKES. Come, come, are you ready now?

LEATHERHEAD. Presently, sir. 100

WASP. Hoyday, he's at work in his doublet and hose.
Do you hear, sir? Are you employed, that you are
bare-headed and so busy?

COKES. Hold your peace, Numps; you ha'been i'the
stocks, I hear. 105

WASP. Does he know that? Nay, then the date of my
authority is out; I must think no longer to reign,
my government is at an end. He that will correct
another must want fault in himself.

WINWIFE. Sententious Numps! I never heard so
much from him before. 110

LEATHERHEAD. Sure, Master Littlewit will not
come. Please you take your place, sir, we'll begin.

COKES. I pray thee do, mine ears long to be at it; and
my eyes too. Oh Numps, i'the stocks, Numps? 115
Where's your sword, Numps?

94 *pizzles*: penises.

96 *hare o'the tabor*: hare that plays on the tabor.

102 *employed*: working here.

107 *out*: expired.

- WASP. I pray you intend your game, sir, let me alone.
- COKES. Well, then, we are quit for all. Come, sit
down, Numps, I'll interpret to thee. Did you see
Mistress Grace? It's no matter, neither, now I
think on't, tell me anon. 120
- WINWIFE. A great deal of love and care he expresses.
- GRACE. Alas! Would you have him to express more
than he has? That were tyranny.
- COKES. Peace, ho! Now, now. 125
- LEATHERHEAD. *Gentles, that no longer your
expectations may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous Leander,
With a great deal of cloth, lapped about him like a
scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer, at Puddle
Wharf,
Which place we'll make bold with, to call it our
Abydus,* 130
*As the Bankside is our Sestos, and let it not be
denied us.
Now, as he is beating, to make the dye take the
fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair Hero in a sculler;
And seeing Leander's naked leg and goodly calf,
Cast at him, from the boat, a sheep's eye and a half.* 135
*Now she is landed, and the sculler come back;
By and by you shall see what Leander doth lack.*
- PUPPET LEANDER. *Cole, Cole, old Cole.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *That is the sculler's name without
control.*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *We do hear you.*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Old Cole.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Old coal? Is the dyer turned collier?
How do you sell?* 140
- PUP. LEANDER. *A pox o' your manners, kiss my hole
here, and smell.*

117 *intend*: attend to.

118 *quit*: even.

132 *the fuller*: more thoroughly.

138 *Cole*: slang name for a pander.

140 *collier*: seller of coal; an insult, since colliers had a reputation
for cheating.

How: what price.

- LEATHERHEAD. *Kiss your hole and smell? There's manners indeed.*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Why Cole, I say, Cole.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *It's the sculler you need!*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Ay, and be hanged.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Be hanged? Look you yonder, Old Cole, you must go hang with Master Leander.* 145
- PUP. COLE. *Where is he?*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Here, Cole. What fairest of fairs Was that fare that thou landest but now at Trig Stairs?*
- COKES. *What was that, fellow? Pray thee tell me, I scarce understand 'em.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Leander does ask, sir, What fairest of fairs* 150
Was the fare that he landed, but now, at Trig Stairs.
- PUP. COLE. *It is lovely Hero.*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Nero?*
- PUP. COLE. *No, Hero.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *It is Hero*
Of the Bankside, he saith, to tell you truth without erring,
Is come over into Fish Street to eat some fresh herring.
Leander says no more, but as fast as he can, 155
Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the Swan.
- COKES. *Most admirable good, is't not?*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Stay, sculler.*
- PUP. COLE. *What say you?*
- LEATHERHEAD. *You must stay for Leander, And carry him to the wench.*
- PUP. COLE. *You rogue, I am no pander.*
- COKES. *He says he is no pander. 'Tis a fine language; I understand it now.* 160
- LEATHERHEAD. *Are you no pander Goodman Cole? Here's no man says you are.*
You'll grow a hot Cole, it seems, pray you stay for your fare.
- PUP. COLE. *Will he come away?*
- LEATHERHEAD. *What do you say?*
- PUP. COLE. *I'd ha'him come away.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Would you ha' Leander come away? Why pray, sir, stay.* 165
You are angry, Goodman Cole; I believe the fair maid

Came over w'you o'trust. Tell us, sculler, are you paid?

PUP. COLE. *Yes, Goodman Hogrubber o'Pict-hatch.*

LEATHERHEAD. *How, Hogrubber o'Pict-hatch?*

PUP. COLE. *Ay, Hogrubber o'Pict-hatch.*

Take you that.

The puppet strikes him over the pate.

LEATHERHEAD. *Oh, my head!*

PUP. COLE. *Harm watch, harm catch.* 170

COKES. *Harm watch, harm catch, he says. Very good i'faith; the sculler had like to ha'knocked you, sirrah.*

LEATHERHEAD. *Yes, but that his fare called him away.* 175

PUP. LEANDER. *Row apace, row apace, row, row, row, row, row.*

LEATHERHEAD. *You are knavishly loaden, sculler, take heed where you go.*

PUP. COLE. *Knave i'your face, Goodman Rogue.*

PUP. LEANDER. *Row, row, row, row, row, row.*

COKES. *He said 'knave i'your face', friend.*

LEATHERHEAD. *Ay, sir, I heard him. But there's no talking to these watermen, they will ha'the last word.* 180

COKES. *God's my life! I am not allied to the sculler yet; he shall be Dauphin my boy. But my fiddlestick does fiddle in and out too much. I pray thee speak to him on't; tell him I would have him tarry in my sight more.* 185

LEATHERHEAD. *I pray you be content; you'll have enough on him, sir.*

Now gentles, I take it, here is none of you so stupid, But that you have heard of a little god of love, called Cupid; 190

Who out of kindness to Leander, hearing he but saw her,

168 *Hogrubber*: swineherd.

Pict-hatch: area of London notorious for rogues and prostitutes.

170 *Harm watch, harm catch*: if you look for trouble, you'll get it.

184 *Dauphin my boy*: line from a ballad. It seems Coke pairs the sculler off with the ballads he has purchased, unless he has named one of his hobby-horses Dauphin.

185-6 *my fiddlestick*: i.e. Leander.

*This present day and hour, doth turn himself to a
drawer.*

*And because he would have their first meeting to be
merry,*

He strikes Hero in love to him, with a pint of sherry. 195

*Which he tells her from amorous Leander is sent
her,*

Who after him into the room of Hero doth venter.

PUPPET LEANDER goes into

MISTRESS HERO'S ROOM.

PUP. JONAS. *A pint of sack, score a pint of sack i'the
Coney.*

COKES. Sack? You said but e'en now it should be
sherry. 200

PUP. JONAS. *Why so it is; sherry, sherry, sherry.*

COKES. 'Sherry, sherry, sherry'. By my troth he
makes me merry. I must have a name for Cupid
too. Let me see; thou mightst help me now an'
thou wouldest, Numps, at a dead lift, but thou art 205
dreaming o'the stocks still! Do not think on't, I
have forgot it: 'tis but a nine days' wonder, man,
let it not trouble thee.

WASP. I would the stocks were about your neck, sir;
condition I hung by the heels in them, till the 210
wonder were off from you, with all my heart.

COKES. Well said, resolute Numps. But hark you,
friend, where is the friendship, all this while,
between my drum, Damon, and my pipe, Pythias?

LEATHERHEAD. You shall see by and by, sir. 215

COKES. You think my hobby-horse is forgotten, too.
No, I'll see 'em all enact before I go; I shall not
know which to love best, else.

KNOCKEM. This gallant has interrupting vapours,
troublesome vapours, Whit; puff with him. 220

WHIT. No, I predee, Captain, let him alone. He is a
child, i'faith, la.

LEATHERHEAD. *Now gentles, to the friends, who in
number are two,
And lodged in that alehouse in which fair Hero does
do.*

198 *sack*: a general term for white Spanish wines, including sherry.
Coney: name of a room in a tavern.

205 *dead lift*: pinch.

210 *condition*: on condition that.

216 *my hobby-horse is forgotten*: famous refrain of a lost ballad.

- Damon, for some kindness done him the last week,
Is come fair Hero, in Fish Street, this morning to
seek.* 225
- Pythias does smell the knavery of the meeting,
And now you shall see their true friendly greeting.*
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *You whoremasterly slave, you.*
- COKES. *Whoremasterly slave, you? Very friendly
and familiar, that.* 230
- PUP. DAMON. *Whoremaster i' thy face,
Thou hast lien with her thyself, I'll prove't i' this
place.*
- COKES. *Damon says Pythias has lien with her himself,
he'll prove't in this place.* 235
- LEATHERHEAD. *They are whoremasters both, sir,
that's a plain case.*
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *You lie like a rogue.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Do I lie like a rogue?*
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *A pimp and a scab.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *A pimp and a scab?
I say between you, you have both but one drab.*
- PUP. DAMON. *You lie again.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Do I lie again?* 240
- PUP. DAMON. *Like a rogue again.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Like a rogue again?*
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *And you are a pimp again.*
- COKES. *And you are a pimp again, he says.*
- PUP. DAMON. *And a scab again.*
- COKES. *And a scab again, he says.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *And I say again, you are both
whoremasters again,* 245
- And you have both but one drab again.*
- They fight.*
- PUP. DAMON, PYTHIAS. *Dost thou, dost thou, dost
thou?*
- LEATHERHEAD. *What, both at once?*
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *Down with him, Damon.*
- PUP. DAMON. *Pink his guts, Pythias.*
- LEATHERHEAD. *What, so malicious?
Will ye murder me, masters both, i' mine own
house?* 250
- COKES. *Ho! Well acted my drum, well acted my pipe,
well acted still.*

238 *scab*: rascal.249 *pink*: stab.

- LEATHERHEAD. Yes, sir, but mark his answer, now.
 PUP. LEANDER. *And sweetest of geese, before I go to bed,* 285
I'll swim o'er the Thames, my goose, thee to tread.
 COKES. Brave! He will swim o'er the Thames, and tread his goose tonight, he says.
 LEATHERHEAD. Ay, peace, sir, they'll be angry if they hear you eavesdropping, now they are setting their match. 290
 PUP. LEANDER. *But lest the Thames should be dark, my goose, my dear friend,*
Let thy window be provided of a candle's end.
 PUP. HERO. *Fear not, my gander, I protest I should handle*
My matters very ill, if I had not a whole candle. 295
 PUP. LEANDER. *Well then, look to't, and kiss me to boot.*
 LEATHERHEAD. *Now here come the friends again, Pythias and Damon,*
And under their cloaks they have of bacon a gammon.
 DAMON and PYTHIAS enter.
 PUP. PYTHIAS. *Drawer, fill some wine here.*
 LEATHERHEAD. *How, some wine there?*
There's company already, sir, pray forbear! 300
 PUP. DAMON. *'Tis Hero.*
 LEATHERHEAD. *Yes, but she will not be taken,*
After sack and fresh herring, with your Dunmow bacon.
 PUP. PYTHIAS. *You lie, it's Westfabian.*
 LEATHERHEAD. *Westfalian you should say.*
 PUP. DAMON. *If you hold not your peace, you are a coxcomb, I would say.*
 LEANDER and HERO are kissing.
 PUP. PYTHIAS. *What's here? What's here? Kiss, kiss upon kiss.* 305
 LEATHERHEAD. *Ay, wherefore should they not? What harm is in this?*
'Tis Mistress Hero.
 PUP. DAMON. *Mistress Hero's a whore.*

286 *tread*: copulate with.

290 *setting*: appointing.

302 *Dunmow bacon*: at Dunmow (in Essex) any couple who could show that they had passed their first year of marriage without repenting it would be awarded a flitch of bacon.

- LEATHERHEAD. *Is she a whore? Keep you quiet, or, sir knave, out of door.*
- PUP. DAMON. *Knave out of door?* Here the
- PUP. HERO. *Yes, knave, out of door.* puppets
- PUP. DAMON. *Whore out of door.* quarrel
- PUP. HERO. *I say, knave, out of door.* and fall 310
- PUP. DAMON. *I say, whore, out of door.* together
- PUP. PYTHIAS. *Yea, so say I too.* by the
- PUP. HERO. *Kiss the whore o' the arse.* ears.
- LEATHERHEAD. *Now you ha' something to do:*
You must kiss her o' the arse, she says.
- PUP. DAMON, PYTHIAS. *So we will, so we will.*
[They kick her.]
- PUP. HERO. *Oh my haunches, oh my haunches, hold, hold!*
- LEATHERHEAD. *Stand'st thou still?*
Leander, where art thou? Stand'st thou still like a sot, 315
And not offer'st to break both their heads with a pot?
See who's at thine elbow there! Puppet Jonas and Cupid.
- PUP. JONAS. *Upon 'em Leander, be not so stupid.*
They fight.
- PUP. LEANDER. *You goat-bearded slave!*
- PUP. DAMON. *You whoremaster knave!*
- PUP. LEANDER. *Thou art a whoremaster!*
- PUP. JONAS. *Whoremasters all.* 320
- LEATHERHEAD. *See, Cupid with a word has ta'en up the brawl.*
- KNOCKEM. *These be fine vapours!*
- COKES. *By this good day they fight bravely! Do they not, Numps?*
- WASP. *Yes, they lacked but you to be their second,* 325
all this while.
- LEATHERHEAD. *This tragical encounter, falling out thus to busy us,*
It raises up the ghost of their friend Dionysius,
Not like a monarch, but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furred gown which shows he is no fool, 330

329 *master of a school*: Dionysius the younger, tyrant of Syracuse (367–343 BC) was supposed to have become a schoolmaster after his abdication.

*For therein he hath wit enough to keep himself
warm.*

*'O Damon', he cries, 'and Pythias, what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you in his grave,
That after his death you should fall out thus, and
rave,*

And call amorous Leander whoremaster knave?' 335
PUP. DIONYSIUS. *I cannot, I will not, I promise
you, endure it.*

SCENE V

[Enter] to them BUSY.

[BUSY.] Down with Dagon, down with Dagon! 'Tis
I will no longer endure your profanations.

LEATHERHEAD. What mean you, sir?

BUSY. I will remove Dagon there, I say, that idol,
that heathenish idol, that remains, as I may say, a 5
beam, a very beam, not a beam of the sun, nor a
beam of the moon, nor a beam of a balance,
neither a house-beam, nor a weaver's beam, but a
beam in the eye, in the eye of the brethren; a very
great beam, an exceeding great beam; such as are 10
your stage-players, rhymers, and morris-dancers,
who have walked hand in hand, in contempt of the
brethren, and the cause, and been borne out by
instruments of no mean countenance.

LEATHERHEAD. Sir, I present nothing but what is 15
licensed by authority.

BUSY. Thou art all licence, even licentiousness itself,
Shimei!

LEATHERHEAD. I have the Master of the Revels'
hand for't, sir. 20

1 *Dagon*: idol of the Philistines.

7 *balance*: pair of scales.

8 *weaver's beam*: part of a loom.

14 *instruments . . . countenance*: helpers of no small position
(alluding to the patronage extended to the playhouses by the
court).

18 *Shimei*: who cursed King David, member of the house of Saul
(2 Samuel 16.5–13).

19 *Master of the Revels*: court official who censored and licensed
the drama.

- BUSY. The Master of the Rebels' hand, thou hast –
Satan's! Hold thy peace, thy scurrility shut up thy
mouth; thy profession is damnable, and in
pleading for it, thou dost plead for Baal. I have
long opened my mouth wide, and gaped, I have
gaped as the oyster for the tide, after thy
destruction, but cannot compass it by suit, or
dispute; so that I look for a bickering, ere long,
and then a battle. 25
- KNOCKEM. Good Banbury-vapours. 30
- COKES. Friend, you'd have an ill match on't, if you
bicker with him here; though he be no man o'the
fist, he has friends that will go to cuffs for him.
Numps, will not you take our side?
- EDGWORTH. Sir, it shall not need; in my mind, he
offers him a fairer course – to end it by disputation!
Hast thou nothing to say for thyself, in defence of
thy quality? 35
- LEATHERHEAD. Faith, sir, I am not well studied in
these controversies between the hypocrites and
us. But here's one of my motion, Puppet
Dionysius, shall undertake him, and I'll venture
the cause on't. 40
- COKES. Who? My hobby-horse? Will he dispute with
him? 45
- LEATHERHEAD. Yes, sir, and make a hobby-ass of
him, I hope.
- COKES. That's excellent! Indeed he looks like the
best scholar of 'em all. Come, sir, you must be as
good as your word, now. 50
- BUSY. I will not fear to make my spirit and gifts
known! Assist me, zeal, fill me, fill me, that is,
make me full.
- WINWIFE. What a desperate, profane wretch is this!
Is there any ignorance or impudence like his? To
call his zeal to fill him against a puppet? 55
- GRACE. I know no fitter match than a puppet to
commit with an hypocrite!
- BUSY. First, I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

24 *Baal*: god of the Midianites (Judges 6.25–32).

24–9 see Additional Note, p. 531 below.

40 *hypocrites*: for this and *hypocrite* at 58 see Additional Note on
I. v. 180, p. 529 below.

58 *commit*: do battle.

59–139 see Additional Note, p. 531 below.

- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *You lie, I am called Dionysius.* 60
 LEATHERHEAD. The motion says you lie, he is called
 Dionysius i'the matter, and to that calling he
 answers.
- BUSY. I mean no vocation, idol, no present lawful
 calling. 65
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Is yours a lawful calling?*
 LEATHERHEAD. The motion asketh if yours be a
 lawful calling?
- BUSY. Yes, mine is of the spirit.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Then idol is a lawful calling.* 70
 LEATHERHEAD. He says, then idol is a lawful calling!
 For you called him idol, and your calling is of the
 spirit.
- COKES. Well disputed, hobby-horse!
- BUSY. Take not part with the wicked, young gallant. 75
 He neigheth and hinnyeth, all is but hinnying
 sophistry. I call him idol again. Yet, I say, his
 calling, his profession is profane, it is profane, idol.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *It is not profane!*
 LEATHERHEAD. It is not profane, he says. 80
 BUSY. It is profane.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *It is not profane.*
 BUSY. It is profane.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *It is not profane.*
 LEATHERHEAD. Well said, confute him with 'not', 85
 still. You cannot bear him down with your base
 noise, sir.
- BUSY. Nor he me, with his treble creaking, though he
 creak like the chariot wheels of Satan. I am zealous
 for the cause – 90
- LEATHERHEAD. As a dog for a bone.
 BUSY. And I say it is profane, as being the page of
 Pride, and the waiting-woman of Vanity.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Yea? What say you to your tire-
 women, then?* 95
- LEATHERHEAD. Good.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Or feather-makers i'the Friars, that
 are o'your faction of faith? Are not they, with their*

88 *treble creaking*: the Mr-Punch-like voice that Leatherhead
 adopts for the puppets; playing on *base* = bass at 86.

94–5 *tire-women*: dress-makers.

97 *Friars*: the manufacture of feathers, for fashionable wear, was
 dominated by the Blackfriars Puritans.

- perukes, and their puffs, their fans, and their huffs, as much pages of Pride and waiters upon Vanity? What say you? What say you? What say you?* 100
- BUSY. I will not answer for them.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Because you cannot, because you cannot. Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? Or the confect-maker's? Such you have there. Or your French fashioner? You'd have all the sin within yourselves, would you not? Would you not?* 105
- BUSY. No, Dagon.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *What then, Dagonet? Is a puppet worse than these?* 110
- BUSY. Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination: for the male among you putteth on the apparel of the female, and the female of the male. 115
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *You lie, you lie, you lie abominably.*
- COKES. Good, by my troth, he has given him the lie thrice.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *It is your old stale argument against the players, but it will not hold against the puppets; for we have neither male nor female amongst us. And that thou may'st see, if thou wilt, like a malicious purblind zeal as thou art!* 120
- The PUPPET takes up his garment.*
- EDGORTH. By my faith, there he has answered you, friend, by plain demonstration. 125
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Nay, I'll prove, against e'er a rabbin of 'em all, that my standing is as lawful as his; that I speak by inspiration, as well as he; that I*

99 *puffs*: fabric gathered in bunches.

100 *huffs*: shoulder padding.

105 *bugle-maker*: maker of glass beads.

106 *confect-maker's*: that of a maker of sweetmeats.

107 *fashioner*: tailor.

110 *Dagonet*: King Arthur's fool.

118 *the lie*: the ultimate insult.

122 *neither male nor female*: the puppet's crushing retort is from St Paul (Galatians 3.28): 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.'

124 *purblind*: shortsighted, blinkered.

128 *standing*: profession.

- have as little to do with learning as he; and do scorn her helps as much as he.* 130
- BUSY. I am confuted, the cause hath failed me.
- PUP. DIONYSIUS. *Then be converted, be converted.*
- LEATHERHEAD. Be converted, I pray you, and let the play go on. 135
- BUSY. Let it go on. For I am changed, and will become a beholder with you!
- COKES. That's brave, i'faith. Thou hast carried it away, hobby-horse; on with the play!
- OVERDO. Stay, now do I forbid, I, Adam Overdo! Sit still, I charge you. *The Justice discovers himself.* 140
- COKES. What, my brother-i'-law!
- GRACE. My wise guardian!
- EDGWORTH. Justice Overdo!
- OVERDO. It is time to take enormity by the forehead, and brand it; for, I have discovered enough. 145

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] to them QUARLOUS (*like the madman*) [*and* MISTRESS] PURECRAFT.

- [QUARLOUS.] Nay, come, Mistress Bride. You must do as I do, now. You must be mad with me in truth. I have here Justice Overdo for it.
- OVERDO. Peace, good Trouble-all; come hither, and you shall trouble none. I will take the charge of you, and your friend too. (*To the cutpurse and MISTRESS LITTLEWIT*) You also, young man, shall be my care, stand there. 5
- EDGWORTH. Now mercy upon me.
- KNOCKEM. Would we were away, Whit, these are dangerous vapours. Best fall off with our birds, for fear o'the cage. 10
- The rest are stealing away.*
- OVERDO. Stay, is not my name your terror?
- WHIT. Yesh faith, man, and it ish for tat we would be gone, man. 15
- [*Enter*] LITTLEWIT.

130-1 *as little . . . much as he*: a hit at the Puritan claim to inner light.
12 *cage*: prison.

- LITTLEWIT. O gentlemen, did you not see a wife of mine? I ha'lost my little wife, as I shall be trusted, my little pretty Win; I left her at the great woman's house in trust yonder, the pig-woman's, with Captain Jordan and Captain Whit, very good men, and I cannot hear of her. Poor fool, I fear she's stepped aside. Mother, did you not see Win? 20
- OVERDO. If this grave matron be your mother, sir, stand by her, *et digito compesce labellum*, I may perhaps spring a wife for you anon. Brother Bartholomew, I am sadly sorry to see you so lightly given, and such a disciple of enormity, with your grave governor Humphrey; but stand you both there, in the middle place, I will reprehend you in your course. Mistress Grace, let me rescue you out of the hands of the stranger. 30
- WINWIFE. Pardon me, sir, I am a kinsman of hers.
- OVERDO. Are you so? Of what name, sir?
- WINWIFE. Winwife, sir.
- OVERDO. Master Winwife? I hope you have won no wife of her, sir. If you have, I will examine the possibility of it at fit leisure. Now to my enormities: look upon me, O London! and see me, O Smithfield! the example of Justice, and Mirror of Magistrates; the true top of formality, and scourge of enormity. Harken unto my labours, and but observe my discoveries, and compare Hercules with me, if thou dar'st, of old; or Columbus, Magellan, or our countryman Drake of later times. Stand forth, you weeds of enormity and spread. 40
- (*To BUSY*) First, Rabbi Busy, thou superlunatical hypocrite; (*To LEATHERHEAD*) next, thou other extremity, thou profane professor of puppetry, little better than poetry; (*To the horse-courser, and cutpurse*) then thou strong debaucher and seducer of youth – witness this easy and honest young man; (*Then CAPTAIN WHIT and MISTRESS LITTLEWIT*) now thou esquire of dames, madams, and twelve- 45

24 *et . . . labellum*: 'restrain your lips with your finger' (Juvenal, *Satires*, I.160).

25 *spring*: cause to rise from hiding (used of a partridge).

30 *course*: turn.

40 *formality*: accordance with legal form.

45 *enormity and spread*: widespread enormity (Hibbard).

51 *easy*: compliant, gentle.

- penny ladies; now my green madam herself of the price. Let me unmask your ladyship. 55
- LITTLEWIT. Oh my wife, my wife, my wife!
- OVERDO. Is she your wife? *Redde te Harpocratem!*
- [*Enter*] TROUBLE-ALL [*followed by* URSLA and NIGHTINGALE.]
- TRouble-ALL. By your leave, stand by, my masters, be uncovered.
- URSLA. Oh stay him, stay him! Help to cry, 60
Nightingale; my pan, my pan.
- OVERDO. What's the matter?
- NIGHTINGALE. He has stolen Gammer Ursla's pan.
- TRouble-ALL. Yes, and I fear no man but Justice Overdo. 65
- OVERDO. Ursla? Where is she? O the sow of enormity, this! (*To* URSLA and NIGHTINGALE)
Welcome, stand you there; you, songster, there.
- URSLA. An' please your worship, I am in no fault. A gentleman stripped him in my booth, and 70
borrowed his gown and his hat; and he ran away with my goods, here, for it.
- OVERDO. (*to* QUARLOUS) Then this is the true madman, and you are the enormity!
- QUARLOUS. You are i'the right; I am mad but from 75
the gown outward.
- OVERDO. Stand you there.
- QUARLOUS. Where you please, sir.
- MISTRESS OVERDO [*wakes up,*] *is sick, and her husband is silenced.*
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Oh lend me a basin, I am sick, I am sick. Where's Master Overdo? Bridget, call 80
hither my Adam.
- OVERDO. How?
- WHIT. Dy very own wife, i'fait, worshipful Adam.
- MISTRESS OVERDO. Will not my Adam come at me?
Shall I see him no more then? 85
- QUARLOUS. Sir, why do you not go on with the enormity? Are you oppressed with it? I'll help you. Hark you, sir, i'your ear: your 'innocent

57 *Redde te Harpocratem*: 'make yourself like Harpocrates' (god of silence).

80 *Bridger*: Mrs Overdo, in a drunken stupor, imagines herself to be at home and calls on her maid for help.

87 *oppressed*: crushed.

- young man', you have ta'en such care of all this
 day, is a cutpurse, that hath got all your brother
 Cokes his things, and helped you to your beating
 and the stocks; if you have a mind to hang him
 now, and show him your magistrate's wit, you
 may: but I should think it were better, recovering
 the goods, to save your estimation in pardoning
 him. I thank you, sir, for the gift of your ward,
 Mistress Grace: look you, here is your hand and
 seal, by the way. Master Winwife, give you joy,
 you are Palamon, you are possessed o'the gentle-
 woman, but she must pay me value, here's warrant
 for it. And honest madman, there's thy gown and
 cap again; I thank thee for my wife. (*To the widow*)
 Nay, I can be mad, sweetheart, when I please,
 still; never fear me. And careful Numps, where's
 he? I thank him for my licence. 105
- WASP. How!
- QUARLOUS. 'Tis true, Numps.
- WASP. I'll be hanged then.
- QUARLOUS. Look i'your box, Numps.
 WASP *misseth the licence.*
- [*To OVERDO*] Nay, sir, stand not you fixed here,
 like a stake in Finsbury to be shot at, or the
 whipping post i'the Fair, but get your wife out
 o'the air, it will make her worse else; and
 remember you are but Adam, flesh and blood!
 You have your frailty; forget your other name of
 Overdo, and invite us all to supper. There you and
 I will compare our discoveries, and drown the
 memory of all enormity in your bigg'st bowl at
 home. 110
- COKES. How now, Numps, ha'you lost it? I warrant,
 'twas when thou wert i'the stocks: why dost not
 speak? 120

95 *estimation*: reputation.

95–6 *in pardoning him*: see Textual Note, p. 523 below.

96 *gift of your ward*: Quarulous has used the blank warrant obtained in V.ii to transfer Grace's guardianship from Overdo to himself.

100 *she must pay me value*: Quarulous's triumph is not notable for generosity. He intends to exact from Grace and Winwife the same penalty that Overdo would have taken from them had Grace married without *his* permission (see III.v.314–20).

111 *Finsbury*: public fields near London, scene of archery contests.

- WASP. I will never speak while I live, again, for aught
I know.
- OVERDO. Nay, Humphrey, if I be patient, you must 125
be so too; this pleasant conceited gentleman hath
wrought upon my judgement, and prevailed. I
pray you take care of your sick friend, Mistress
Alice, and, my good friends all –
- QUARLOUS. And no enormities. 130
- OVERDO. I invite you home with me to my house, to
supper. I will have none fear to go along, for my
intents are *ad correctionem, non ad destructionem;*
ad aedificandum, non ad diruendum: so lead on.
- COKES. Yes, and bring the actors along, we'll ha'the 135
rest o'the play at home.

THE END

133–4 *ad correctionem . . . diruendum*: 'for correction, not destruction, building up, not tearing down' (Horace, *Epistles*, I.i.100).
Quoted by James I himself in a speech to Parliament, 1609.

THE EPILOGUE

Your Majesty hath seen the play, and you
Can best allow it from your ear and view.
You know the scope of writers, and what store
Of leave is given them, if they take not more,
And turn it into licence. You can tell 5
If we have used that leave you gave us well:
Or whether we to rage or licence break,
Or be profane, or make profane men speak.
This is your power to judge, great sir, and not
The envy of a few. Which if we have got 10
We value less what their dislike can bring,
If it so happy be, t'have pleased the King.

Epilogue: spoken only at the court performance.

2 *allow*: license.

3-5 sentiment from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 51.

THE
NEVV INNE

OR,
The light Heart.

A COMOEDY.

As it was neuer acted, but most
negligently play'd, by some,
the Kings Seruants,

And more squeamishly beheld, and censu-
red by others, the Kings Subiects.

1629.

Now, at last, set at liberty to the Reader, his Ma-
jesty's Seruants, and Subiects, to be iudg'd.

1632.

By the Author, *B. Jonson.*

Hor. *me letari credere uolentem*
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi.

LONDON,

Printed by *Thomas Harper*, for *Thomas Archer*
are to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard
at the signe of the greene Dragon.

MDCXXXI.

Title-page of the 1631 octavo, reproduced by permission of the British Library

Epigraph

'I prefer to entrust myself to a reader rather than to bear the disdain of a scornful spectator.' Adapted from Horace, *Epistles*, II.i.214.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sources

The New Inn involves a unique combination of different sources, some so unlike as to seem almost incompatible. The main business, Lovel's discourses on love and valour, is Jonson's own invention, but draws on the traditions of the mediaeval courts in which mock assemblies debated and legislated on matters of the heart. Jonson quite probably knew the *Arrets d'Amour* (c. 1455) of Martial d'Auvergne, which anthologised the proceedings of the parliaments of love, and though none were ever mounted at Whitehall, documentation of debates before Princes d'Amour does survive from Tudor and Stuart Christmas revels at the Middle Temple. There are courts of love in Marston's *The Fawn* (1604) and Massinger's *The Parliament of Love* (1624), but *The New Inn* owes little to these. More important was the broad European tradition of academic or courtly disputation which has its classic statement in Castiglione's description of the princely sports of Urbino in *The Courtier* (pub. 1528). Lovel's transformation of a frivolous pastime into a genteel philosophical symposium draws directly on book IV of *The Courtier*.

The play has often been treated as if it were related to the cult of Platonic love which became associated with Queen Henrietta Maria and her circle, but since the fashion for Platonic love seems to have been at its height at court in the mid 1630s, and little in evidence before Walter Montague's notorious Platonic pastoral play *The Shepherds' Paradise* (1632), Jonson is unlikely in 1629 to have written with any intention of complimenting the Queen directly, and in any case, the philosophical and ethical cast of Lovel's Platonism is very different from the preciosity associated with Henrietta Maria. On the other hand, parody has sometimes been suspected in the presentation of Lovel or of the court of love, but this seems to be a misreading of the play's seriously conducted debates; besides, nothing in Jonson's prefaces hints at any intention of parody. Apart from Lady Frampul's list of the authorities of Love's divinity (III.ii.206–7), there is little that would indicate any direct connection with Henrietta Maria's personal recreations and this presumed connection would appear to be very largely a red herring.

The play's underplot involves slenderly-drawn humorous characters in Jonson's earlier manner, and the episode of Pinnacia Stuff develops suggestions from Jonson's non-dramatic verse (*Epigrams*, 25, *Underwoods*, 42.37–42).

These scenes have often been criticised as vapid and pointless, but the comedy has to be light in order not to upset the delicate balance of the scenes in the court of love. The framing action, on the other hand, is a romance plot openly indebted to the resources of New Comedy (at I.iii.25 there is a borrowing from Terence's *Andria*, another play in which a lost daughter is hidden under an assumed identity). The similarity between the re-engagement with romance at the end of Jonson's career and the parallel case of Shakespeare is highly suggestive, and in other respects *The New Inn* harks back to Shakespeare, particularly in its use of a festive action centred on a single spot and single day, its un-Jonsonian division into above- and below-stairs actions, and the resemblance of Lovel to other melancholics in the midst of feasts, such as Jaques and (less directly) Malvolio. Fly might be said to play Puck to the Host's Oberon. In Jonson's carefully graded hierarchy of lovers (Lovel and Lady Frampul, Latimer and Pru, Beaufort and Laetitia, Nick and Pinnacia Stuff), Anne Barton detects a structural debt to *As You Like It* and, behind that, to Lyly's *Endimion*.

In drawing the Host, Jonson seems to have had Chaucer's Harry Bailly in mind, and the play makes several allusions to *The Canterbury Tales* and *Troilus and Criseyde*. *The Parliament of Foules*, with its court of love and St Valentine's Day setting, provides a link at the level of sources between *The New Inn* and *A Tale of a Tub*.

Stage history

The New Inn was licensed on 19 January 1629, but at the first performance it immediately met a hostile reception. An epilogue apologising for the initial failure was written for the anticipated court première, but this never materialised, and the play dropped almost at once from the repertoire, yet it was not without contemporary influence, since scenes were plundered for a revised version of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage* (rev. 1635) while in *The Variety* (c. 1640) by Jonson's friend and patron William Cavendish, Earl of Newcastle, the fortunes of Manly, who wins the love of Lady Beaufield through the effect of a long and passionate oration, are patently modelled on those of Lovel. Only one more production, by the Old Vic Company at the Chelsea Arts Club in 1903, is recorded before the revival by the RSC at the Swan Theatre, Stratford, in 1987.

The evidence concerning the reasons for the play's original failure is plentiful but contradictory. Jonson complained on the title-page of the published text that it had been badly acted, but this he partly retracted in the list of persons. A second complaint, that the audience found the name of the chambermaid Cis so amusing that they imitated it by hissing, Jonson took seriously enough to change her name to Pru and to rebuke the spectators in the additional epilogue. But his fiercest anger went on the generally inadequate understanding of the audience, who, he claimed in the *Ode to Himself*, had displayed by their disapproval their unfitness to be judges of his writing. Among the sheaf of replies in verse that subsequently circulated on behalf of the spectators (printed in Herford and Simpson, XI, pp. 333–46), the most coherent rebuff, written by Owen Felltham, retorted that the plot was unlikely, the subplot trivial, and Jonson's estimate of the intellectual capacities of a mere chambermaid over-optimistic and offensive. Later, Edmund Gayton would say that the play was better suited to an academic than to a public audience.

Some other explanations are also possible. Reading between the lines of Felltham's reply, Jonson's prominently foregrounded criticisms of modern notions of honour must have felt like an attack on virtually the entire first afternoon's audience, while the anti-Spanish tenor of much of the satire involving Tiptoe could well have upset members of Charles's largely hispanophile court. Moreover, Jonson was not the only playwright experiencing difficulties with the audience at this time, for in the years 1628–33 Massinger, Shirley, Davenant and Nabbes all had plays which failed badly or ran into vitriolic criticism. While some of the difficulties of *The New Inn* lie in its privately innovative and experimental nature, it also seems likely that it fell foul of changes of taste, sensibility and attitude which were currently affecting all working playwrights, Jonson's difficulties being ones that he shared with the Caroline theatre world at large. Perhaps its failure would have seemed less spectacular if Jonson had not reacted as if to a personal affront; the *débâcle* in which the play became embroiled has all but obscured in retrospect its delicate blend of high seriousness and amorous comedy, and its very considerable interest as an attempt by Jonson to come to terms with comic forms which until this time had been very largely objects of his scorn.

The RSC revival of the play, while not proving it to be a

neglected masterpiece, effectively vindicated its stage-worthiness. This production, directed by John Caird, was dominated by John Carlisle's commanding and eloquent Lovel, a middle-aged romantic hero ill at ease in a world which had forgotten its ethical bearings. His long orations on love and valour were spell-binding in the theatre, their calmness given an edge of urgency by the hourglass running down inexorably behind him. Lovel emerged as the moral arbiter of a decadent society, though only Lady Frampul seemed convinced enough to be changed by his arguments; even in the closing song, his sober black suit set him visually apart from the plush-and-velvet world he had at last joined.

A further advantage of performance was its demonstration of the play's careful design. With the melancholy Lovel set against the jovial Goodstock (Joseph O'Connor), with the oration on love repudiating the Stuffs and the oration on valour discrediting Tiptoe, the play's thesis was seen to be tactfully but firmly embodied in its action; while its movement between scenes of still argument and boisterous comedy gave it an almost musical articulation. There was, too, surprising scope for engaging comic performances: Tiptoe (Richard McCabe) proved to be a considerable comic butt, and Fly (Clive Russell), conceived as a world-weary Scotsman with an ironic and *fin-de-siècle* air, was an unexpectedly assertive presence. The below-stairs scene (III. i) intelligently invoked a densely particular world of trivial reminiscence and personal politics that functioned as a kind of antimasque to the serious court of love to follow. The final revelations inevitably generated laughter, but were not merely arbitrary: the ending was poignantly and ambiguously poised between jest and earnest, offering affirmations of a future harmony that was both desired and gently discredited. Not the least interesting aspect was the play's simple difference from other Jonsonian comedies. I suspect that anyone who had not known its authorship in advance would have found it hard to guess.

Text

The text published in octavo in 1631 shows clear signs of Jonson's personal preparation and involvement in the proofing. It was not incorporated into the collected editions until the third folio of 1692. There are individual modern editions by G. B. Tennant (1908) and Michael Hattaway (Revels, 1984).

THE
DEDICATION,
TO
THE READER

If thou be such, I make thee my patron, and dedicate
the piece to thee; if not so much, would I had been at
the charge of thy better literature. Howsoever, if
thou canst but spell, and join my sense, there is more
hope of thee than of a hundred fastidious impertinents, who were there present the first day, yet
never made piece of their prospect the right way. 5
'What did they come for, then?' thou wilt ask me. I
will as punctually answer: 'To see, and to be seen. To
make a general muster of themselves in their clothes
of credit, and possess the stage against the play. To 10
dislike all, but mark nothing. And by their confidence
of rising between the acts, in oblique lines, make
affidavit to the whole house of their not understand-
ing one scene.' Armed with this prejudice, as the 15
stage-furniture or arras-cloths they were there, as
spectators, away. For the faces in the hangings and
they beheld alike. So I wish, they may do ever. And
do trust myself and my book rather to thy rustic
candour, than all the pomp of their pride, and solemn 20
ignorance to boot. Fare thee well, and fall to. Read.

BEN JONSON

But first,

The Argument.

3 *literature*: educating (acquaintance with letters).

7 *made piece of their prospect*: formed a proper picture of the play.

11 *of credit*: unpaid for.

12 *confidence*: presumption.

13 *in oblique lines*: from the sides of the stage.

16 *arras-cloths*: hangings at the back of the stage, here painted with people (*faces*).

THE ARGUMENT

The Lord Frampul, a noble gentleman, well educated and bred a scholar in Oxford, was married young to a virtuous gentlewoman, Syllly's daughter of the South, whose worth, though he truly enjoyed, he never could rightly value. But, as many green husbands, given over to their extravagant delights and some peccant humours of their own, occasioned in his over-loving wife so deep a melancholy, by his leaving her in the time of her lying-in of her second daughter, she having brought him only two daughters, Frances and Laetitia; and, out of her hurt fancy, interpreting that to be a cause of her husband's coldness in affection, her not being blessed with a son, took a resolution with herself, after her month's time and thanksgiving ritely in the church, to quit her home, with a vow never to return till by reducing her lord she could bring a wished happiness to the family. 5 10 15

He in the meantime returning and hearing of this departure of his lady, began, though over-late, to resent the injury he had done her: and out of his cock-brained resolution, entered into as solemn a quest of her. Since when, neither of them had been heard of. But the eldest daughter Frances, by the title of Lady Frampul, enjoyed the state, her sister being lost young, and is the sole relict of the family. 20 25

Act 1

Here begins our comedy.

This lady, being a brave, bountiful lady, and enjoying this free and plentiful estate, hath an ambitious disposition to be esteemed the mistress of many servants, but loves none. And hearing of a famous new inn, that is kept by a merry host called Goodstock, in Barnet, invites some lords and gentlemen to wait on her thither, as well to see the fashions of the place, as to make themselves merry with the 30 35

7 *peccant*: unhealthy, morbid.

15 *ritely*: with due rites.

16 *reducing*: bringing back.

20 *resent*: regret.

24 *state*: estate.

31 *servants*: professed lovers.

33 *Barnet*: just north of London, notorious as a place of assignation.

accidents on the by. It happens there is a melancholic gentleman, one Master Lovel, hath been lodged there some days before in the inn, who, unwilling to be seen, is surprised by the lady and invited by Prudence, the lady's chambermaid, who is elected 40
governess of the sports in the inn for that day, and installed their sovereign. Lovel is persuaded by the Host, and yields to the lady's invitation, which concludes the first act. Having revealed his quality before to the Host. 45

In the second act

Prudence and her lady express their anger conceived at the tailor, who had promised to make Prudence a new suit and bring it home, as on the eve, against this day. But he failing of his word, the lady 50
had commanded a standard of her own best apparel to be brought down, and Prudence is so fitted. The lady being put in mind that she is there alone without other company of women, borrows, by the advice of Pru, the Host's son of the house, whom they dress with the Host's consent like a lady, and send out the coachman with the empty coach as for a kinswoman of her ladyship's, Mistress Laetitia Syllly, to bear her company: who, attended with his nurse, an old charwoman in the inn, dressed oddly by the Host's 60
counsel, is believed to be a lady of quality, and so received, entertained, and love made to her by the young Lord Beaufort, etc. In the meantime, the Fly of the inn is discovered to Colonel Glorious, with the militia of the house below the stairs, in the drawer, tapster, chamberlain and ostler, inferior officers, 65
with the coachman Trundle, Ferret, etc. And the preparation is made to the lady's design upon Lovel, his upon her, and the sovereign's upon both.

39 *surprised*: taken unawares.

51 *standard*: suit.

60 *oddly*: incongruously (see II.ii.40-3); nobly (so Hattaway).

63 *Fly*: parasite.

Here begins, at the third Act, the *epitasis* 70
or business of the play

Lovel, by the dexterity and wit of the sovereign of the sports, Prudence, having two hours assigned him of free colloquy and love-making to his mistress, one after dinner, the other after supper, the court being set, is demanded by the Lady Frampul what love is, as doubting if there were any such power or no. To whom, he first by definition and after by argument answers, proving and describing the effects of love so vively as she, who had derided the name of love before, hearing his discourse is now so taken both with the man and his matter, as she confesseth herself enamoured of him and, but for the ambition she hath to enjoy the other hour, had presently declared herself: which gives both him and the spectators occasion to think she yet dissembles, notwithstanding the payment of her kiss, which he celebrates. And the court dissolves upon a news brought of a new lady, a newer coach, and a new coachman called Barnaby. 80 85

Act 4 90

The house being put into a noise with the rumour of this new lady, and there being drinking below in the court, the colonel, Sir Glorious, with Bat Burst, a broken citizen, and Hodge Huffle, his champion, she falls into their hands, and being attended but with one footman, is uncivilly entreated by them, and a quarrel commenced, but is rescued by the valour of Lovel; which beheld by the Lady Frampul from the window, she is invited up for safety; where coming and conducted by the Host, her gown is first discovered to be the same with the whole suit which was bespoken for Pru, and she herself, upon examination, found to be Pinnacia Stuff, the tailor's wife, who was wont to be preoccupied in all his 95 100

70 *epitasis*: a term taken from the Alexandrian grammarians and commonly employed by Renaissance literary theorists; defined by Donatus as 'the growth and progress of the confusions and . . . of the knot of the whole misunderstanding'. Compare *catastrophé*, at 113.

80 *vively*: clearly, distinctly.

93 *Bat*: short for Bartholomew.

104 *to be preoccupied*: a bawdy pun – to wear beforehand, and to be lain with.

customers' best clothes by the footman her husband. 105
 They are both condemned and censured, she stripped
 like a doxy and sent home a-foot. In the interim, the
 second hour goes on, and the question, at suit of the
 Lady Frampul, is changed from love to valour; which
 ended, he receives his second kiss and, by the rigour 110
 of the sovereign, falls into a fit of melancholy, worse
 or more desperate than the first.

The fifth and last Act is the catastrophe, or knitting
 up of all, where Fly brings word to the Host of the
 Lord Beaufort's being married privately in the new 115
 stable to the supposed lady, his son, which the Host
 receives as an omen of mirth; but complains that
 Lovel is gone to bed melancholic, when Prudence
 appears dressed in the new suit, applauded by her
 lady, and employed to retrieve Lovel. The Host 120
 encounters them with this relation of Lord Beaufort's
 marriage, which is seconded by the Lord Latimer and
 all the servants of the house. In this while Lord
 Beaufort comes in and professes it, calls for his bed
 and bride-bowl to be made ready; the Host forbids 125
 both, shows whom he hath married, and discovers
 him to be his son, a boy. The lord bridegroom
 confounded, the nurse enters like a frantic bedlam,
 cries out on Fly, says she is undone in her daughter,
 who is confessed to be the Lord Frampul's child, 130
 sister to the other lady, the Host to be their father,
 she his wife. He finding his children, bestows them
 one on Lovel, the other on the Lord Beaufort, the inn
 upon Fly (who had been a gipsy with him), offers a
 portion with Prudence for her wit, which is refused, 135
 and she taken by the Lord Latimer to wife, for the
 crown of her virtue and goodness. And all are
 contented.

107 *doxy*: whore.

120 *retrieve*: recover (like a dog retrieving a shot game-bird).

125 *bride-bowl*: in which to drink the bride's health.

128 *bedlam*: lunatic.

[THE PERSONS OF THE PLAY]

The scene, Barnet
The Persons of the Play
With some short characterism of the chief actors

- GOODSTOCK**, the Host (played well), alias the Lord Frampul. He pretends to be a gentleman and a scholar neglected by the times, turns host and keeps an inn, the sign of the Light Heart in Barnet: is supposed to have one only son, but is found to have none, but two daughters, Frances and Laetitia, who was lost young, etc. 5
- LOVEL**, a complete gentleman, a soldier, and a scholar, is a melancholy guest in the inn: first quarrelled, after much honoured and beloved by the Host. He is known to have been page to the old Lord Beaufort, followed him in the French wars, after a companion of his studies, and left guardian to his son. He is assisted in his love to the Lady Frampul by the Host and the chambermaid, Prudence. He was one that acted well too. 10 15
- FERRET**, who is also called Stoat and Vermin, is Lovel's servant, a fellow of a quick, nimble wit, knows the manners and affections of people, and can make profitable and timely discoveries of them. 20
- FRANK**, supposed a boy and the Host's son, borrowed to be dressed for a lady, and set up as a stale by Prudence to catch Beaufort or Latimer, proves to be Laetitia, sister to Frances, and Lord Frampul's younger daughter, stolen by a beggar-woman, shorn, put into boy's apparel, sold to the Host and brought up by him as his son. 25
- NURSE**, a poor charwoman in the inn, with one eye, that tends the boy, is thought the Irish beggar that sold him, but is truly the Lady Frampul, who left her home melancholic and jealous that her lord loved her not because she brought him none but daughters, and lives, unknown to her husband as he to her. 30 35
- FRANCES**, supposed the Lady Frampul, being

2 *Frampul*: both 'peevisish' and 'high-spirited'.

12 *French wars*: five English expeditions fought on behalf of the Huguenots in France 1589–95.

23 *stale*: decoy.

25 *Laetitia*: her name means 'joy'. See I.ii.24 and V.iv.20–3.

- reputed his sole daughter and heir, the barony descending upon her, is a lady of great fortunes and beauty, but fantastical: thinks nothing a felicity but to have a multitude of servants, and be called mistress by them, comes to the inn to be merry, with a chambermaid only, and her servants her guests, etc. 40
- PRUDENCE, the chambermaid, is elected sovereign of the sports in the inn, governs all, commands, and so orders as the Lord Latimer is exceedingly taken with her, and takes her to his wife in conclusion. 45
- LORD LATIMER and LORD BEAUFORT are a pair of young lords, servants and guests to the Lady Frampul, but as Latimer falls enamoured of Prudence, so doth Beaufort on the boy, the host's son, set up for Laetitia, the younger sister, which she proves to be indeed. 50
- SIR GLORIOUS TIPTOE, a knight and colonel, hath the luck to think well of himself without a rival, talks gloriously of anything, but very seldom is in the right. He is the lady's guest and her servant too, but this day utterly neglects his service, or that him; for he is so enamoured on the Fly of the inn, and the militia below stairs, with Hodge Huffle and Bat Burst, guests that come in, and Trundle, Barnaby, etc., as no other society relisheth with him. 55
- FLY, is the parasite of the inn, visitor general of the house, one that had been a strolling gipsy, but now is reclaimed to be inflamer of the reckonings. 60
- PIERCE, the drawer, knighted by the colonel, styled Sir Pierce and young Anon, one of the chief of the infantry. 65
- 70

39 *fantastical*: subject to fancy (= the deluding power of love or the capricious imagination).

55 *GLORIOUS*: i.e. vainglorious.

59 *that*: she.

65 *FLY*: his name suggests 'parasite' or 'familiar spirit' (compare *The Alchemist*, I.ii.80-4, and the naming of Mosca in *Volpone*). *visitor*: inspector.

67 *inflamer of the reckonings*: i.e. he inflates the bills.

69 *Anon*: tapsters would cry 'anon' to waiting guests who called them.

70 *infantry*: punningly, 'small boys' (see *Epicoene*, III.v.26).

JORDAN, the chamberlain, another of the militia and an officer, commands the <i>tertia</i> of the beds.	
JUG, the tapster, a thoroughfare of news	
PECK, the ostler	
BAT BURST, a broken citizen, an in-and-in man	75
HODGE HUFFLE, a cheater, his companion	
NICK STUFF, the lady's tailor	
PINNACIA STUFF, his wife	
TRUNDLE, a coachman	
BARNABY, a hired coachman	80
STAGGERS, the smith	} only talked on
TREE, the saddler	
[FIDDLERS]	
[SERVANTS]	

71 JORDAN: chamber-pot.

72 *tertia*: divisions of infantry (Spanish).

75 *in-and-in*: a gambling game.

78 PINNACIA: the nickname 'pinnacle' (= a schooner, used for landing men from larger ships) was used to mean go-between or bawd.

81 STAGGERS: a horse disease.

82 TREE: framework of a saddle.

THE PROLOGUE

You are welcome, welcome all, to the New Inn.
Though the old house, we hope our cheer will win
Your acceptation: we ha'the same cook
Still, and the fat, who says you sha'not look
Long for your bill of fare, but every dish 5
Be served in, i'the time, and to your wish;
If anything be set to a wrong taste,
'Tis not the meat, there, but the mouth's displaced,
Remove but that sick palate, all is well.
For this the secure dresser bad me tell, 10
Nothing more hurts just meetings than a crowd,
Or, when the expectation's grown too loud,
That the nice stomach would ha'this or that,
And being asked, or urged, it knows not what;
When sharp or sweet have been too much a feast, 15
And both outlived the palate of the guest.
Beware to bring such appetites to the stage,
They do confess a weak, sick, queasy age,
And a shrewd grudging too of ignorance,
When clothes and faces 'bove the men advance. 20
Hear for your health, then; but at any hand,
Before you judge, vouchsafe to understand,
Concoct, digest: if then it do not hit,
Some are in a consumption of wit,
Deep, he dares say, he will not think that all – 25
For hectics are not epidemical.

4 *fat*: Jonson pokes fun at his own weight.

10 *secure*: confident.

dresser: one who prepares food.

11 *just*: proper, correct.

13 *nice*: fastidious.

23 *Concoct*: ruminant upon.

26 *hectics*: fevers.

THE NEW INN

ACT I

SCENE I

[Enter] HOST [and] FERRET.

[HOST.] I am not pleased, indeed, you are i'the right;
Nor is my house pleased, if my sign could speak,
The sign o'the Light Heart. There, you may read
it;

So may your master too, if he look on't.
A heart weighed with a feather, and outweighed
too: 5

A brain-child o'mine own, and I am proud on't!
And if his worship think here to be melancholy,
In spite of me or my wit, he is deceived;
I will maintain the rebus 'gainst all humours
And all complexions i'the body of man – 10
That's my word – or i'the isle of Britain!

FERRET. You have reason, good mine host.

HOST. Sir, I have rhyme too.

'Whether it be by chance or art,
A heavy purse makes a light heart.'
There 'tis expressed! First by a purse of gold, 15
'A heavy purse', and then two turtles, 'makes',
A heart with a light stuck in't, 'a light heart'!
Old Abbot Islip could not invent better,
Or Prior Bolton with his bolt and tun.
I am an innkeeper, and know my grounds, 20
And study 'em; brain o'man, I study 'em;
I must ha'jovial guests to drive my ploughs,
And whistling boys to bring my harvest home,

9 *rebus*: picture puzzle representing a name, word or phrase.

10 *complexions*: temperaments (determined by the combinations of man's bodily *humours*).

18 *Abbot Islip*: the devices of this cleric and of *Prior Bolton* (19) are mentioned in the *Remains . . . Concerning Britain* (1605) of Jonson's friend William Camden.

20 *grounds*: rudiments.

Or I shall hear no flails thwack. Here your master
 And you ha'been this fortnight, drawing fleas 25
 Out of my mats, and pounding 'em in cages
 Cut out of cards, and those roped round with pack-
 thread
 Drawn thorough bird-lime! A fine subtlety!
 Or poring through a multiplying glass
 Upon a captured crab-lice, or a cheese-mite 30
 To be dissected, as the sports of nature,
 With a neat Spanish needle! Speculations
 That do become the age, I do confess!
 As measuring an ant's eggs with the silkworm's,
 By a fantastic instrument of thread 35
 Shall give you their just difference, to a hair!
 Or else recovering o'dead flies with crumbs!
 Another quaint conclusion i'the physics
 Which I ha'seen you busy at, through the key-hole,
 But never had the fate to see a fly 40

Enter LOVEL:

Alive i'your cups, or once heard, 'Drink, mine
 host',
 Or such a cheerful chirping charm come from you.

SCENE II

[LOVEL.] What's that? What's that?

FERRET. A buzzing of mine host
 About a fly! A murmur that he has.

HOST. Sir, I am telling your stoat here, Monsieur
 Ferret

(For that I hear's his name), and dare tell you, sir,
 If you have a mind to be melancholy and musty, 5

24–42 the list burlesques the experiments of the early Stuart virtuoso, the gentlemanly amateur who dabbled in science; a type best represented by Jonson's contemporaries Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland (1564–1632), and Sir Kenelm Digby (1603–65).

28 *bird-lime*: sticky substance spread on twigs to catch birds.

29 *multiplying*: magnifying.

31 *sports of nature*: *lusus naturae*, a term used by Pliny to describe nature's playful arrangement of grapes on the vine (*Natural History*, XIV.iv.42).

32 *Spanish needle*: needle made from fine Spanish steel.

35 *fantastic*: ingenious, imaginative.

37 *recovering*: reviving.

- There's Footman's Inn at the town's end, the
stocks,
Or Carrier's Place, at sign o'the Broken Wain,
Mansions of state! Take up your harbour there;
There are both flies and fleas, and all variety
Of vermin for inspection or dissection. 10
- LOVEL. We ha'set our rest up here, sir, i'your Heart.
HOST. Sir, set your heart at rest, you shall not do it:
Unless you can be jovial. Brain o'man,
Be jovial first, and drink, and dance, and drink.
Your lodging here, and wi'your daily dumps, 15
Is a mere libel gain' my house and me;
And, then, your scandalous commons –
- LOVEL. How, mine host?
HOST. Sir, they do scandal me, up'the road here.
A poor quotidian rack o'mutton, roasted
Dry, to be grated! And that driven down 20
With beer and buttermilk, mingled together,
Or clarified whey, instead of claret!
It is against my freehold, my inheritance,
My Magna Charta, *cor laetificat*,
To drink such balderdash, or bonny-clabber! 25
Gi'me good wine, or Catholic or Christian,
Wine is the word that glads the heart of man,
And mine's the house of wine: 'Sack', says my
bush;
'Be merry and drink sherry', that's my posy!
For I shall never joy i'my Light Heart 30
So long as I conceive a sullen guest,
Or anything that's earthy!
- LOVEL. Humorous host!

- 6 *Footman's Inn*: gaol for footpads.
13 *jovial*: opposed to Lovel's saturnine and earthy humour of melancholy (see 32–3, 40).
16 *gain'*: against.
17 *commons*: victuals.
19 *quotidian*: daily.
rack: neck.
24 *cor laetificat*: from Psalm 104, '[wine that] maketh glad the heart [of man]'. The Latin contains a submerged reference to Lord Frampul's daughter *Laetitia* who is to make glad his heart by reappearing in Act V.
25 *balderdash*: adulterated beer.
bonny-clabber: sour buttermilk (Irish).
28 *bush*: bunch of ivy hung outside a house as a sign that it was a tavern.
29 *posy*: motto.

HOST. I care not if I be.

LOVEL. But airy also.

Not to defraud you of your rights, or trench
Upo' your privileges or great charter 35
(For those are every host'ler's language now),
Say you were born beneath those smiling stars
Have made you lord and owner of the Heart,
Of the Light Heart in Barnet; suffer us,
Who are more saturnine, t' enjoy the shade 40
Of your round roof yet.

HOST. Sir, I keep no shades
Nor shelters, I, for either owls or reremice.

SCENE III

Enter FRANK.

[FERRET.] He'll make you a bird of night, sir.

HOST. (*speaks to his child o'the by*) Bless
you, child –

You'll make yourselves such.

LOVEL. That your son, mine host?

HOST. He's all the sons I have, sir.

LOVEL. Pretty boy!

Goes he to school?

FERRET. Oh Lord, sir, he prates Latin

An' 'twere a parrot, or a play-boy.

LOVEL. Thou – 5

Commend'st him fitly.

FERRET. To the pitch he flies, sir;

He'll tell you what is Latin for a looking-glass,

A beard-brush, rubber, or quick warming-pan.

LOVEL. What's that?

FERRET. A wench, i'the inn-phrase, is all these:

A looking-glass in her eye, 10

A beard-brush with her lips,

A rubber with her hand,

And a warming-pan with her hips.

41 *round*: good, plain.

42 *reremice*: bats.

1 *bird of night*: thief.

5 *play-boy*: child actor.

6 *pitch*: highest point of flight.

8 *rubber*: towel.

- HOST. This, in your scurril dialect. But my son
Knows no such language.
- FERRET. That's because, mine host, 15
You do profess the teaching him yourself.
- HOST. Sir, I do teach him somewhat. By degrees,
And with a funnel, I make shift to fill
The narrow vessel; he is but yet a bottle.
- LOVEL. Oh let him lose no time, though.
- HOST. Sir, he does not. 20
- LOVEL. And less his manners.
- HOST. I provide for those, too.
Come hither, Frank, speak to the gentleman
In Latin. He is melancholy; say
I long to see him merry, and so would treat him.
- FRANK. *Subtristis visu'es esse aliquantulum patri,* 25
Qui te laute excipere, atque etiam tractare gestit.
- LOVEL. *Pulchre.*
- HOST. Tell him, I fear it bodes us some ill luck,
His too reservedness.
- FRANK. *Veretur pater,*
Ne quid nobis mali ominis apportet iste
Nimis praeclusus vultus.
- LOVEL. *Belle.* A fine child! 30
You wo'not part with him, mine host?
- HOST. Who told you
I would not?
- LOVEL. I but ask you.
- HOST. And I answer:
To whom? For what?
- LOVEL. To me, to be my page.
- HOST. I know no mischief yet the child hath done
To deserve such a destiny.
- LOVEL. Why?
- HOST. Go down, boy, 35
And get your breakfast.
- [*Exeunt FRANK and FERRET.*]
Trust me, I had rather

18 *funnel*: from Quintilian, I.ii.27-8.

25-6 'You present a somewhat sorrowful appearance to my father, who desires to welcome you cheerfully and so treat you.'
Adapted from Terence, *Andria*, 447.

26 *Pulchre*: excellent.

28-30 'My father fears lest that too reserved face might bring us some ill omen.'

30 *Belle*: prettily spoken.

- Take a fair halter, wash my hands, and hang him
 Myself, make a clean riddance of him, than –
- LOVEL. What?
- HOST. Than damn him to that desperate course of
 life.
- LOVEL. Call you that desperate, which by a line 40
 Of institution from our ancestors
 Hath been derived down to us, and received
 In a succession, for the noblest way
 Of breeding up our youth, in letters, arms,
 Fair mien, discourses, civil exercise, 45
 And all the blazon of a gentleman?
 Where can he learn to vault, to ride, to fence,
 To move his body gracefuller? To speak
 His language purer? Or to tune his mind
 Or manners more to the harmony of nature 50
 Than in these nurseries of nobility?
- HOST. Ay, that was when the nursery's self was noble,
 And only virtue made it, not the market,
 That titles were not vented at the drum,
 Or common outcry; goodness gave the greatness, 55
 And greatness worship: every house became
 An academy of honour, and those parts –
 We see departed in the practice, now,
 Quite from the institution.
- LOVEL. Why do you say so?
 Or think so enviously? Do they not still 60
 Learn there the Centaurs' skill, the art of Thrace,
 To ride? Or Pollux' mystery, to fence?
 The Pyrrhic gestures, both to dance and spring
 In armour, to be active for the wars?
 To study figures, numbers, and proportions, 65
 May yield 'em great in counsels, and the arts

40–88 see Additional Note, p. 531 below.

45 *mien*: bearing, demeanour.

46 *blazon*: tokens; record of excellencies (heraldic).

54 *That*: when.

vented at the drum: offered for public sale.

55 *outcry*: auction.

59 *institution*: originals.

61 *Thrace*: famous for its horses (though the Centaurs actually came from Thessaly).

62 *Pollux*: a son of Zeus, renowned for boxing.

63 *Pyrrhic gestures*: war dance of the ancient Greeks, performed in armour to music.

65 *figures, numbers, and proportions*: i.e. of rhetoric.

Grave Nestor and the wise Ulysses practised?
 'To make their English sweet upon their tongue',
 As reverend Chaucer says?

- HOST. Sir, you mistake;
 To play Sir Pandarus, my copy hath it, 70
 And carry messages to Madam Cressid.
 Instead of backing the brave steed o'mornings,
 To mount the chambermaid; and for a leap
 O'the vaulting horse, to ply the vaulting-house;
 For exercise of arms, a bale of dice, 75
 Or two or three packs of cards, to show the cheat
 And nimbleness of hand; mistake a cloak
 From my lord's back, and pawn it; ease his pockets
 Of a superfluous watch, or geld a jewel
 Of an odd stone or so; twinge three or four buttons 80
 From off my lady's gown. These are the arts,
 Or seven liberal deadly sciences
 Of pagery, or rather paganism,
 As the tides run. To which, if he apply him,
 He may, perhaps, take a degree at Tyburn 85
 A year the earlier; come to read a lecture
 Upon Aquinas at St Thomas a Waterings,
 And so go forth a laureate in hemp circle!
- LOVEL. Yo'are tart, mine host, and talk above your
 seasoning,
 O'er what you seem: it should not come, methinks, 90
 Under your cap, this vein of salt and sharpness!
 These strikings upon learning, now and then!
 How long have you, if your dull guest may ask it,
 Drove this quick trade, of keeping the Light Heart,
 Your mansion, palace here, or hostelry? 95
- HOST. Troth, I was born to somewhat, sir, above it.

67 *Nestor* . . . *Ulysses*: famed, respectively, for wisdom and cunning.

69 *Chaucer*: see *The Canterbury Tales, General Prologue*, 264–5; 'Somwhat he lisped, for his wantownesse, / To make his English sweete upon his tonge.'

74 *vaulting-house*: brothel.

75 *bale*: set.

80 *stone*: punning on the bawdy meaning, 'testicle'.

85 *take a degree*: punning on 'take a step up' (the ladder to the scaffold).

Tyburn: place of execution for Middlesex; *St Thomas a Waterings* (87) was the Surrey equivalent.

88 *laureate*: holder of an academic degree.

89 *seasoning*: (first, or apparent) flavour.

- LOVEL. I easily suspect that. Mine host, your name?
 HOST. They call me Goodstock.
- LOVEL. Sir, and you confess it,
 Both i'your language, treaty, and your bearing.
- HOST. Yet all, sir, are not sons o'the white hen; 100
 Nor can we, as the songster says, come all
 To be wrapped soft and warm in Fortune's smock,
 When she is pleased to trick, or trump mankind.
 Some may be coats, as in the cards; but then
 Some must be knaves, some varlets, bawds, and
 ostlers, 105
 As aces, deuces, cards o'ten, to face it
 Out i'the game, which all the world is.
- LOVEL. But
 It being i'your free will, as 'twas, to choose
 What parts you would sustain, methinks a man
 Of your sagacity and clear nostril should 110
 Have made another choice, than of a place
 So sordid as the keeping of an inn:
 Where every jovial tinker, for his chink,
 May cry, 'Mine host – to cramb – give us drink,
 And do not slink, but skink, or else you stink!' 115
 Rogue, bawd, and cheater call you by the
 surnames
 And known *synonyma* of your profession.
- HOST. But if I be no such: who then's the rogue,
 In understanding, sir, I mean? Who errs?
 Who tinkleth then, or personates Tom Tinker? 120
 Your weasel here may tell you I talk bawdy,
 And teach my boy it; and you may believe him,
 But, sir, at your own peril if I do not,
 And at his too, if he do lie and affirm it.
 No slander strikes, less hurts, the innocent. 125

99 *treaty*: discourse; behaviour.

100 *sons o'the white hen*: born fortunate.

103 *trump*: deceive; but also, at card, take (a trick).

104 *coats*: court cards.

106–7 *ten, to face it Out*: having the value but not the status of a court card.

110 *sagacity*: with root meaning of 'keenness of scent', hence *clear nostril*.

113 *chink*: money.

114 *cramb*: to rhyme; from 'crambo', a rhyming game.

115 *skink*: pour out.

120 *tinkleth*: makes rhymes.

- If I be honest, and that all the cheat
 Be of myself, in keeping this Light Heart,
 Where I imagine all the world's a play:
 The state and men's affairs, all passages
 Of life, to spring new scenes, come in, go out, 130
 And shift, and vanish; and if I have got
 A seat to sit at ease here, i' mine inn,
 To see the comedy; and laugh, and chuck
 At the variety and throng of humours
 And dispositions, that come jostling in 135
 And out still, as they one drove hence another:
 Why, will you envy me my happiness?
 Because you are sad, and lumpish? Carry a
 loadstone
 I' your pocket to hang knives on, or jet rings
 T' entice light straws to leap at 'em? Are not taken 140
 With the alacrities of an host? 'Tis more,
 And justlier, sir, my wonder why you took
 My house up, Fiddlers' Hall, the seat of noise
 And mirth, an inn here, to be drowsy in,
 And lodge your lethargy in the Light Heart, 145
 As if some cloud from court had been your
 harbinger,
 Or Cheapside debt-books, or some mistress'
 charge,
 Seeing your love grow corpulent, gi't it a diet
 By absence – some such mouldy passion!
- LOVEL. [*aside*] 'Tis guessed unhappily.
- [*Enter FERRET.*]
- FERRET. Mine host, yo' are called. 150
- HOST. I come, boys. [*Exit.*]
- LOVEL. Ferret, have not you been ploughing
 With this mad ox, mine host, nor he with you?
- FERRET. For what, sir?
- LOVEL. Why, to find my riddle out.

126 *that*: *if*.

128 see Additional Note, p. 532 below.

130 *spring*: produce.131 *shift*: change (*scenes* here means not 'events' but 'changeable scenery', at this time still a rarity on the English stage).133 *chuck*: chuckle.138 *loadstone*: like *jet* (139), a stone with the property of magnetism or attraction.146 *cloud from court*: court disgrace.
harbinger: forerunner.

FERRET. I hope you do believe, sir, I can find
 Other discourse to be at, than my master, 155
 With hosts and ostlers.

LOVEL. If you can, 'tis well.
 Go down and see who they are come in, what
 guests,
 And bring me word.

[*Exit FERRET.*]

SCENE IV

LOVEL. O love, what passion art thou!
 So tyrannous, and treacherous! First t'enslave,
 And then betray all that in truth do serve thee!
 That not the wisest, nor the wariest creature
 Can more dissemble thee, than he can bear 5
 Hot burning coals, in his bare palm or bosom!
 And less conceal or hide thee, than a flash
 Of inflamed powder, whose whole light doth lay it
 Open to all discovery, even of those
 Who have but half an eye, and less of nose! 10
 An host to find me! Who is, commonly,
 The log, a little o'this side the sign-post!
 Or at the best, some round-grown thing, a jug
 Faced with a beard, that fills out to the guests,
 And takes in fro'the fragments o'their jests! 15
 But I may wrong this, out of sullenness,
 Or my mistaking humour? Pray thee, fancy,
 Be laid again. And gentle melancholy,
 Do not oppress me. I will be as silent
 As the tame lover should be, and as foolish. 20

13-14 *jug . . . beard*: drinking-jug decorated with a bearded face; originally intended as a popular Protestant caricature of Cardinal Bellarmine. (This comparison links the Host with Jonson's naming of Pierce, Peck and Jordan after vessels or measures associated with their trades.)

16 *this*: him, the Host.

17 *fancy*: imagination; delusion.

SCENE V

[Enter] HOST.

[HOST.] My guest, my guest, be jovial, I beseech thee.

I have fresh golden guests, guests o'the game,
 Three coach-full! Lords and ladies, new come in!
 And I will cry them to thee, and thee to them,
 So I can spring a smile but i'this brow, 5
 That like the rugged Roman alderman,
 Old Master Gross, surnamed Agelastos,
 Was never seen to laugh but at an ass.

[Enter] FERRET.

FERRET. Sir, here's the Lady Frampul.

LOVEL. How!

FERRET. And her train:
 Lord Beaufort and Lord Latimer, the Colonel 10
 Tiptoe, with Mistress Pru, the chambermaid,
 Trundle, the coachman –

LOVEL. Stop! Discharge the house,
 And get my horses ready, bid the groom
 Bring 'em to the back gate.

[Exit FERRET.]

HOST. What mean you, sir?

LOVEL. To take fair leave, mine host.

HOST. I hope, my guest, 15
 Though I have talked somewhat above my share,
 At large, and been i'the altitudes, th'extravagants,
 Neither myself nor any of mine have gi'n you
 The cause to quit my house, thus, on the sudden.

LOVEL. No, I affirm it, on my faith. Excuse me 20
 From such a rudeness; I was now beginning
 To taste and love you, and am heartily sorry
 Any occasion should be so compelling,
 To urge my abrupt departure, thus. But –
 Necessity's a tyrant, and commands it. 25

2 *o'the game*: spirited, gamesome.

4 *cry*: announce.

7 *Master Gross*: Marcus Licinius Crassus (= thick, gross).
 praetor 127–126 BC, remembered as having laughed only once
 in his life, when he saw an ass eating thistles.

Agelastos: unsmiling.

12 *Discharge*: settle with.

- HOST. She shall command me first to fire my bush,
 Then break up house, or if that will not serve,
 To break with all the world: turn country
 bankrupt,
 I'mine own town, upo'the market day,
 And be protested for my butter and eggs, 30
 To the last bodge of oats, and bottle of hay.
 Ere you shall leave me, I will break my Heart:
 Coach and coach-horses, lords and ladies pack;
 All my fresh guests shall stink! I'll pull my sign
 down,
 Convert mine inn to an almshouse, or a spital 35
 For lazars, or switch-sellers! Turn it to
 An academy o'rogues! or gi't it away
 For a free-school to breed up beggars in,
 And send 'em to the canting universities,
 Before you leave me.
- LOVEL. Troth, and I confess 40
 I am loth, mine host, to leave you: your
 expressions
 Both take and hold me. But, in case I stay,
 I must enjoin you and your whole family
 To privacy, and to conceal me. For
 The secret is, I would not willingly 45
 See, or be seen, to any of this ging,
 Especially the lady.
- HOST. Brain o'man,
 What monster is she, or cockatrice in velvet,
 That kills thus?
- LOVEL. Oh good words, mine host. She is 50
 A noble lady! Great in blood and fortune!
 Fair, and a wit! But of so bent a fancy
 As she thinks naught a happiness, but to have
 A multitude of servants! and, to get them,
 Though she be very honest, yet she ventures

30 *protested*: publicly proclaimed as a bad debtor.

31 *bodge*: approximately one gallon (half a peck).

35 *spital*: hospital, formerly for lepers (*lazars*).

36 *switch-sellers*: the poorest of the poor, who lived by making switches from twigs.

39 *canting universities*: school for training beggars in their jargon.

46 *ging*: company.

48 *cockatrice*: a fabulous reptile, that killed merely by looking at its victim.

51 *bent*: determined.

- Upon these precipices that would make her 55
 Not seem so, to some prying, narrow natures.
 We call her, sir, the Lady Frances Frampul,
 Daughter and heir to the Lord Frampul.
- HOST. Who?
 He that did live in Oxford first, a student,
 And after married with the daughter of –
- LOVEL. Sylly. 60
- HOST. Right, of whom the tale went to turn puppet-
 master.
- LOVEL. And travel with young Goose, the motion-
 man.
- HOST. And lie and live with the gipsies half a year
 Together, from his wife.
- LOVEL. The very same:
 The mad Lord Frampul! And this same is his
 daughter, 65
 But as cock-brained as e'er the father was!
 There were two of 'em, Frances and Laetitia,
 But Laetice was lost young; and, as the rumour
 Flew then, the mother upon it lost herself.
 A fond weak woman, went away in a melancholy, 70
 Because she brought him none but girls, she
 thought
 Her husband loved her not. And he, as foolish,
 Too late resenting the cause given, went after
 In quest of her, and was not heard of since.
- HOST. A strange division of a family! 75
- LOVEL. And scattered, as i'the great confusion!
- HOST. But yet the lady, th'heir, enjoys the land.
- LOVEL. And takes all lordly ways how to consume it
 As nobly as she can; if clothes, and feasting,
 And the authorised means of riot will do it. 80
- HOST. She shows her extract, and I honour her for it.

62 *young Goose*: a puppet-master named Gosling was recorded at Oxford in 1634.

73 *resenting*: regretting.

76 *confusion*: i. e. of tongues, at the fall of the Tower of Babel.

81 *extract*: extraction.

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] FERRET.

[FERRET.] Your horses, sir, are ready, and the house

Dis-

LOVEL. Pleased, thou think'st?

FERRET. I cannot tell; discharged

I'm sure it is.

LOVEL. Charge it again, good Ferret,
And make unready the horses: thou know'st how.

Chalk, and renew the rondels. I am now

Resolved to stay. 5

FERRET. I easily thought so,
When you should hear what's purposed.

LOVEL. What?

FERRET. To throw

The house out o'the window!

HOST. Brain o'man,
I shall ha'the worst o'that! Will they not throw

My household stuff out, first? Cushions and
carpets,

Chairs, stools, and bedding? Is not their sport my
ruin? 10

LOVEL. Fear not, mine host, I am not o'the
fellowship.

FERRET. I cannot see, sir, how you will avoid it;
They know already, all, you are i'the house.

LOVEL. Who know?

FERRET. The lords: they have seen me,
and enquired it. 15

LOVEL. Why were you seen?

FERRET. Because indeed I had
No med'cine, sir, to go invisible:
No fern-seed in my pocket, nor an opal
Wrapped in a bay-leaf, i'my left fist,
To charm their eyes with.

HOST. He does give you reasons 20

5 *rondels*: signs for shillings, in alehouse accounts chalked on the board.

7-8 *throw . . . window*: make a riot.

18 *fern-seed*: popularly supposed to be invisible and to confer invisibility on the possessor.

opal: believed to confer sharper sight on the wearer and dim that of those around him.

As round as Gyges' ring: which, say the ancients,
Was a hoop ring; and that is, round as a hoop!
LOVEL. You will ha'your rebus still, mine host.

HOST. I must.
FERRET. My lady, too, looked out o'the window, and
called me.

Enter PRUDENCE.

And see where Secretary Pru comes from her, 25
Employed upon some embassy unto you –
HOST. I'll meet her, if she come upon employment.

Fair lady, welcome, as your host can make you.
PRUDENCE. Forbear, sir, I am first to have mine
audience
Before the compliment. This gentleman 30
Is my address to.

HOST. And it is in state.
PRUDENCE. My lady, sir, as glad o'the encounter
To find a servant here, and such a servant
Whom she so values, with her best respects,
Desires to be remembered: and invites 35
Your nobleness to be a part, today,
Of the society and mirth intended
By her and the young lords, your fellow servants,
Who are alike ambitious of enjoying
The fair request; and to that end have sent 40
Me, their imperfect orator, to obtain it.
Which if I may, they have elected me,
And crowned me with the title of a sovereign
Of the day's sports devised i'the inn,
So you be pleased to add your suffrage to it. 45

LOVEL. So I be pleased, my gentle Mistress
Prudence?
You cannot think me of that coarse condition
T'envy you anything.
HOST. That's nobly said,
And like my guest!
LOVEL. I gratulate your honour,
And should, with cheer, lay hold on any handle 50
That could advance it. But for me to think

21 *Gyges*: shepherd, later king of Lydia, who found a ring that made him invisible; a myth recounted in Plato's *Republic*, II.359–60.

22 *hoop ring*: a plain band.

25 *Secretary*: confidante.

- I can be any rag, or particle
 O'your lady's care, more than to fill her list –
 She being the lady that professeth still
 To love no soul or body but for ends, 55
 Which are her sports: and is not nice to speak this,
 But doth proclaim it, in all companies –
 Her ladyship must pardon my weak counsels,
 And weaker will, if it decline t'obey her.
- PRUDENCE. O Master Lovel, you must not give
 credit 60
 To all that ladies publicly profess,
 Or talk, o'the volley, unto their servants:
 Their tongues and thoughts ofttimes lie far
 asunder.
 Yet, when they please, they have their cabinet-
 counsels
 And reserved thoughts, and can retire themselves 65
 As well as other.
- HOST. Ay, the subtlest of us!
 All that is born within a lady's lips –
- PRUDENCE. Is not the issue of their hearts, mine
 host.
- HOST. Or kiss, or drink afore me.
- PRUDENCE. Stay, excuse me;
 Mine errand is not done. Yet, if her ladyship's 70
 Slighting or disesteem, sir, of your service
 Hath formerly begot any distaste,
 Which I not know of: here I vow unto you,
 Upon a chambermaid's simplicity,
 Reserving, still, the honour of my lady, 75
 I will be bold to hold the glass up to her,
 To show her ladyship where she hath erred,
 And how to tender satisfaction,
 So you vouchsafe to prove but the day's venture.
- HOST. What say you, sir? Where are you? Are you
 within? 80
- [Knocking him on the breast]

56 *is not nice*: does not scruple.

62 *o'the volley*: at random.

64 *cabinet-counsels*; private advice.

69 *Or kiss . . . me*: i.e. you have taken the words out of my mouth.

79 *prove*: undergo.

80 s.d. Jonson told Drummond that, as a jest, he had knocked on a courtier's breast and asked if he was within (Herford and Simpson, I, p. 148).

LOVEL. Yes. I will wait upon her and the company.

HOST. It is enough, Queen Prudence; I will bring him,
And o'this kiss.

[*Kisses her. Exit PRUDENCE.*]

I longed to kiss a queen!

LOVEL. There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business, 85

No intercourse, or trade of sense or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love! 90

And, now, I can outwake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure,
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!

HOST. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well? 95
I would know that.

LOVEL. I do not know't myself
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend.
The truth is, I have loved this lady long, 100
And impotently, with desire enough
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.

HOST. How then?

LOVEL. I ha'sent her toys, verses and anagrams,
Trials o'wit, mere trifles she has commended, 105
But knew not whence they came, nor could she
guess.

HOST. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!

LOVEL. I oft have been, too, in her company;
And looked upon her, a whole day; admired her;
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still, 110
Looked still, and loved: and loved, and looked,
and sighed;

But as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded –

HOST. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

LOVEL. Oh but I loved the more: and she might read
it 115

Best in my silence, had she been –

HOST. As melancholic

As you are. Pray you, why would you stand mute,
sir?

LOVEL. Oh thereon hangs a history, mine host.

Did you ever know, or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page, 120
And, ere he died, his friend! I followed him
First i'the wars: and, i'the times of peace,
I waited on his studies, which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights o'the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls, 125
Primalions, and Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous, dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts and infest manners:
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights, 130
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal fancy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the epic poem, limned
Pious Aeneas, his religious prince, 135
Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son!
And these he brought to practice, and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours 140
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of Heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all! And left so strong a tie 145
On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself and bury all!
The care of his brave heir, and only son!

124-6 *Arthurs . . . Rosicleers . . . Knights o'the Sun . . . Amadis de Gauls . . . Primalions*: heroes of chivalric romances, mediaeval in origin but still popular in Jonson's day.

126 *Pantagruels*: popular chapbooks based on Rabelais's *Gargantua and Pantagruel*.

127 *fabulous*: productive of fables and absurdities.

131 *Tydides*: Diomedes, son of Tydeus. After Achilles, the bravest Greek warrior at Troy.

135 *Pious*: dutiful; the stock epithet used by Virgil for his hero.

137 *Rapt*: transported.

140 *the Hours*: Eunomia (Law), Dike (Justice) and Eirene (Peace), daughters of Zeus, who control the procession of the seasons.

- Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
 Hath cast his first affections on this lady. 150
 And though I know, and may presume her such,
 As, out of humour, will return no love,
 And therefore might indifferently be made
 The courting-stock for all to practise on,
 As she doth practise on all us, to scorn: 155
 Yet, out of a religion to my charge,
 And debt professed, I ha' made a self-decree
 Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
 Burn me to cinders.
- HOST. Then yo'are not so subtle,
 Or half so read in love-craft as I took you. 160
 Come, come, you are no phoenix: an' you were,
 I should expect no miracle from your ashes.
 Take some advice. Be still that rag of love
 You are. Burn on, till you turn tinder.
 This chambermaid may hap to prove the steel 165
 To strike a spark out o'the flint, your mistress,
 May beget bonfires yet; you do not know
 What light may be forced out, and from what
 darkness.
- LOVEL. Nay, I am so resolved, as still I'll love,
 Though not confess it.
- HOST. That's, sir, as it chances. 170
 We'll throw the dice for it: cheer up.
- LOVEL. I do.
[Exeunt.]

156 *religion*: scruple of conscience.

164 *tinder*: often prepared from partially charred linen.

 ACT II

SCENE I

[*Enter*] LADY FRAMPUL [*and*] PRUDENCE,
[*pinning her lady's gown on herself*].

[LADY FRAMPUL.] Come, wench, this suit will serve:
dispatch, make ready.

It was a great deal with the biggest for me,
Which made me leave it off after once wearing.
How does it fit? Will't come together?

PRUDENCE. Hardly.

LADY FRAMPUL. Thou must make shift with it. Pride
feels no pain. 5

Girt thee hard, Pru. Pox o'this errant tailor,
He angers me beyond all mark of patience.
These base mechanics never keep their word
In anything they promise.

PRUDENCE. 'Tis their trade, madam,
To swear and break: they all grow rich by
breaking 10

More than their words; their honesties and credits
Are still the first commodity they put off.

LADY FRAMPUL. And worst, it seems, which makes
'em do't so often.

If he had but broke with me I had not cared,
But with the company, the body politic – 15

PRUDENCE. Frustrate our whole design, having that
time,

And the materials in so long before!

LADY FRAMPUL. And he to fail in all, and disappoint
us!

The rogue deserves a torture –

PRUDENCE. To be cropped

With his own scissors.

LADY FRAMPUL. Let's devise him one. 20

2 *with the biggest*: too big.

10 *break*: disappoint; also, 'go bankrupt'.

18 *disappoint*: a pun, since 'appoint' means 'accoutre'.

19 *be cropped*: lose his ears.

- PRUDENCE. And ha'the stumps seared up with his
own cering-candle!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Close to his head, to trundle on his
pillow!
I'll ha'the lease of his house cut out in measures.
- PRUDENCE. And he be strangled with 'em?
- LADY FRAMPUL. No, no life
I would ha'touched, but stretched on his own yard 25
He should be a little, ha'the strappado!
- PRUDENCE. Or an ell of taffeta
Drawn thorough his guts by way of clyster, and
fired
With aqua vitae!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Burning i'the hand
With the pressing-iron cannot save him.
- PRUDENCE. Yes,
Now I have got this on, I do forgive him 30
What robes he should ha'brought.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Thou are not cruel,
Although strait-laced I see, Pru!
- PRUDENCE. This is well.
- LADY FRAMPUL. 'Tis rich enough, but 'tis not what I
meant thee!
I would ha'had thee braver than myself,
And brighter far. 'Twill fit the players yet, 35
When thou hast done with it, and yield thee
somewhat.
- PRUDENCE. That were illiberal, madam, and mere
sordid
In me, to let a suit of yours come there.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Tut, all are players, and but serve
the scene. Pru,
Dispatch; I fear thou dost not like the province, 40

21 *cering-candle*: used to wax materials (punning on *seared up* = cauterised).

22 *trundle*: roll.

23 *measures*: measuring-tapes.

26 *strappado*: a form of torture by dislocation; the victim's arms would be tied behind his back and attached to a pulley, then he would be hoisted aloft and let fall with a jerk.

27 *clyster*: enema.

31 *cruel*: a pun, 'crewel' being a cheap worsted yarn.

34 *braver*: better-dressed.

35 *players*: who sometimes bought noblemen's cast-offs from their servants for use as stage costumes.

40 *province*: office.

- Thou art so long a-fitting thyself for it.
 Here is a scarf, to make thee a knot finer.
- PRUDENCE. You send me a-feasting, madam.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Wear it, wench.
- PRUDENCE. Yes, but with leave o'your ladyship, I
 would tell you
 This can but bear the face of an odd journey. 45
- LADY FRAMPUL. Why, Pru?
- PRUDENCE. A lady of your rank and quality
 To come to a public inn, so many men,
 Young lords, and others i'your company,
 And not a woman but myself, a chambermaid!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Thou doubt'st to be overlaid, Pru?
 Fear it not, 50
 I'll bear my part, and share with thee i'the venture.
- PRUDENCE. Oh but the censure, madam, is the main;
 What will they say of you, or judge of me?
 To be translated thus, 'bove all the bound
 Of fitness, or decorum?
- LADY FRAMPUL. How now, Pru! 55
 Turned fool upo'the sudden, and talk idly
 I'thy best clothes? Shoot bolts and sentences
 T'affright babies with? As if I lived
 To any other scale than what's my own,
 Or sought myself without myself, from home? 60
- PRUDENCE. Your ladyship will pardon me my fault:
 If I have overshot, I'll shoot no more.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Yes, shoot again, good Pru, I'll
 ha'thee shoot,
 And aim, and hit: I know 'tis love in thee,
 And so I do interpret it.
- PRUDENCE. Then, madam, 65
 I'd crave a further leave.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Be it to licence,
 It sha'not want an ear, Pru; say, what is it?
- PRUDENCE. A toy I have, to raise a little mirth
 To the design in hand.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Out with it, Pru,
 If it but chime of mirth.

42 *knot*: ornamental bow.45 *face*: looks.50 *overlaid*: overwhelmed.57 *bolts*: arrows.*sentences*: moral maxims, *sententiae*.60 *without*: beyond.

- PRUDENCE. Mine host has, madam, 70
 A pretty boy i'the house, a dainty child,
 His son, and is o'your ladyship's name too,
 Francis,
 Whom if your ladyship would borrow of him,
 And give me leave to dress him as I would,
 Should make the finest lady and kinswoman 75
 To keep you company and deceive my lords
 Upo'the matter, with a fountain o'sport.
- LADY FRAMPUL. I apprehend thee, and the source of
 mirth
 That it may breed: but is he bold enough,
 The child, and well assured?
- PRUDENCE. As I am, madam; 80
 Have him in no suspicion more than me.
 Here comes mine host: will you but please to ask
 him,
 Or let me make the motion?
- LADY FRAMPUL. Which thou wilt, Pru.

SCENE II

[*Enter*] HOST.

[HOST.] Your ladyship and all your train are
 welcome.

LADY FRAMPUL. I thank my hearty host.

HOST. So is your sovereignty,
 Madam, I wish you joy o'your new gown.

LADY FRAMPUL. It should ha'been, my host, but
 Stuff, our tailor,

Has broke with us; you shall be o'the counsel. 5
 PRUDENCE. He will deserve it, madam. My lady has
 heard

You have a pretty son, mine host; she'd see him.

LADY FRAMPUL. Ay, very fain, I prithee let me see
 him.

HOST. Your ladyship shall presently. Ho!

SERVANT. [*within*] Anon.

[HOST.] Bid Frank come hither, Anon, unto my
 lady. – 10

83 *motion*: request.

10 *Anon*: Pierce's nickname; see *Persons of the Play*, 69.

It is a bashful child, homely brought up
In a rude hostelry. But the Light Heart,
It is his father's, and it may be his.

[Enter] FRANK.

Here he comes. Frank, salute my lady.

FRANK. I do
What, madam, I am designed to by my birthright, 15
As heir of the Light Heart, bid you most welcome.

LADY FRAMPUL. And I believe your 'most', my
pretty boy,
Being so emphased by you.

FRANK. Your ladyship,
If you believe it such, are sure to make it.

LADY FRAMPUL. Prettily answered! Is your name
Francis?

FRANK. Yes. 20

LADY FRAMPUL. I love mine own the better.

FRANK. If I knew yours,
I should make haste to do so too, good madam.

LADY FRAMPUL. It is the same with yours.

FRANK. Mine then acknowledgeth
The lustre it receives, by being named after.

LADY FRAMPUL. You will win upon me in
compliment.

FRANK. By silence. 25

LADY FRAMPUL. A modest and a fair well-spoken
child.

HOST. Her ladyship shall have him, sovereign Pru,
Or what I have beside: divide my Heart
Between you and your lady. Make your use of it:
My house is yours, my son is yours. Behold, 30
I tender him to your service: Frank, become

What these brave ladies would ha'you. Only this,
There is a charwoman i'the house, his nurse,
An Irish woman I took in, a beggar,
That waits upon him; a poor silly fool, 35
But an impertinent and sedulous one
As ever was: will vex you on all occasions,

18 *emphased*: stressed (the *OED* records no other occurrence of this word).

25 *win upon*: get the better of.

35 *silly*: simple. The word is, though, a hidden clue to the real identity of the nurse, as Syll's daughter.

36 *sedulous*: persistent.

- Never be off, or from you, but in her sleep,
 Or drink, which makes it. She doth love him so,
 Or rather dote on him. Now, for her, a shape, 40
 As we may dress her (and I'll help) to fit her
 With a tuftaffeta cloak, an old French hood,
 And other pieces heterogene enough.
- PRUDENCE. We ha'brought a standard of apparel
 down,
 Because this tailor failed us i'the main. 45
- HOST. She shall advance the game.
- PRUDENCE. About it, then,
 And send but Trundle hither, the coachman, to
 me.
- HOST. I shall: [*Aside*] but, Pru, let Lovel ha'fair
 quarter.
- PRUDENCE. The best. [*Exit* HOST.]
- LADY FRAMPUL. Our host methinks, is very
 gamesome!
- PRUDENCE. How like you the boy?
- LADY FRAMPUL. A miracle!
- PRUDENCE. Good madam, 50
 But take him in and sort a suit for him;
 I'll give our Trundle his instructions,
 And wait upon your ladyship i'the instant.
- LADY FRAMPUL. But, Pru, what shall we call him,
 when we ha'dressed him?
- PRUDENCE. My Lady Nobody, anything, what you
 will. 55
- LADY FRAMPUL. Call him Laetitia, by my sister's
 name.
 And so 'twill mind our mirth too we have in hand.
 [*Exit.*]

40 *shape*: costume.

42 *tuftaffeta*: see *Bartholomew Fair*, IV.iv.182 n.

French hood: see *Bartholomew Fair*, I.v.17 n.

43 *heterogene*: incongruous.

44 *standard*: suit.

SCENE III

[Enter] TRUNDLE.

[PRUDENCE.] Good Trundle, you must straight make
 ready the coach,
 And lead the horses out but half a mile
 Into the fields, whither you will, and then
 Drive in again, with the coach-leaves put down,
 At the back gate, and so to the back stairs, 5
 As if you brought in somebody to my lady,
 A kinswoman that she sent for. Make that answer
 If you be asked, and give it out i'the house so.
 TRUNDLE. What trick is this, good Mistress
 Secretary,
 You'd put upon us?
 PRUDENCE. Us? Do you speak plural? 10
 TRUNDLE. Me and my mares are us.
 PRUDENCE. If you so join 'em,
 Elegant Trundle, you may use your figures.
 I can but urge it is my lady's service.
 TRUNDLE. Good Mistress Prudence, you can urge
 enough.
 I know yo'are secretary to my lady, 15
 And Mistress Steward.
 PRUDENCE. You'll still be trundling,
 And ha'your wages stopped, now, at the audit.
 TRUNDLE. 'Tis true, yo'are gentlewoman o'the horse
 too,
 Or what you will beside, Pru; I do think it
 My best t'obey you.
 PRUDENCE. And I think so too, Trundle. 20
 [Exeunt.]

4 *coach-leaves*: folding blinds at the windows of the coach.

12 *figures*: i.e. of speech.

18 *gentlewoman o'the horse*: overseer of the stable staff.

SCENE IV

[Enter] BEAUFORT [and] LATIMER.

[BEAUFORT.] Why, here's return enough of both our ventures,

If we do make no more discovery.

LATIMER. What,

Than o'this parasite?

BEAUFORT. Oh, he's a dainty one,
The parasite o'the house.

[Enter] HOST.

LATIMER. Here comes mine host.

HOST. My lords, you both are welcome to the Heart. 5

BEAUFORT. To the Light Heart, we hope.

LATIMER. And merry, I swear.

We never yet felt such a fit of laughter

As your glad heart hath offered us, sin' we entered.

BEAUFORT. How came you by this property?

HOST. Who? My Fly?

BEAUFORT. Your Fly, if you call him so.

HOST. Nay, he is that, 10

And will be still.

BEAUFORT. In every dish and pot?

HOST. In every cup and company, my lords,

A creature of all liquors, all complexions;

Be the drink what it will, he'll have his sip.

LATIMER. He is fitted with a name.

HOST. And he joys in't: 15

I had him, when I came to take the Inn here,

Assigned me over, in the inventory,

As an old implement, a piece of household stuff,

And so he doth remain.

BEAUFORT. Just such a thing

We thought him.

LATIMER. Is he a scholar?

HOST. Nothing less; 20

But colours for it, as you see, wears black,

13 *complexions*: temperaments; combinations of (bodily) fluids or humours.

21 *black*: colour of garb that would denote a scholar.

And speaks a little tainted, fly-blown Latin,
After the School.

BEAUFORT. Of Stratford o'the Bow.

For Lily's Latin is to him unknow.

LATIMER. What calling has he?

HOST. Only to call in, 25

Enflame the reckoning, bold to charge a bill,
Bring up the shot i'the rear, as his own word is.

BEAUFORT. And does it in the discipline of the house,

As corporal o'the field, *maestro del campo*?

HOST. And visitor general of all the rooms: 30

He has formed a fine militia for the inn too.

BEAUFORT. And means to publish it?

HOST. With all his titles.

Some call him Deacon Fly, some Doctor Fly,
Some Captain, some Lieutenant. But my folks

Do call him Quartermaster, which he is. 35

SCENE V

[Enter] TIPTOE [and] FLY.

[TIPTOE.] Come, Quartermaster Fly.

HOST. Here's one already

Hath got his titles.

TIPTOE. Doctor!

FLY. Noble colonel!

No doctor, yet a poor professor of ceremony

Here i'the inn, retainer to the host,

I discipline the house.

TIPTOE. Thou read'st a lecture 5

23 *School*: i.e. Schoolmen, the mediaeval scholastic philosophers.
Stratford o'the Bow: Stratford-at-Bow, a suburb of north London. Where Chaucer's prioress was schooled (*General Prologue*, 125).

24 *Lily's Latin*: the popular Latin grammar by William Lily, master of St Paul's School, first published in 1540. The line is a pastiche of Chaucer's *General Prologue*, 126.

25 *call in*: shout orders.

26 *Enflame*: inflate; but also, in a military sense, 'set on fire'. The passage is a mosaic of puns with military connotations.

27 *shot*: tavern bill; but also 'soldiers armed with firearms'.

29 *maestro del campo*: quartermaster.

30 *visitor*: see *Persons of the Play*, 65.

32 *publish*: make public.

- Unto the family here; when is thy day?
 FLY. This is the day.
- TIPTOE. I'll hear thee, and ha'thee a doctor;
 Thou shalt be one, thou hast a doctor's look!
 A face disputative, of Salamanca.
- HOST. Who's this?
- LATIMER. The glorious Colonel Tiptoe, Host. 10
- BEAUFORT. One talks upon his tiptoes, if you'll hear
 him.
- TIPTOE. Thou hast good learning in thee, *macte* Fly.
- FLY. And I say *macte* to my colonel.
- HOST. Well macted of 'em both.
- BEAUFORT. They are matched, i'faith.
- TIPTOE. But, Fly, why *macte*?
- FLY. *Quasi magis aucte*, 15
 My honourable colonel.
- TIPTOE. What, a critic?
- HOST. There's another accession: Critic Fly.
- LATIMER. I fear a taint here i'the mathematics.
 They say lines parallel do never meet;
 He has met his parallel in wit and schoolcraft. 20
- BEAUFORT. They side, not meet, man; mend your
 metaphor,
 And save the credit of your mathematics.
- TIPTOE. But, Fly, how cam'st thou to be here
 committed
 Unto this inn?
- FLY. Upon suspicion o'drink, sir,
 I was taken late one night, here, with the tapster, 25
 And the under-officers, and so deposited.
- TIPTOE. I will redeem thee, Fly, and place thee
 better,
 With a fair lady.
- FLY. A lady, sweet Sir Glorious?
- TIPTOE. A sovereign lady. Thou shalt be the bird
 To Sovereign Pru, queen of our sports, her fly, 30

6 *family*: household.

9 *Salamanca*: Spain's oldest university, famous throughout Europe.

12 *macte*: honoured.

15 *Quasi . . . aucte*: 'As it were, greater' – a false etymology for *macte*, taken from the grammarian Priscian.

17 *accession*: addition (of titles).

18 *taint*: hit (a tilting term).

- The fly in household and in ordinary:
 Bird of her ear, and she shall wear thee there!
 A fly of gold, enamelled, and a school-fly.
- HOST. The school, then, are my stables, or the cellar
 Where he doth study deeply, at his hours, 35
 Cases of cups, I do not know how spiced
 With conscience, for the tapster and the ostler: as
 Whose horses may be cozened, or what jugs
 Filled up with froth? That is his way of learning.
- TIPTOE. What antiquated feather's that, that talks? 40
- FLY. The worshipful host, my patron, Master
 Goodstock:
 A merry Greek, and cants in Latin comely,
 Spins like the parish top.
- TIPTOE. I'll set him up, then.
 Art thou the *dominus*?
- HOST. *Factotum* here, sir.
- TIPTOE. Host real o'the house, and cap of
 maintenance? 45
- HOST. The lord o'the Light Heart, sir, cap-a-pie,
 Whereof the feather is the emblem, colonel,
 Put up with the ace of hearts!
- TIPTOE. But why in *cuervo*?
 I hate to see an host, and old, in *cuervo*.
- HOST. *Cuervo*? What's that?
- TIPTOE. Light, skipping hose and doublet: 50
 The horse-boy's garb! Poor blank and half-blank
cuervo,
 They relish not the gravity of an host,

31 *in ordinary*: the phrase suggests 'by appointment', but it also puns on *ordinary* as 'eating-house' or 'tavern'.

32 *Bird of her ear*: confidant.

33 *school-fly*: 'a fly of the academy of the inn' (Hattaway).

36 *Cases*: pairs, but also punning on 'cases of conscience': controversial questions concerning the moral life (compare *The Alchemist*, III.ii.156).

42 *merry Greek*: roisterer.

43 *parish top*: kept in each village to keep unemployed labourers out of mischief.

44 *dominus* . . . *Factotum*: 'Master Do-Everything'.

45 *real*: royal.

cap of maintenance: a symbol of office borne before a king or lord mayor.

46 *cap-a-pie*: from head to foot.

48 *ace of hearts*: best card of the pack.

cuervo: in undress, without a cloak.

51 *blank and half-blank*: white and parti-white.

- Who should be king at arms and ceremonies
 In his own house, know all to the goldweights!
 BEAUFORT. Why, that his fly doth for him here, your
 bird. 55
- TIPTOE. But I would do it myself, were I my host;
 I would not speak unto a cook of quality,
 Your lordship's footman, or my lady's Trundle,
 In *cuervo*! If a dog but stayed below
 That were a dog of fashion, and well-nosed, 60
 And could present himself, I would put on
 The Savoy chain about my neck, the ruff,
 And cuffs of Flanders, then the Naples hat,
 With the Rome hatband, and the Florentine agate,
 The Milan sword, the cloak of Genoa, set 65
 With Brabant buttons, all my given pieces –
 Except my gloves, the natives of Madrid –
 To entertain him in! And compliment
 With a tame coney, as with a prince that sent it.
- HOST. The same deeds, though, become not every
 man. 70
- What fits a colonel will not fit an host.
- TIPTOE. Your Spanish host is never seen in *cuervo*,
 Without his *paramentos*, cloak and sword.
- FLY. Sir,
 He has the father of swords within, a long sword,
 Blade Cornish, styled of Sir Rud Hudibras. 75
- TIPTOE. And why a long sword, bully bird? Thy
 sense?
- FLY. To note him a tall man, and a master of fence.
- TIPTOE. But doth he teach the Spanish way of Don
 Lewis?
- FLY. No, the Greek master he.
- TIPTOE. What call you him?

53 *king at arms*: chief herald.

54 *to the goldweights*: with scrupulous exactitude.

62 *Savoy chain*: massive gold collar of an Italian order of honour.

63–7 Tiptoe's fashionable clothes are all imported from the best foreign producers.

69 *coney*: rabbit – here, a prince's simple messenger.

73 *paramentos*: trimmings.

75 *Sir Rud Hudibras*: the Host's old-fashioned sword is named after the son of the British King Leil, supposed founder of Canterbury, Winchester and Shaftesbury.

77 *tall*: courageous.

78 *Don Lewis*: Don Luis Pacheco de Narvaez, a recent Spanish authority on swordplay.

- FLY. Euclid.
- TIPTOE. Fart upon Euclid, he is stale and antique, 80
Gi'me the moderns.
- FLY. Sir, he minds no moderns;
Go by, Hieronimo!
- TIPTOE. What was he?
- FLY. The Italian
That played with Abbot Anthony i'the Friars,
And Blinkinsops the bold.
- TIPTOE. Ay, marry, those
Had fencing names; what are become o'them? 85
- HOST. They had their times, and we can say they
were.
So had Carranza his; so hath Don Lewis.
- TIPTOE. Don Lewis of Madrid is the sole master
Now, of the world!
- HOST. But this o'the other world.
Euclid demonstrates! He! He's for all! 90
The only fencer of name now in Elysium.
- FLY. He does it all by lines and angles, colonel,
By parallels and sections, has his diagrams!
- BEAUFORT. Wilt thou be flying, Fly?
- LATIMER. At all, why not?
The air's as free for a fly, as for an eagle. 95
- BEAUFORT. A buzzard he is in his contemplation!
- TIPTOE. Euclid a fencer, and in the Elysium?
- HOST. He played a prize, last week, with
Archimedes,
And beat him, I assure you.
- TIPTOE. Do you assure me?
For what?

79 *Euclid*: but the Spanish school of fencing was indeed Euclidian, based as it was on geometrical principles.

82 *Go by, Hieronimo*: Jeronimo, a master of fencing who ran a school in the Blackfriars; but the phrase is also a glancing quotation from Kyd's *The Spanish Tragedy* (c. 1587), III. xii. 31.

84 *Blinkinsop*: John Blinkinsop, English master of fence under Elizabeth I; presumably there was an English fencing master called Anthony Abbot too.

87 *Carranza*: Spanish fencing master, to whom Don Luis was a pupil. Published *De la Filosofia de las Armas* (1569).

96 *buzzard*: a stupid hawk, far inferior to an eagle.

98 *prize*: fencing match.

- HOST. For four i'the hundred. Gi'me five, 100
And I assure you again.
- TIPTOE. Host peremptory,
You may be ta'en. But where, whence had you
this?
- HOST. Upo'the road. A post that came from thence,
Three days ago, here, left it with the tapster.
- FLY. Who is indeed a thoroughfare of news, 105
Jack Jug with the great belly, a witty fellow!
- HOST. Your bird here heard him.
- TIPTOE. Did you hear him, bird?
- HOST. Speak i'the faith of a fly. [Exit.]
- FLY. Yes, and he told us
Of one that was the Prince of Orange's fencer.
- TIPTOE. Stevinus?
- FLY. Sir, the same, had challenged Euclid 110
At thirty weapons, more than Archimedes
E'er saw, and engines, most of his own invention.
- TIPTOE. This may have credit, and chimes reason,
this!
If any man endanger Euclid, bird,
Observe (that had the honour to quit Europe 115
This forty year) 'tis he. He put down Scaliger!
- FLY. And he was a great master.
- BEAUFORT. Not of fence, Fly.
- TIPTOE. Excuse him, lord, he went o'the same
grounds.
- BEAUFORT. On the same earth, I think, with other
mortals?
- TIPTOE. I mean, sweet lord, the mathematics. *Basta!* 120
When thou know'st more, thou wilt take less green
honour.
- He had his circles, semicircles, quadrants –
FLY. He writ a book o'the quadrature o'the circle.

100 *four i'the hundred*: four per cent. The Host takes Tiptoe's *assure* (i.e. promise) to mean 'insure'.

110 *Stevinus*: Simon Stevinus of Bruges (1548–1620), a mathematician, physicist and inventor.

116 *Scaliger*: Joseph Juste Scaliger (1540–1609), leading humanist and scholar of Greek and Latin, but no mathematician, as Tiptoe supposes he was.

120 *Basta*: enough (Italian).

121 *thou wilt . . . honour*: 'You will be content only with more judicious acclaim' (Hattaway).

- TIPTOE. *Cyclometria*, I read –
 BEAUFORT. The title only.
 LATIMER. And *indice*.
 BEAUFORT. If it had one: of that, *quaere*. 125
 What insolent, half-witted things these are!
 LATIMER. So are all smatterers, insolent and
 impudent.
 BEAUFORT. They lightly go together.
 LATIMER. 'Tis my wonder,
 Two animals should hawk at all discourse thus!
 Fly every subject to the mark or retrieve – 130
 BEAUFORT. And never ha'the luck to be i'the right!
 LATIMER. 'Tis some folks' fortune!
 BEAUFORT. Fortune's a bawd,
 And a blind beggar: 'tis their vanity,
 And shows most vilely!
 TIPTOE. I could take the heart, now,
 To write unto Don Lewis into Spain, 135
 To make a progress to the Elysian fields
 Next summer –
 BEAUFORT. And persuade him die for fame
 Of fencing with a shadow! Where's mine host?
 I would he had heard this bubble break, i'faith.

SCENE VI

[Enter] HOST [with] PRUDENCE [richly
 dressed], FRANK [as a lady], NURSE [and]
 LADY [FRAMPUL].

[HOST.] Make place, stand by, for the queen regent,
 gentlemen!

TIPTOE. This is thy queen that shall be, bird, our
 sovereign.

BEAUFORT. Translated Prudence!

PRUDENCE. Sweet my lord, hand off;

124 *Cyclometria*: *Cyclometria Elementa* (1594), which has an appendix on 'the quadrature of the circle', much criticised in its time.

125 *indice*: the index (i.e. the table of contents).

quaere: it is to be asked.

130 *Fly . . . to the mark . . . retrieve*: hawking terms, used of the hawk marking the place where its prey disappeared, and reattacking on its reappearance.

- It is not now as when plain Prudence lived,
And reached her ladyship –
- HOST. The chamber-pot. 5
- PRUDENCE. The looking-glass, mine host, lose your
house metaphor!
You have a negligent memory, indeed;
Speak the host's language. Here's a young lord
Will make't a precedent else.
- LATIMER. Well acted, Pru.
- HOST. First minute of her reign! What will she do 10
Forty year hence, God bless her?
- PRUDENCE. If you'll kiss
Or compliment, my lord, behold a lady,
A stranger, and my lady's kinswoman.
- BEAUFORT. I do confess my rudeness, that had need
To have mine eye directed to this beauty. 15
- FRANK. It was so little as it asked a perspicil.
- BEAUFORT. Lady, your name?
- FRANK. My lord, it is Laetitia.
- BEAUFORT. Laetitia! A fair omen, and I take it!
Let me have still such Lettice for my lips.
But that o'your family, lady?
- FRANK. Sylly, sir. 20
- BEAUFORT. My lady's kinswoman?
- FRANK. I am so honoured.
- HOST. [*aside*] Already it takes!
- LADY FRAMPUL. [*aside*] An excellent fine boy.
- NURSE. [*aside*] He is descended of a right good stock,
sir.
- BEAUFORT. What's this? An antiquary?
- HOST. An antiquity
By th'dress, you'd swear! An old Welsh herald's
widow: 25
She's a wild Irish born, sir, and a hybrid,
That lives with this young lady a mile off here,
And studies Vincent against York.

4 a distant echo of *The Spanish Tragedy*, III.xiv.111.

6 *house metaphor*: tavern/jest (Hattaway).

9 *precedent*: a model to be followed.

16 *perspicil*: magnifying-glass.

23 *good stock*: again, a verbal clue to a hidden identity.

26 *hybrid*: i.e. part Irish, part English.

28 *Vincent*: Augustine Vincent, a pursuivant at arms and later a herald, published in 1622 a list of errors in the *Catalogue of Nobility* (1619) by the York Herald, Ralph Brooke.

- BEAUFORT. She'll conquer,
If she read Vincent. Let me study her.
- HOST. She's perfect in most pedigrees, most
descents. 30
- BEAUFORT. A bawd, I hope, and knows to blaze a
coat.
- HOST. And judgeth all things with a single eye.
[*Aside*] Fly, come you hither. No discovery
Of what you see to your Colonel Toe, or Tip, here,
But keep all close; though you stand i'the way
o'preferment, 35
Seek it off from the road; no flattery for't,
No lick-foot, pain of losing your proboscis,
My lickerish Fly.
- TIPTOE. What says old velvet-head?
- FLY. He will present me himself, sir, if you will not.
- TIPTOE. Who? He present? What? Whom? An host?
A groom 40
Divide the thanks with me? Share in my glories?
Lay up. I say no more.
- HOST. Then silence, sir,
And hear the sovereign.
- TIPTOE. Host'lers to usurp
Upon my Sparta or province, as they say?
No broom but mine?
- HOST. Still, colonel, you mutter! 45
- TIPTOE. I dare speak out, as *cuervo*.
- FLY. Noble colonel –
- TIPTOE. And carry what I ask –
- HOST. Ask what you can, sir,
So't be i'the house.
- TIPTOE. I ask my rights and privileges,
And though for form I please to call't a suit,
I have not been accustomed to repulse. 50
- PRUDENCE. No, sweet Sir Glorious, you may still
command –

28 *conquer*: punning on Vincent and Latin *vinco* = conquer.

31 *blaze a coat*: paint or describe armorial bearings, but with bawdy suggestions in 'descents' and 'blaze'.

32 *single eye*: see Persons of the Play, 29.

37 *lick-foot*: flattery.

38 *lickerish*: both 'fond of good food' and 'lustful'.

42 *Lay up*: lie up, i. e. what nonsense.

44 *Sparta*: famous for the valour of its inhabitants.

45 *broom*: punning on *esparto* = broom (Spanish).

HOST. And go without.
 PRUDENCE. But yet, sir, being the first,
 And called a suit, you'll look it shall be such
 As we may grant.
 LADY FRAMPUL. It else denies itself.
 PRUDENCE. You hear the opinion of the court.
 TIPTOE. I mind 55
 No court opinions.
 PRUDENCE. 'Tis my lady's, though.
 TIPTOE. My lady is a spinster at the law,
 And my petition is of right.
 PRUDENCE. What is it?
 TIPTOE. It is for this poor learned bird.
 HOST. The fly?
 TIPTOE. Professor in the inn, here, of small matters— 60
 LATIMER. How he commends him!
 HOST. As to save himself in him.
 LADY FRAMPUL. So do all politics in their
 commendations.
 HOST. This is a state-bird, and the verier fly!
 TIPTOE. Hear him problematise.
 PRUDENCE. Bless us, what's that?
 TIPTOE. Or syllogise, elenchise.
 LADY FRAMPUL. Sure, petards 65
 To blow us up.
 LATIMER. Some enginous strong words!
 HOST. He means to erect a castle i'the air,
 And make his fly an elephant to carry it.
 TIPTOE. Bird of the arts he is, and Fly by name!
 PRUDENCE. Buzz!
 HOST. Blow him off, good Pru, they'll
 mar all else. 70
 TIPTOE. The sovereign's honour is to cherish
 learning.
 PRUDENCE. What, in a fly?
 TIPTOE. In anything industrious.

57 *spinster*: i. e. having no special privileges in a court of law.
 58 *petition is of right*: echoing the title of the Petition of Right, 1628, a parliamentary attempt to wring an acknowledgement from Charles I of his subjects' rights and liberties.
 62 *politics*: scheming politicians.
 64 *problematise*: propound problems.
 65 *syllogise*: argue by syllogisms.
elenchise: argue by means of Socratic question and answer.
petards: explosive devices.
 66 *enginous*: crafty, or contrived (like an engine).

- PRUDENCE. But flies are busy!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Nothing more troublesome,
Or importune!
- TIPTOE. There's nothing more domestic,
Tame, or familiar than your fly in *cuerpo*. 75
- HOST. That is when his wings are cut, he is tame
indeed, else
Nothing more impudent and greedy; licking –
- LADY FRAMPUL. Or saucy, good Sir Glorious.
- PRUDENCE. Leave your advocateship,
Except that we shall call you Orator Fly,
And send you down to the dresser, and the dishes. 80
- HOST. A good flap, that!
- PRUDENCE. Commit you to the steam!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Or else condemn you to the bottles.
- PRUDENCE. And pots.
There is his quarry.
- HOST. He will chirp far better,
Your bird, below.
- LADY FRAMPUL. And make you finer music.
- PRUDENCE. His buzz will there become him.
- TIPTOE. Come away. 85
Buzz in their faces: give 'em all the buzz,
Dor in their ears and eyes, hum, dor, and buzz!
I will statuminate and underprop thee.
If they scorn us, let us scorn them – We'll find
The thoroughfare below, and *quaere* him; 90
Leave these relicts, Buzz; they shall see that I,
Spite of their jeers, dare drink, and with a fly.
[*Exeunt* TIPTOE and FLY.]
- LATIMER. A fair remove at once, of two
impertinents!
Excellent Pru! I love thee for thy wit,
No less than state.
- PRUDENCE. One must preserve the other. 95
[*Enter*] LOVEL.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Who's here?
- PRUDENCE. Oh Lovel, madam, your sad servant.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Sad? He is sullen still, and wears a
cloud

81 *flap*: put down.

87 *Dor*: mock (see *Bartholomew Fair*, IV.ii.23).

88 *statuminate*: support.

90 *The thoroughfare*: Jug (see *Persons of the Play*, 73).

- About his brows; I know not how to approach him.
 PRUDENCE. I will instruct you, madam, if that be all:
 Go to him and kiss him.
- LADY FRAMPUL. How, Pru?
 PRUDENCE. Go and kiss him, 100
 I do command it.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Th'art not wild, wench?
 PRUDENCE. No,
 Tame, and exceeding tame, but still your
 sovereign.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Hath too much bravery made thee
 mad?
 PRUDENCE. Nor proud.
 Do what I do enjoin you. No disputing
 Of my prerogative, with a front or frown; 105
 Do not detrect; you know th'authority
 Is mine, and I will exercise it swiftly
 If you provoke me.
- LADY FRAMPUL. I have woven a net
 To snare myself in! Sir, I am enjoined
 To tender you a kiss; but do not know 110
 Why or wherefore, only the pleasure royal
 Will have it so, and urges – Do not you
 Triumph on my obedience, seeing it forced thus.
 There 'tis. [Kisses him.]
- LOVEL. And welcome. [Aside] Was there ever kiss
 That relished thus! or had a sting like this, 115
 Of so much nectar, but with aloes mixed?
 PRUDENCE. No murmuring nor repining, I am fixed.
 LOVEL. [aside] It had, methinks, a quintessence of
 either,
 But that which was the better drowned the bitter.
 How soon it passed away! How unrecovered! 120
 The distillation of another soul
 Was not so sweet! and till I meet again
 That kiss, those lips, like relish, and this taste,
 Let me turn all consumption, and here waste.
- PRUDENCE. The royal assent is past, and cannot
 alter. 125
- LADY FRAMPUL. You'll turn a tyrant.

105 *front*: fierce expression.

106 *detrect*: draw back.

116 *aloes*: bitter-tasting plants.

PRUDENCE. Be not you a rebel,
It is a name is alike odious.

LADY FRAMPUL. You'll hear me?

PRUDENCE. No, not o'this argument.
Would you make laws, and be the first that break
'em?
The example is pernicious in a subject, 130
And of your quality, most.

LATIMER. Excellent princess!

HOST. Just queen!

LATIMER. Brave sovereign!

HOST. A she-Trajan, this!

BEAUFORT. What is't? Proceed, incomparable Pru!
I am glad I am scarce at leisure to applaud thee.

LATIMER. It's well for you, you have so happy
expressions. 135

LADY FRAMPUL. Yes, cry her up with acclamations,
do,
And cry me down, run all with sovereignty:
Prince Power will never want her parasites.

PRUDENCE. Nor Murmur her pretences. Master
Lovel,
For so your libel here, or bill of complaint, 140
Exhibited, in our high court of sovereignty
At this first hour of our reign, declares
Against this noble lady a disrespect
You have conceived, if not received, from her –

HOST. Received, so the charge lies in our bill. 145

PRUDENCE. We see it, his learned counsel, leave
your plaining.
We, that do love our justice, above all
Our other attributes, and have the nearness
To know your extraordinary merit,
As also to discern this lady's goodness, 150
And find how loth she'd be to lose the honour
And reputation she hath had, in having
So worthy a servant, though but for a few minutes:
Do here enjoin –

HOST. Good!

PRUDENCE. Charge, will and command

132 *Trajan*: Roman emperor AD 98–117, renowned for his justice and moderation.

134 *I am scarce at leisure*: because he is wooing Frank.

146 *plaining*: complaining, lodging a charge.

- Her ladyship, pain of our high displeasure
 And the committing an extreme contempt
 Unto the court, our crown and dignity – 155
- HOST. Excellent sovereign, and egregious Pru!
 PRUDENCE. To entertain you for a pair of hours
 (Choose when you please, this day) with all
 respects 160
- And valuation of a principal servant,
 To give you all the titles, all the privileges,
 The freedoms, favours, rights, she can bestow –
- HOST. Large, ample words, of a brave latitude!
 PRUDENCE. Or can be expected, from a lady of
 honour 165
- Or quality, in discourse, access, address –
- HOST. Good.
- PRUDENCE. Not to give ear, or admit conference
 With any person but yourself; nor there,
 Of any other argument but love,
 And the companion of it, gentle courtship. 170
- For which your two hours' service, you shall take
 Two kisses.
- HOST. Noble!
- PRUDENCE. For each hour a kiss,
 To be ta'en freely, fully, and legally,
 Before us, in the court here, and our presence.
- HOST. Rare!
- PRUDENCE. But those hours past, and the two kisses
 paid, 175
- The binding caution is, never to hope
 Renewing of the time or of the suit,
 On any circumstance.
- HOST. A hard condition!
- LATIMER. Had it been easier, I should have
 suspected
 The sovereign's justice.
- HOST. Oh you are servant, 180
- My lord, unto the lady, and a rival:
 In point of law, my lord, you may be challenged.
- LATIMER. I am not jealous!

166 *address*: courtship.

176 *caution*: security.

182 *challenged*: objected against.

HOST. Of so short a time
Your lordship needs not, and being done *in foro*.

PRUDENCE. What is the answer?

HOST. He craves respite, madam, 185
To advise with his learned counsel.

PRUDENCE. Be you he,
And go together quickly.

[LOVEL and HOST walk aside.]

LADY FRAMPUL. You are no tyrant?

PRUDENCE. If I be, madam, you were best appeal
me!

LATIMER. Beaufort –

BEAUFORT. I am busy, prithee let me alone:
I have a cause in hearing too.

LATIMER. At what bar? 190

BEAUFORT. Love's court o' requests!

LATIMER. Bring't into the sovereignty:
It is the nobler court, afore Judge Pru,
The only learned mother of the law,
And lady o' conscience, too!

BEAUFORT. 'Tis well enough
Before this mistress of requests, where it is. 195

HOST. Let 'em not scorn you. Bear up, Master Lovel,
And take your hours and kisses; they are a fortune.

LOVEL. Which I cannot approve, and less make use
of.

HOST. Still i' this cloud! Why cannot you make use of?

LOVEL. Who would be rich to be so soon undone? 200
The beggar's best is wealth he doth not know,
And but to show it him inflames his want.

HOST. Two hours at height?

LOVEL. That joy is too too narrow
Would bound a love, so infinite as mine:
And being past, leaves an eternal loss. 205
Who so prodigiously affects a feast,
To forfeit health and appetite to see it?
Or but to taste a spoonful, would forgo
All gust of delicacy ever after?

184 *in foro*: in open court.

188 *appeal*: call to account, impeach.

191 *court o' requests*: a court held by the Lord Privy Seal and Master of Requests for relief of persons petitioning the king.

198 *approve*: put to the test.

209 *gust*: taste.

- HOST. These, yet, are hours of hope.
 LOVEL. But all hours following 210
 Years of despair, ages of misery!
 Nor can so short a happiness but spring
 A world of fear, with thought of losing it;
 Better be never happy, than to feel
 A little of it, and then lose it ever. 215
- HOST. I do confess, it is a strict injunction;
 But then the hope is, it may not be kept.
 A thousand things may intervene. We see
 The wind shift often, thrice a day sometimes;
 Decrees may alter upon better motion 220
 And riper hearing. The best bow may start,
 And th'hand may vary. Pru may be a sage
 In law, and yet not sour; sweet Pru, smooth Pru,
 Soft, debonair, and amiable Pru
 May do as well as rough and rigid Pru; 225
 And yet maintain her venerable Pru,
 Majestic Pru, and serenissimus Pru.
 Try but one hour first, and as you like
 The loose o'that, draw home and prove the other.
- LOVEL. If one hour could the other happy make, 230
 I should attempt it.
- HOST. Put it on, and do.
- LOVEL. Or in the blest attempt that I might die!
- HOST. Ay, marry, there were happiness indeed,
 Transcendent to the melancholy meant.
 It were a fate above a monument 235
 And all inscription, to die so. A death
 For emperors to envy, and the kings
 Of the rich East to pawn their regions for!
 To show their treasure, open all their mines,
 Spend all their spices to embalm their corpse, 240
 And wrap the inches up in sheets of gold,
 That fell by such a noble destiny!
 And for the wrong to your friend, that fear's away;
 He rather wrongs himself, following fresh light,
 New eyes to swear by. If Lord Beaufort change, 245
 It is no crime in you to remain constant,
 And upon these conditions, at a game
 So urged upon you.

227 *serenissimus*: most famous (used normally of kings).

229 *loose . . . draw home*: terms from archery; compare 221–2.

234 *meant*: which you intended.

237 see Textual Note, p. 524 below.

- PRUDENCE. Sir, your resolution –
 HOST. How is the lady affected?
 PRUDENCE. Sovereigns use not
 To ask their subjects' suffrage where 'tis due, 250
 But where conditional.
 HOST. A royal sovereign!
 LATIMER. And a rare stateswoman. I admire her
 bearing
 In her new regiment.
 HOST. Come, choose your hours,
 Better be happy for a part of time
 Than not the whole: and a short part, than never. 255
 Shall I appoint 'em, pronounce for you?
 LEVEL. Your pleasure.
 HOST. Then he designs his first hour after dinner;
 His second after supper. Say ye? Content?
 PRUDENCE. Content.
 LADY FRAMPUL. I am content.
 LATIMER. Content.
 FRANK. Content.
 BEAUFORT. What's that? I am content too.
 LATIMER. You have reason, 260
 You had it on the by, and we observed it.
 NURSE. Trot', I am not content: in fait' I am not.
 HOST. Why art not thou content, good Shelee-nien?
 NURSE. He tauk so desperate, and so debausht,
 So bawdy like a courtier and a lord, 265
 God bless him, one that tak'th tobacco.
 HOST. Very well mixed.
 What did he say?
 NURSE. Nay, nothing to the purpossh,
 Or very little, nothing at all to purpossh.
 HOST. Let him alone, nurse.
 NURSE. I did tell him of Serly
 Was a great family come out of Ireland, 270
 Descended of O'Neill, MacCon, MacDermot,
 MacMurrough, but he marked not.

250 *suffrage*: approval.261 *on the by*: at one side.263 *Shelee-nien*: Irish, 'Julia, daughter' (of Thomas – see IV. iv. 235).269 *Serly*: chief of the MacConnells (compare 271).271 *O'Neill*: Earl of Tyrone.271–2 *MacDermot*, *MacMurrough*: Irish families or chiefs of Leinster and Wexford.

HOST. Nor do I;
 Good queen of heralds, ply the bottle, and sleep.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I

[Enter] TIPTOE, FLY [and] JUG.

[TIPTOE.] I like the plot of your militia well!
 It is a fine militia, and well ordered,
 And the division's neat! 'Twill be desired
 Only the expressions were a little more Spanish:
 For there's the best militia o'the world! 5
 To call 'em *tertias* – *tertia* of the kitchen,
 The *tertia* of the cellar, *tertia* of the chamber,
 And *tertia* of the stables.

FLY. That I can, sir,
 And find out very able, fit commanders,
 In every *tertia*.

TIPTOE. Now you are i'the right! 10
 As i'the *tertia* o'the kitchen, yourself
 Being a person elegant in sauces,
 There to command as prime *maestro del campo*,
 Chief master of the palate, for that *tertia*:
 Or the cook under you, 'cause you are the marshal, 15
 And the next officer i'the field to the host.
 Then for the cellar, you have young Anon
 Is a rare fellow, what's his other name?

FLY. Pierce, sir.

TIPTOE. Sir Pierce, I'll ha' him a cavalier.
 Sir Pierce Anon will pierce us a new hogshead! 20
 And then your thoroughfare, Jug here, his *alferez*:
 An able officer, gi'me thy beard, round Jug,
 I take thee by this handle, and do love
 One of thy inches! I'the chambers, Jordan, here!

1 *plot*: plan.

6 *tertias*: from Spanish *tercio*, a regiment.

21 *alferez*: ensign, standard-bearer.

24 *chambers*: since Jordan means chamber-pot – see 97–8.

- He is the *don del campo* o'the beds. 25
 And for the stables, what's his name?
- FLY. Old Peck.
 TIPTOE. *Maestro del campo*, Peck! His name is curt,
 A monosyllabe, but commands the horse well.
- FLY. Oh, in an inn, sir, we have other horse,
 Let those troops rest a while. Wine is the horse 30
 That we must charge with here.
- TIPTOE. Bring up the troops,
 Or call, sweet Fly, 'tis an exact militia,
 And thou an exact professor; Lipsius Fly,
 Thou shalt be called, and Jouse –
- [Enter] FERRET [and] TRUNDLE.
- Jack Ferret, welcome,
 Old trench-master, and colonel o'the pioneers, 35
 What canst thou bolt us now? A coney or two
 Out of Tom Trundle's burrow here, the coach?
 This is the master of the carriages!
 How is thy driving, Tom: good, as 'twas?
- TRUNDLE. It serves my lady, and our officer Pru. 40
 Twelve mile an hour! Tom has the old trundle still.
- TIPTOE. I am taken with the family here, fine fellows,
 Viewing the muster-roll!
- TRUNDLE. They are brave men!
- FERRET. And of the Fly-blown discipline all, the
 Quartermaster!
- TIPTOE. The Fly's a rare bird, in his profession! 45
 Let's sip a private pint with him. I would have him
 Quit this light sign of the Light Heart, my bird,
 And lighter house. It is not for his tall
 And growing gravity so cedar-like,
 To be the second to an host in *cuerpo*, 50
 That knows no elegancies. Use his own
Dictamen and his genius; I would have him

25 *don del campo*: 'gentleman of the field'.

29 *horse*: with a suggestion of 'whores'?

33 *Lipsius*: Justus (= Juste) Lipsius (1547–1606), Dutch humanist and editor of Seneca. The joke may refer to Lipsius's writings on making provision for war, but more probably he is introduced here simply as a scholar, a model of 'exactness'.

35 *trench-master*: pioneer, a digger of trenches; but perhaps also with suggestions of trencherman, a hearty eater.

36 *bolt*: ferret out.

52 *Dictamen*: pronouncement.

Fly high, and strike at all.

[Enter] PIERCE.

Here's young Anon, too.

PIERCE. What wine is't, gentlemen, white or claret?

TIPTOE. White,

My brisk Anon.

PIERCE. I'll draw you Juno's milk 55

That dyed the lilies, colonel.

TIPTOE. Do so, Pierce.

[Exit PIERCE.]

[Enter] PECK.

PECK. A plague of all jades, what a clap he has gi'n
me!

FLY. Why, how now, cousin?

TIPTOE. Who is that?

FERRET. The ostler.

FLY. What ail'st thou, cousin Peck?

[Takes him aside.]

PECK. Oh me, my haunches!

As sure as you live, sir, he knew perfectly 60

I meant to cozen him. He did leer so on me,

And then he sneered, as who would say, 'Take
heed, sirrah';

And when he saw our half-peck, which you know

Was but an old court-dish, Lord, how he stamped!

I thought't had been for joy. When suddenly 65

He cuts me a back caper with his heels,

And takes me just o'the crupper. Down come I

And my whole ounce of oats! Then he neighed out,

As if he had a mare by the tail.

FLY. Troth, cousin,

You are to blame to use the poor dumb Christians 70

So cruelly, defraud 'em o'their *dimensum*.

Yonder's the colonel's horse (there I looked in)

Keeping Our Lady's Eve! The devil a bit

55 *Juno's milk*: milk spilled from Juno's breast was fabled to have produced the Milky Way in Heaven and lily-flowers on the earth.

57 *clap*: blow.

64 *court-dish*: probably, 'short allowance'.

67 *crupper*: buttocks.

71 *dimensum*: due allowance.

73 *Our Lady's Eve*: 24 March, the Eve of the Annunciation; a fast day.

- He has got, sin' he came in yet! There he stands,
And looks and looks, but 'tis your pleasure, coz, 75
He should look lean enough.
- PECK. He has hay before him.
- FLY. Yes, but as gross as hemp, and as soon will
choke him,
Unless he eat it buttered. He'd four shoes,
And good ones, when he came in: it is a wonder
With standing still he should cast three.
- PECK. Troth, Quartermaster, 80
This trade is a kind of mystery, that corrupts
Our standing manners quickly: once a week
I meet with such a brush to mollify me;
Sometimes a brace, to awake my conscience,
Yet still I sleep securely.
- FLY. Cousin Peck, 85
You must use better dealing, faith, you must.
- PECK. Troth, to give good example to my successors,
I could be well content to steal but two girths,
And now and then a saddle-cloth, change a bridle
For exercise, and stay there.
- FLY. If you could, 90
There were some hope on you, coz. But the fate is,
Yo'are drunk so early, you mistake whole saddles,
Sometimes a horse.
- PECK. Ay, there's –
[Enter PIERCE.]
- FLY. The wine. Come coz,
I'll talk with you anon.
- PECK. Do, lose no time,
Good Quartermaster. [They return to the others.]
- TIPTOE. There are the horse come, Fly. 95
- FLY. Charge in, boys, in.
[Enter] JORDAN.
Lieutenant o'the ordnance,
Tobacco and pipes.
TIPTOE. Who's that? Old Jordan, good!

78 *buttered*: ostlers could steal hay by greasing it, and so forcing the horse to reject it.

80 *cast*: lose.

82 *standing*: customary.

83 *brush*: setback.

- A comely vessel, and a necessary;
New-scoured he is. Here's to thee, Marshal Fly;
In milk, my young Anon says.
- PIERCE. Cream o'the grape! 100
That dropped from Juno's breasts, and sprung the
lily!
I can recite your fables, Fly. Here is, too,
The blood of Venus, mother o'the rose!
[*Music within.*]
- JORDAN. The dinner is gone up.
- JUG. I hear the whistle.
- JORDAN. Ay, and the fiddlers. We must all go wait. 105
- PIERCE. Pox o'this waiting, Quartermaster Fly.
- FLY. When chambermaids are sovereigns, wait their
ladies.
Fly scorns to breathe –
- PECK. Or blow upon them, he.
- PIERCE. Old parcel Peck, art thou there? How now?
Lame?
- PECK. Yes, faith: it is ill halting afore cripples; 110
I ha'got a dash of a jade here, will stick by me.
- PIERCE. Oh you have had some fancy, fellow Peck,
Some revelation –
- PECK. What?
- PIERCE. To steal the hay
Out o'the racks again.
- FLY. I told him so,
When the guests' backs were turned.
- PIERCE. Or bring his peck 115
The bottom upwards, heaped with oats; and cry,
'Here's the best measure upon all the road!' when
You know the guest put in his hand, to feel
And smell to the oats, that grated all his fingers
Upo'the wood –
- PECK. Mum!

103 *blood of Venus*: red wine. The white rose changed colour when Venus, hurrying to help the dying Adonis, trod on its thorn and stained it with blood.

104 *whistle*: to call the servants.

108 *blow upon them*: i.e. make them fly-blown.

109 *parcel Peck*: literally, 'short measure'; referring to his tale about the horse.

110 *it is ill . . . cripples*: you can't fool those who are as clever as yourself.

116 *The bottom upwards*: i.e. with oats in the shallow rim of the base only, seemingly brim full.

- PIERCE. His saddle too 145
 May want a stirrup.
- FLY. And, it may be sworn,
 His learning lay o'one side, and so broke it.
- PECK. They have ever oats i'their cloak-bags, to
 affront us.
- FLY. And therefore 'tis an office meritorious
 To tithe such soundly.
- PIERCE. And a grazier's may – 150
 FERRET. Oh they are pinching puckfists!
- TRUNDLE. And suspicious.
- PIERCE. Suffer before the master's face, sometimes.
- FLY. He shall think he sees his horse eat half a
 bushel –
- PIERCE. When the sleight is, rubbing his gums with
 salt
 Till all the skin come off, he shall but mumble, 155
 Like an old woman that were chewing brawn,
 And drop 'em out again.
- TIPTOE. Well argued, cavalier.
- FLY. It may do well, and go for an example:
 But coz, have care of understanding horses,
 Horses with angry heels, nobility horses, 160
 Horses that know the world; let them have meat
 Till their teeth ache, and rubbing till their ribs
 Shine like a wench's forehead. They are devils
 else,
 Will look into your dealings.
- PECK. For mine own part,
 The next I cozen o'the pampered breed, 165
 I wish he may be founder'd.
- FLY. Foun-der-ed.
 Prolate it right.
- PECK. And of all four, I wish it;
 I love no crupper compliments.
- PIERCE. Whose horse was it?
- PECK. Why, Master Burst's.
- PIERCE. Is Bat Burst come?
- PECK. An hour
 He has been here.

148 *cloak-bags*: clothes bags, valises.

151 *puckfists*: properly, 'windballs', a kind of toadstool; here 'niggards'.

167 *Prolate*: expand the shortened form (of the word).

- TIPTOE. What Burst?
- PIERCE. Mas' Bartholomew Burst. 170
 One that hath been a citizen, since a courtier,
 And now a gamester. Hath had all his whirls
 And bouts of fortune, as a man would say,
 Once a bat, and ever a bat! A reremouse,
 And bird o'twilight, he has broken thrice. 175
- TIPTOE. Your better man, the Gen'way proverb says:
 Men are not made of steel.
- PIERCE. Nor are they bound
 Always to hold.
- FLY. Thrice honourable colonel!
 Hinges will crack –
- TIPTOE. Though they be Spanish iron.
- PIERCE. He is a merchant still, adventurer, 180
 At in-and-in, and is our Thoroughfare's friend.
- TIPTOE. Who? Jug's?
- PIERCE. The same: and a fine gentleman
 Was with him!
- PECK. Master Huffle.
- PIERCE. Who? Hodge Huffle?
- TIPTOE. What's he?
- PIERCE. A cheater, and another fine gentleman,
 A friend o'the chamberlain's, Jordan's! Master
 Huffle. 185
 He is Burst's protection.
- FLY. Fights, and vapours for him.
- PIERCE. He will be drunk so civilly –
- FLY. So discreetly –
- PIERCE. And punctually! Just at his hour.
- FLY. And then
 Call for his jordan with that hum and state,
 As if he pissed the *Politics*!
- PIERCE. And sup 190
 With his tuftaffeta night-gear, here, so silently!
- FLY. Nothing but music!

174 *reremouse*: see I.ii.42 n.175 *broken*: gone bankrupt.176 *Gen'way*: Genoese.180–1 *adventurer*, *At in-and-in*: gamester (see *Persons of the Play*, 75), but alluding to the city trading company, the Merchant Adventurers.186 *vapours*: see *Bartholomew Fair*, II.iii.27 n.190 *the Politics*: Aristotle's treatise.191 *tuftaffeta night-gear*: richly-made nightgown; his wench.

- PIERCE. A dozen of bawdy songs.
 TIPTOE. And knows the general this?
 FLY. Oh no, sir. *Dormit.*
Dormit patronus, still; the master sleeps.
 They'll steal to bed.
- PIERCE. In private, sir, and pay 195
 The fiddlers with that modesty, next morning.
 FLY. Take a disjune of muscadel and eggs!
 PIERCE. And pack away i'their trundling cheats, like
 gipsies!
- TRUNDLE. Mysteries, mysteries, Ferret.
 FERRET. Ay, we see, Trundle,
 What the great officers in an inn may do; 200
 I do not say the officers of the crown,
 But the Light Heart.
- TIPTOE. I'll see the Bat, and Huffle.
 FERRET. I ha'some business, sir, I crave your
 pardon –
 TIPTOE. For what?
 FERRET. To be sober. [Exit.]
 TIPTOE. Pox, go get you gone then.
 Trundle shall stay.
- TRUNDLE. No, I beseech you, colonel, 205
 Your lordship has a mind to be drunk private,
 With these brave gallants; I will step aside
 Into the stables, and salute my mares. [Exit.]
- PIERCE. Yes do, and sleep with 'em; let him go – base
 whipstock.
 He's as drunk as a fish now, almost as dead. 210
 TIPTOE. Come, I will see the flickermouse, my Fly.
 [Exeunt.]

194 *Dormit patronus*: the master sleeps.

197 *disjune*: breakfast.

muscadel and eggs: an aphrodisiac.

198 *trundling cheats*: carts; but also, in thieves' cant, 'stolen items'.

209 *whipstock*: wooden handle of the lash carried by coachmen.

211 *flickermouse*: flittermouse; bat.

SCENE II

PRUDENCE, *ushered by the HOST, takes her seat of Judicature; NURSE, FRANK, [and] the two lords BEAUFORT and LATIMER assist of the bench: the LADY [FRAMPUL] and LOVEL are brought in, and sit on the two sides of the stage, confronting each other.*

FERRET, TRUNDLE, [*JUG and JORDAN are in attendance*]. [*Musicians play.*]

PRUDENCE. Here set the hour; but first produce the parties,

And clear the court. The time is now of price.

HOST. Jug, get you down, and, Trundle, get you up,
You shall be crier. Ferret here, the clerk.
Jordan, smell you without, till the ladies call you;
Take down the fiddlers too, silence that noise,
Deep i'the cellar, safe.

5

[*Exeunt JORDAN and JUG.*]

PRUDENCE. Who keeps the watch?

HOST. Old Shelee-nien here, is the Madam Tell-Clock.

NURSE. No, fait' and trot', sweet maister, I shall sleep;

I'fait', I shall.

BEAUFORT. I prithee, do then, screech-owl. 10
She brings to mind the fable o'the dragon,
That kept the Hesperian fruit. Would I could
charm her.

HOST. Trundle will do it with his hum. Come Trundle.
Precede him, Ferret, i'the form.

FERRET. Oyez, oyez, TRUNDLE. Oyez, etc. 15
oyez.

Whereas there hath Whereas, etc.
been awarded,

s. d. *assist of*: accompany them on.

2 *of price*: valuable.

5 *smell you*: go and sniff about.

6 *noise*: band of musicians.

10 *screech-owl*: bird of ill-omen.

11 *the dragon*: the dragon Ladon was appointed by Hera as unsleeping guardian of the golden apples of the Hesperides; he was finally slain by Heracles.

13 *hum*: his echoing of Ferret, which follows.

By the Queen Regent of Love,	By the Queen, etc.	
In this high court of sovereignty,	In this high, etc.	
Two special hours of address,	Two special, etc.	
To Herbert Lovel, appellant,	To Herbert, etc.	
Against the Lady Frampul, defendant,	Against the, etc.	20
Herbert Lovel, come into the court,	Herbert Lovel, etc.	
Make challenge to thy first hour,	Make, etc.	
And save thee and thy bail.	And save, etc.	

[Enter LOVEL.]

HOST. Lo, louting where he comes into the court!
Clerk of the sovereignty, take his appearance,
And how accoutred, how designed he comes! 25

FERRET. 'Tis done. Now, crier, call the Lady Frampul, And by the name of Frances, Lady Frampul, defendant,	TRUNDLE. Frances, etc.	
Come into the court, Make answer to the award,	Come into the, etc. Make answer, etc.	30
And save thee and thy bail.	And save thee, etc.	

Enter LADY [FRAMPUL].

HOST. She makes a noble and a just appearance.
Set it down likewise, and how armed she comes. 35

PRUDENCE. Usher of Love's court, give'em their
oath,
According to the form, upon Love's missal.

23 *challenge*: claim.
24 *bail*: pledge, security.
25 *louting*: doing obeisance.

- LOVEL. I rather thought, and with religion think,
 Had all the character of Love been lost,
 His lines, dimensions, and whole signature
 Razed and defaced, with dull humanity:
 That both his nature and his essence might 70
 Have found their mighty instauration here,
 Here where the confluence of fair and good
 Meets to make up all beauty. For, what else
 Is Love, but the most noble, pure affection
 Of what is truly beautiful and fair? 75
 Desire of union with the thing beloved?
- BEAUFORT. Have the assistants of the court their
 votes
 And writ of privilege, to speak them freely?
- PRUDENCE. Yes, to assist, but not to interrupt.
- BEAUFORT. Then I have read somewhere, that man
 and woman 80
 Were, in the first creation, both one piece,
 And being cleft asunder, ever since
 Love was an appetite to be rejoined.
 As for example – [Kisses FRANK.]
- NURSE. Cra-mo-cree! What mean'sh tou?
- BEAUFORT. Only to kiss and part.
- HOST. So much is lawful. 85
- LATIMER. And stands with the prerogative of Love's
 court!
- LOVEL. It is a fable of Plato's, in his *Banquet*,
 And uttered there by Aristophanes.
- HOST. 'Twas well remembered here, and to good use.
 But on with your description what Love is: 90
 Desire of union with the thing beloved.
- LOVEL. I meant a definition. For I make
 The efficient cause, what's beautiful and fair;
 The formal cause, the appetite of union;
 The final cause, the union itself. 95
 But larger, if you'll have it by description:
 It is a flame, and ardour of the mind,

66–201 for the source of Lovel's discourse on love, see Additional Note, p. 532 below.

68 *signature*: particular distinguishing mark.

71 *instauration*: renewal.

78 *writ of privilege*: in the English Parliament, legal protection from arrest for its members (especially providing protection from the consequences of outspoken speech in Parliament).

84 *Cra-mo-cree*: love of my heart (Irish).

- Dead in the proper corps, quick in another's,
Transfers the lover into the loved.
- The he or she that loves, engraves, or stamps 100
Th'idea of what they love, first in themselves:
Or, like to glasses, so their minds take in
The forms of their belov'd, and them reflect.
It is the likeness of affections
Is both the parent, and the nurse of love. 105
Love is a spiritual coupling of two souls,
So much more excellent, as it least relates
Unto the body; circular, eternal;
Not feigned, or made, but born; and then so
precious,
As naught can value it but itself. So free, 110
As nothing can command it, but itself.
And in itself, so round and liberal,
As where it favours, it bestows itself.
- BEAUFORT. And that do I; here my whole self I
tender,
According to the practice o'the court. 115
- NURSE. Ay, 'tish a naughty practish, a lewd practish;
Be quiet, man, dou shalt not leip her here.
- BEAUFORT. Leap her! I lip her, foolish queen at
arms,
Thy blazon's false; wilt thou blaspheme thine
office?
- LOVEL. But, we must take and understand this love 120
Along still as a name of dignity,
Not pleasure.
- HOST. Mark you that, my light young lord?
- LOVEL. True love hath no unworthy thought, no
light,
Loose, unbecoming appetite or strain,
But fixèd, constant, pure, immutable. 125
- BEAUFORT. I relish not these philosophical feasts.
Give me a banquet o'sense, like that of Ovid:
A form, to take the eye; a voice, mine ear;

98 *proper corps*: 'the body of the subject or lover' (Hattaway).

99 *Transfers*: conveys.

108 *circular*: symbolically perfect.

112 *round*: generous.

119 *blazon*: see I.iii.46 n.

120-1 *take* . . . *Along*: interpret.

121 *still*: always.

126-7 see Additional Note, p. 532 below.

- Pure aromatics, to my scent; a soft,
Smooth, dainty hand to touch; and, for my taste, 130
Ambrosiac kisses to melt down the palate.
- LOVEL. They are the earthly, lower form of lovers
Are only taken with what strikes the senses,
And love by that loose scale! Although I grant
We like what's fair and graceful in an object, 135
And, true, would use it in the all we tend to,
Both of our civil and domestic deeds,
In ordering of an army, in our style,
Apparel, gesture, building, or what not;
All arts and actions do affect their beauty. 140
But put the case, in travel I may meet
Some gorgeous structure, a brave frontispiece,
Shall I stay captive i'the outer court,
Surprised with that, and not advance to know
Who dwells there, and inhabiteth the house? 145
There is my friendship to be made, within,
With what can love me again; not with the walls,
Doors, windows, architraves, the frieze and
coronice.
My end is lost in loving of a face,
An eye, lip, nose, hand, foot, or other part, 150
Whose all is but a statue, if the mind
Move not, which only can make the return.
The end of love is, to have two made one
In will and in affection, that the minds
Be first inoculated, not the bodies. 155
- BEAUFORT. Gi'me the body, if it be a good one.
[Kisses FRANK.]
- FRANK. Nay, sweet my lord, I must appeal the
sovereign
For better quarter, if you hold your practice.

136 *in the all we tend to*: in all objects of our activities.

138 *style*: demeanour.

142 *frontispiece*: decorated entrance to a building.

144 *Surprised*: captivated.

148 *again*: in return.

architraves . . . coronice: Lovel uses Latinised architectural terms appropriate to his learned discourse.

152 *return*: reciprocal acknowledgement (with submerged word-play on an architectural *return* = a part set at right angles to its parent structure).

155 *inoculated*: engrafted (horticultural term).

157 *appeal*: invoke.

- TRUNDLE. Silence, pain of imprisonment: hear the court!
- LOVEL. The body's love is frail, subject to change, 160
 And alters still, with it: the mind's is firm,
 One and the same, proceedeth first from weighing,
 And well examining, what is fair and good,
 Then what is like in reason, fit in manners;
 That breeds good will, good will desire of union. 165
 So knowledge first begets benevolence,
 Benevolence breeds friendship, friendship love.
 And where it starts or steps aside from this,
 It is a mere degenerous appetite,
 A lost, oblique, depraved affection, 170
 And bears no mark or character of Love.
- LADY FRAMPUL. How am I changed! By what
 alchemy
 Of love or language am I thus translated?
 His tongue is tipped with the philosophers' stone,
 And that hath touched me thorough every vein! 175
 I feel that transmutation o'my blood
 As I were quite become another creature,
 And all he speaks, it is projection!
- PRUDENCE. Well feigned, my lady: now her parts
 begin!
- LATIMER. And she will act 'em subtly.
- PRUDENCE. She fails me else. 180
- LOVEL. Nor do they trespass within bounds of
 pardon,
 That, giving way and licence to their love,
 Divest him of his noblest ornaments,
 Which are his modesty and shamefacedness:
 And so they do, that have unfit designs 185
 Upon the parties they pretend to love.
 For, what's more monstrous, more a prodigy,
 Than to hear me protest truth of affection
 Unto a person that I would dishonour?
 And what's a more dishonour, than defacing 190
 Another's good, with forfeiting mine own,
 And drawing on a fellowship of sin?

168 *starts*: swerves aside.

174 *philosophers' stone*: reputed to be able to transmute base metals into gold.

178 *projection*: the final stage of the alchemical process, in which the powdered stone was thrown onto molten metal to turn it to gold.

- From note of which, though, for a while, we may
 Be both kept safe by caution, yet the conscience
 Cannot be cleansed. For what was hitherto 195
 Called by the name of love becomes destroyed
 Then, with the fact: the innocency lost,
 The bating of affection soon will follow:
 And love is never true that is not lasting,
 No more than any can be pure or perfect 200
 That entertains more than one object. *Dixi*.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Oh speak, and speak for ever! Let
 mine ear
 Be feasted still, and filled with this banquet!
 No sense can ever surfeit on such truth!
 It is the marrow of all lovers' tenets! 205
 Who hath read Plato, Heliodore, or Tatius,
 Sidney, d'Urfé, or all Love's fathers, like him?
 He's there the Master of the Sentences,
 Their school, their commentary, text, and gloss,
 And breathes the true divinity of Love! 210
- PRUDENCE. Excellent actor! How she hits this
 passion!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Where have I lived in heresy, so
 long
 Out o'the congregation of Love,
 And stood irregular by all his canons?
- LATIMER. But do you think she plays?
- PRUDENCE. Upo'my sovereignty, 215
 Mark her anon.
- LATIMER. I shake, and am half jealous.

193 *note*: brand (Latin, *nota*).

198 *bating*: abating.

201 *Dixi*: I rest my case. The technical close for a legal speech.

206 *Heliodore*: Heliodorus of Syria, third century AD, author of the famous and influential Greek romance *Aethiopica*.

Tatius: Achilles Tatius, imitator of Heliodorus and author of *The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe*.

207 *Sidney*: Sir Philip Sidney, included here for his authorship of *Astrophel and Stella* and *The Arcadia*.

D'Urfé: Honoré d'Urfé (1567–1625), author of the tedious pastoral romance *L'Astrée* (three parts, 1616–20).

208 *Master of the Sentences*: literary title of Peter Lombard, author of the *Sentences* (1145–50), an important theological textbook.

209 *school*: body of disciples.

214 *irregular*: technically, 'not in conformity with the rule of the church'.

- LADY FRAMPUL. What penance shall I do, to be
 received
 And reconciled to the church of Love?
 Go on procession, barefoot, to his image,
 And say some hundred penitential verses 220
 There, out of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressid*?
 Or to his mother's shrine, vow a wax candle
 As large as the town maypole is, and pay it?
 Enjoin me anything this court thinks fit,
 For I have trespassed, and blasphemed Love. 225
 I have, indeed, despised His deity,
 Whom (till this miracle wrought on me) I knew
 not.
 Now I adore Love, and would kiss the rushes
 That bear this reverend gentleman, His priest,
 If that would expiate – but I fear it will not. 230
 For though he be somewhat struck in years, and
 old
 Enough to be my father, he is wise,
 And only wise men love, the other covet.
 I could begin to be in love with him,
 But will not tell him yet, because I hope 235
 T' enjoy the other hour with more delight,
 And prove him farther.
- PRUDENCE. Most Socratic lady,
 Or, if you will, ironic! Gi'you joy
 O'your Platonic love here, Master Lovel.
 But pay him his first kiss, yet, i'the court, 240
 Which is a debt and due, for the hour's run.
- LADY FRAMPUL. How swift is time, and slyly steals
 away
 From them would hug it, value it, embrace it!
 I should have thought it scarce had run ten
 minutes,
 When the whole hour is fled. Here, take your kiss,
 sir, 245
 Which I most willing tender you in court.
- [Kisses LOVEL.]
 BEAUFORT. And we do imitate. [Kisses FRANK.]
- LADY FRAMPUL. And I could wish
 It had been twenty – so the sovereign's
 Poor narrow nature had decreed it so –

237 *Socratic*: in the manner of Socrates, answering ironically or teasingly.

- But that is past, irrevocable, now: 250
 She did her kind, according to her latitude –
 PRUDENCE. Beware you do not conjure up a spirit
 You cannot lay.
- LADY FRAMPUL. I dare you, do your worst,
 Show me but such an injustice: I would thank you
 To alter your award.
- LATIMER. Sure she is serious! 255
 I shall have another fit of jealousy!
 I feel a grudging!
- HOST. Cheer up, noble guest,
 We cannot guess what this may come to yet;
 The brain of man, or woman, is uncertain!
- LOVEL. Tut, she dissembles! All is personated 260
 And counterfeit comes from her! If it were not,
 The Spanish monarchy, with both the Indies,
 Could not buy off the treasure of this kiss,
 Or half give balance for my happiness.
- HOST. Why, as it is yet, it glads my Light Heart 265
 To see you roused thus from a sleepy humour
 Of drowsy, accidental melancholy;
 And all those brave parts of your soul awake
 That did before seem drowned and buried in you!
 That you express yourself as you had backed 270
 The Muses' horse, or got Bellerophon's arms!
- [Enter FLY.]
- What news with Fly?
- FLY. News of a newer lady,
 A finer, fresher, braver, bonnier beauty,
 A very *bona-roba*, and a bouncer,
 In yellow, glistening, golden satin!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Pru, 275
 Adjourn the court.
- PRUDENCE. Cry, Trundle –
- TRUNDLE. Oyez, any man or woman that hath any
 personal attendance to give unto the court, keep
 the second hour: and Love save the sovereign.
 [Exeunt.]

251 *latitude*: power.

267 *accidental*: casual, incidental.

271 *The Muses' horse*: Pegasus, used by Bellerophon to battle with
 the chimaera and to attempt (unsuccessfully) to fly to Olympus.

274 *bona-roba*: showy wench (with disreputable associations).

 ACT IV

SCENE I

[Enter] JUG, BARNABY [and] JORDAN.

[JUG.] Oh Barnaby!

JORDAN. Welcome, Barnaby! Where hast thou been?

BARNABY. I'the foul weather.

JUG. Which has wet thee, Ban.

BARNABY. As dry as a chip! Good Jug, a cast o'thy name,

As well as thy office; two jugs!

JUG. By and by. [Exit.]

JORDAN. What lady's this thou hast brought here?

BARNABY. A great lady! 5

I know no more: one that will try you, Jordan.

She'll find your gauge, your circle, your capacity.

How does old Staggers the smith? And Tree, the saddler?

Keep they their penny-club still?

JORDAN. And th'old catch too,

Of 'Whoop Barnaby' –

BARNABY. Do they sing at me? 10

JORDAN. They're reeling at it, in the parlour now.

[Enter JUG with wine.]

BARNABY. I'll to 'em: gi'me a drink first.

JORDAN. Where's thy hat?

BARNABY. I lost it by the way – [Drinking] gi'me another.

JUG. A hat?

BARNABY. A drink.

JUG. Take heed of taking cold, Ban –

BARNABY. The wind blew't off at Highgate, and my lady 15

7 *capacity*: i.e. as a chamber-pot, but, in view of what Pinnacia is intending, probably with a bawdy quibble.

9 *penny-club*: presumably a drinking fraternity.

10 *Whoop Barnaby*: refrain of a ballad.

- TIPTOE. I do not like your Burst, bird; he is saucy:
Some shopkeeper he was?
- FLY. Yes, sir.
- TIPTOE. I knew it. 5
A broke-winged shopkeeper? I nose 'em straight.
He had no father, I warrant him, that durst own
him;
Some foundling in a stall, or the church porch;
Brought up i'the hospital; and so bound prentice;
Then master of a shop; then one o'th'inquest; 10
Then breaks out bankrupt, or starts alderman:
The original of both is a church porch –
- FLY. Of some, my colonel.
- TIPTOE. Good faith, of most
O'your shop citizens, they're rude animals!
And let 'em get but ten mile out o'town, 15
Th'out-swagger all the wapentake.
- FLY. What's that?
- TIPTOE. A Saxon word, to signify the hundred.
- BURST. Come, let us drink, Sir Glorious, some brave
health
Upon our tiptoes.
- TIPTOE. To the health o'the Bursts.
- BURST. Why Bursts?
- TIPTOE. Why Tiptoes?
- BURST. Oh, I cry you mercy! 20
- TIPTOE. It is sufficient.
- HUFFLE. What is so sufficient?
- TIPTOE. To drink to you is sufficient.
- HUFFLE. On what terms?
- TIPTOE. That you shall give security to pledge me.
- HUFFLE. So you will name no Spaniard, I will pledge
you.
- TIPTOE. I rather choose to thirst: and will thirst ever, 25
Than leave that cream of nations uncried up.
Perish all wine, and gust of wine.
[Throws wine at HUFFLE.]

9 *hospital*: Christ's Hospital, for the education of foundlings.

10 *inquest*: jury, composed of local worthies.

17 *hundred*: subdivision of the county or shire.

23 *security to pledge me*: Tiptoe refers to the custom of seeking assurance from a drinking companion that the drinker would not be treacherously attacked while off his guard when quaffing.

27 *gust of*: delight in.

- HUFFLE. How, spill it?
Spill it at me?
- TIPTOE. I wreck not, but I spilt it.
- FLY. Nay, pray you be quiet, noble bloods.
- BURST. No Spaniards
I cry, with my cousin Huffle.
- HUFFLE. Spaniards? Pilchers! 30
- TIPTOE. Do not provoke my patient blade. It sleeps,
And would not hear thee: Huffle, thou art rude,
And dost not know the Spanish composition.
- BURST. What is the recipe? Name the ingredients.
- TIPTOE. Valour –
- BURST. Two ounces!
- TIPTOE. Prudence –
- BURST. Half a dram! 35
- TIPTOE. Justice –
- BURST. A pennyweight!
- TIPTOE. Religion –
- BURST. Three scruples!
- TIPTOE. And of *gravedad* –
- BURST. A face-full!
- TIPTOE. He carries such a dose of it in his looks,
Actions, and gestures, as it breeds respect
To him from savages, and reputation 40
With all the sons of men.
- BURST. Will it give him credit
With gamesters, courtiers, citizens, or tradesmen?
- TIPTOE. He'll borrow money on the stroke of his
beard,
Or turn of his *mustaccio*! His mere *cuello*,
Or ruff about his neck, is a bill of exchange 45
In any bank, in Europe! Not a merchant
That sees his gait, but straight will furnish him
Upon his pace!
- HUFFLE. I have heard the Spanish name
Is terrible to children in some countries,
And used to make them eat – their bread and
butter, 50
Or take their wormseed.

30 *Pilchers*: an abusive term, probably meaning 'wearers of pilches' (= leather jerkins), hence 'peasants'.

37 *gravedad*: gravity, dignity (Spanish).

44 *cuello*: ruff; literally, *neck* (Spanish).

51 *wormseed*: herbs used for the cure of worms.

- TIPTOE. Huffle, you do shuffle.
 [Enter] to them STUFF [and] PINNACIA.
- BURST. 'Slid, here's a lady!
 HUFFLE. And a lady gay!
 TIPTOE. A well-trimmed lady!
 HUFFLE. Let's lay her aboard.
 BURST. Let's hail her first.
 TIPTOE. By your sweet favour, lady –
 STUFF. Good gentlemen, be civil; we are strangers. 55
 BURST. An' you were Flemings, sir!
 HUFFLE. Or Spaniards!
 TIPTOE. They're here, have been at Seville i'their
 days,
 And at Madrid too!
 PINNACIA. He is a foolish fellow,
 I pray you mind him not; he is my Protection.
 TIPTOE. In your protection he is safe, sweet lady. 60
 So shall you be in mine.
 HUFFLE. A share, good colonel.
 TIPTOE. Of what?
 HUFFLE. Of your fine lady! I am Hodge,
 My name is Huffle.
 TIPTOE. Huffling Hodge, be quiet.
 BURST. And I pray you, be you so, glorious colonel,
 Hodge Huffle shall be quiet.
 HUFFLE. [sings] 'A lady gay, gay. 65
 For she is a lady gay, gay, gay. For she's a lady gay.'
 TIPTOE. Bird o'the vespers, *Vespertilio* Burst,
 You are a gentleman o'the first head,
 But that head may be broke, as all the body is,
 Burst, if you tie not up your Huffle, quickly. 70
 HUFFLE. Tie dogs, not man.
 BURST. Nay, pray thee, Hodge, be still.
 TIPTOE. This steel here rides not on this thigh in vain.
 HUFFLE. Show'st thou thy steel and thigh, thou
 glorious dirt,
 Then Hodge sings 'Samson', and no ties shall hold.

52 *a lady gay*: a ballad refrain.

57 *Seville*: punning on 'civil'.

67 *Vespertilio*: Latin for 'bat', i.e. Bartholomew.

68 *o'the first head*: upstart.

69 *broke*: punning on 'broke' = 'bankrupt'.

74 *Samson*: title of a ballad; but also, in Judges 16.6–14, Samson tricked Delilah by having her bind him in a rope which he immediately broke, hence *no ties shall hold*.

[Enter] to them PIERCE, JUG [and] JORDAN.

PIERCE. Keep the peace, gentlemen: what do you mean? 75

TIPTOE. I will not discompose myself for Huffle.

[Exeunt all but STUFF
and PINNACIA, fighting.]

PINNACIA. You see what your entreaty and pressure still

Of gentlemen to be civil doth bring on?

A quarrel! And perhaps manslaughter! You

Will carry your goose about you still, your planing-iron? 80

Your tongue to smooth all? Is not here fine stuff?

STUFF. Why, wife?

PINNACIA. Your wife? Ha'not I forbidden you that?

Do you think I'll call you husband i'this gown,

Or anything, in that jacket, but Protection?

Here, tie my shoe, and show my vellute petticoat, 85

And my silk stocking! Why do you make me a lady,

If I may not do like a lady in fine clothes?

STUFF. Sweetheart, you may do what you will with me.

PINNACIA. Ay; I knew that at home, what to do with you;

But why was I brought hither? To see fashions? 90

STUFF. And wear them too, sweetheart, but this wild company –

PINNACIA. Why do you bring me in wild company?

You'd ha'me tame, and civil, in wild company?

I hope I know wild company are fine company,

And in fine company, where I am fine myself, 95

A lady may do anything, deny nothing

To a fine party, I have heard you say't.

[Enter] to them PIERCE.

PIERCE. There are a company of ladies above

Desire your ladyship's company, and to take

The surety of their lodgings, from the affront 100

80 *goose*: smoothing-iron.

85 *vellute*: velvet (an affected Italianism).

Of these half-beasts were here e'en now, the
Centaurs.

PINNACIA. Are they fine ladies?

PIERCE. Some very fine ladies.

PINNACIA. As fine as I?

PIERCE. I dare use no comparisons,
Being a servant, sent –

PINNACIA. Spoke like a fine fellow!

I would thou wert one; I'd not then deny thee. 105

But thank thy lady.

[Exit PIERCE.]

[Enter] to them HOST.

HOST. Madam, I must crave you
To afford a lady a visit, would excuse
Some harshness o'the house you have received
From the brute guests.

PINNACIA. This's a fine old man!

I'd go with him an' he were a little finer! 110

STUFF. You may, sweetheart, it is mine host.

PINNACIA. Mine host!

HOST. Yes, madam, I must bid you welcome.

PINNACIA. Do then.

STUFF. But do not stay.

PINNACIA. I'll be advised by you, yes!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III

[Enter] LATIMER, BEAUFORT, LADY
[FRAMPUL], PRUDENCE, FRANK [and
NURSE].

[LATIMER.] What more than Thracian barbarism was
this!

BEAUFORT. The battle o'the Centaurs with the
Lapiths!

101 *Centaurs*: notoriously lustful and given to wine; the wedding of Pirithous, king of the Lapiths, turned into a riot when the Centaurs, invited as guests, attempted to rape the Lapith women; see IV.iii.2.

1 *Thracian*: the Thracians had a reputation as a primitive and warlike people.

- LADY FRAMPUL. There is no taming o'the monster
drink.
- LATIMER. But what a glorious beast our Tiptoe
showed!
He would not discompose himself, the Don! 5
Your Spaniard ne'er doth discompose himself.
- BEAUFORT. Yet how he talked, and roared i'the
beginning!
- PRUDENCE. And ran as fast as a knocked
marrowbone.
- BEAUFORT. So they did all at last, when Lovel went
down,
And chased 'em 'bout the court.
- LATIMER. For all's Don Lewis, 10
Or fencing after Euclid!
- LADY FRAMPUL. I ne'er saw
A lightning shoot so, as my servant did;
His rapier was a meteor, and he waved it
Over 'em like a comet, as they fled him!
I marked his manhood! Every stoop he made 15
Was like an eagle's, at a flight of cranes
(As I have read somewhere)!
- BEAUFORT. Bravely expressed.
- LATIMER. And like a lover!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Of his valour, I am!
He seemed a body rarefied to air,
Or that his sword and arm were of a piece, 20
They went together so!
- [Enter] HOST [with] PINNACIA.
Here comes the lady.
- BEAUFORT. A bouncing *bona-roba*, as the Fly said!
- FRANK. She is some giantess! I'll stand off
For fear she swallow me.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Is not this our gown, Pru?
That I bespoke of Stuff?
- PRUDENCE. It is the fashion! 25
- LADY FRAMPUL. Ay, and the silk! Feel, sure it is the
same!
- PRUDENCE. And the same petticoat, lace and all!

8 *marrowbone*: which would be knocked in order to remove the marrow.

17 *As I have read*: possibly alluding to Sophocles, *Ajax*, 167–71.

- LADY FRAMPUL. I'll swear it.
 How came it hither? Make a bill of enquiry.
- PRUDENCE. You've a fine suit on, madam, and a rich one!
- LADY FRAMPUL. And of a curious making!
- PRUDENCE. And a new! 30
- PINNACIA. As new as day.
- LATIMER. She answers like a fishwife.
- PINNACIA. I put it on since noon, I do assure you.
- PRUDENCE. Who is your tailor?
- LADY FRAMPUL. Pray you, your fashioner's name.
- PINNACIA. My fashioner is a certain man o' mine own,
 He's i'the house: no matter for his name. 35
- HOST. Oh, but to satisfy this bevy of ladies,
 Of which a brace here longed to bid you welcome.
- PINNACIA. He's one, in truth, I title my Protection:
 Bid him come up.
- HOST. [*calls*] Our new lady's Protection! –
 What is your ladyship's style?
- PINNACIA. Countess Pinnacia. 40
- HOST. Countess Pinnacia's man, come to your lady.
- [*Enter*] STUFF.
- PRUDENCE. Your ladyship's tailor! Mas' Stuff!
- LADY FRAMPUL. How, Stuff!
 He the Protection!
- HOST. Stuff looks like a remnant.
- STUFF. I am undone, discovered! [*Falls on his knees.*]
- PRUDENCE. 'Tis the suit, madam,
 Now, without scruple! And this, some device 45
 To bring it home with.
- PINNACIA. Why upon your knees?
 Is this your lady godmother?
- STUFF. Mum, Pinnacia.
 It is the Lady Frampul: my best customer.
- LADY FRAMPUL. What show is this, that you present us with?
- STUFF. I do beseech your ladyship, forgive me. 50
 She did but say the suit on.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Who? Which she?
- STUFF. My wife, forsooth.

31 *fishwife*: who would cry that her fish were 'as new as day'.
 51 *say . . . on*: try on.

- LADY FRAMPUL. How? Mistress Stuff? Your wife?
Is that the riddle?
- PRUDENCE. We all looked for a lady,
A duchess, or a countess at the least.
- STUFF. She is my own lawfully begotten wife, 55
In wedlock. We ha'been coupled now seven years.
- LADY FRAMPUL. And why thus masked? You like a
footman, ha,
And she your countess!
- PINNACIA. To make a fool of himself
And of me too.
- STUFF. I pray thee, Pinnacle, peace.
- PINNACIA. Nay it shall out, since you have called me
wife, 60
And openly dis-ladied me! Though I am
dis-countessed,
I am not yet dis-countenanced. These shall see.
- HOST. Silence!
- PINNACIA. It is a foolish trick, madam, he has;
For though he be your tailor, he is my beast.
I may be bold with him, and tell his story. 65
When he makes any fine garment will fit me,
Or any rich thing that he thinks of price,
Then must I put it on, and be his countess,
Before he carry it home unto the owners.
A coach is hired, and four horse; he runs 70
In his velvet jacket thus, to Romford, Croydon,
Hounslow, or Barnet, the next bawdy road:
And takes me out, carries me up, and throws me
Upon a bed –
- LADY FRAMPUL. Peace, thou immodest woman:
She glories in the bravery o'the vice. 75
- LATIMER. 'Tis a quaint one!
- BEAUFORT. A fine species,
Of fornicating with a man's own wife,
Found out by – what's his name?
- LATIMER. Master Nick Stuff!
- HOST. The very figure of preoccupation
In all his customers' best clothes.

70 *runs*: Stuff is dressed as a footman, who would run beside his lady's coach (see 104).

71–2 *Romford* . . . *Barnet*: favourite resorts for citizens, around London.

76 *quaint*: punning on the meaning 'pudenda'.

79 *preoccupation*: see Argument, 104.

LATIMER. He lies 80
 With his own succuba, in all your names.
 BEAUFORT. And all your credits.
 HOST. Ay, and at all their costs.
 LATIMER. This gown was then bespoken for the
 sovereign?
 BEAUFORT. Ay, marry, was it.
 LADY FRAMPUL. And a main offence
 Committed 'gainst the sovereignty: being not
 brought 85
 Home i'the time, beside the profanation
 Which may call on the censure of the court.
 HOST. Let him be blanketed. Call up the
 Quartermaster.
 Deliver him o'er to Fly.
 STUFF. Oh good my lord!
 HOST. Pillage the pinnace.
 LADY FRAMPUL. Let his wife be stripped. 90
 BEAUFORT. Blow off her upper deck.
 LATIMER. Tear all her tackle.
 LADY FRAMPUL. Pluck the polluted robes over her
 ears;
 Or cut them all to pieces, make a fire o'them.
 PRUDENCE. To rags and cinders, burn th'idoltrous
 vestures.
 [Enter FLY.]
 HOST. Fly and your fellows, see that the whole
 censure 95
 Be thoroughly executed.
 FLY. We'll toss him bravely,
 Till the stuff stink again.
 HOST. And send her home
 Divested to her flannel, in a cart.
 LATIMER. And let her footman beat the basin afore
 her.
 FLY. The court shall be obeyed.
 HOST. Fly and his officers 100
 Will do it fiercely.
 STUFF. Merciful Queen Pru!

81 *succuba*: demon in female form, supposed to have intercourse with men in their sleep.

88 *blanketed*: tossed in a blanket.

98 *in a cart*: like a whore being publicly exposed.

PRUDENCE. I cannot help you.

[*Exeunt* FLY, STUFF and PINNACIA.]

BEAUFORT. Go thy ways, Nick Stuff,

Thou hast nicked it for a fashioner of venery!

LATIMER. For his own Hell, though he run ten mile
for't!

PRUDENCE. Oh here comes Lovel, for his second
hour.

105

BEAUFORT. And after him the type of Spanish
valour.

SCENE IV

[*Enter*] LOVEL [*with a paper, and*] TIPTOE.

[LADY FRAMPUL.] Servant, what have you there?

LOVEL. A meditation,

Or rather a vision, madam, and of beauty,

Our former subject.

LADY FRAMPUL. Pray you, let us hear it.

LOVEL. *It was a beauty that I saw,
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame
To that one figure, could I draw
Or give least line of it a law!*

5

*A skein of silk without a knot!
A fair march made without a halt!
A curious form without a fault!
A printed book without a blot:
All beauty, and without a spot.*

10

LADY FRAMPUL. They are gentle words, and would
deserve a note

Set to 'em as gentle.

LOVEL. I have tried my skill

15

103 *nicked it*: hit the mark.

104 *his own Hell*: bawdily, his wife's vagina.

IV.iv The situation and language of this scene perhaps recollect the last scene of Middleton's *The Widow* (before 1627).

2 *vision*: Hattaway notes the opposition in the play between deluding fancies (or 'fant'sies': see *Persons of the Play*, 39, I.iv.17, I.v.51, III.i.112, 130, 138) and the truer inner 'vision' which Lovel here develops.

11 *curious*: artful.

14 *gentle*: noble.

- To close the second hour, if you will hear them;
My boy by that time will have got it perfect.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Yes, gentle servant. [*Aside*] In what
calm he speaks,
After this noise and tumult; so unmoved,
With that serenity of countenance, 20
As if his thoughts did acquiesce in that
Which is the object of the second hour,
And nothing else.
- PRUDENCE. Well then, summon the court.
- LADY FRAMPUL. I have a suit to the sovereign of
love,
If it may stand with the honour of the court, 25
To change the question but from love to valour,
To hear it said but what true valour is,
Which oft begets true love.
- LATIMER. It is a question
Fit for the court to take true knowledge of,
And hath my just assent.
- PRUDENCE. Content.
- BEAUFORT. Content. 30
- FRANK. Content. I am content, give him his oath.
- HOST. Herbert Lovel, thou shalt swear upon *The
Testament of Love* to make answer to this question
propounded to thee by the court, what true valour
is. And therein to tell the truth, the whole truth, 35
and nothing but the truth. So help thee Love, and
thy bright sword at need.
- LOVEL. So help me Love and my good sword at need.
It is the greatest virtue, and the safety
Of all mankind, the object of it is danger. 40
A certain mean 'twixt fear and confidence:
No inconsiderate rashness, or vain appetite
Of false encountering formidable things;
But a true science of distinguishing
What's good or evil. It springs out of reason, 45
And tends to perfect honesty; the scope
Is always honour, and the public good:
It is no valour for a private cause.

33 *Testament of Love*: by Thomas Usk, but in Jonson's day attributed to Chaucer.

34 *true valour*: by valour, Jonson means 'fortitude'. For the sources of Lovel's oration, see Additional Note, p. 533 below.

41 *confidence*: excess of assurance, hardihood. See 96, 111, 133.

46 *scope*: mark (for shooting at), purpose.

- BEAUFORT. No? Not for reputation?
 LOVEL. That's man's idol
 Set up 'gainst God, the maker of all laws, 50
 Who hath commanded us we should not kill;
 And yet we say, we must for reputation.
 What honest man can either fear his own,
 Or else will hurt another's reputation?
 Fear to do base, unworthy things is valour; 55
 If they be done to us, to suffer them
 Is valour too. The office of a man
 That's truly valiant, is considerable
 Three ways: the first is in respect of matter,
 Which still is danger; in respect of form, 60
 Wherein he must preserve his dignity;
 And in the end, which must be ever lawful.
- LATIMER. But men, when they are heated and in
 passion,
 Cannot consider.
- LOVEL. Then it is not valour.
 I never thought an angry person valiant: 65
 Virtue is never aided by a vice.
 What need is there of anger, and of tumult,
 When reason can do the same things, or more?
- BEAUFORT. Oh yes, 'tis profitable, and of use;
 It makes us fierce, and fit to undertake. 70
- LOVEL. Why, so will drink make us both bold and
 rash,
 Or frenzy if you will; do these make valiant?
 They are poor helps, and virtue needs them not.
 No man is valianter by being angry,
 But he that could not valiant be without: 75
 So that it comes not in the aid of virtue,
 But in the stead of it.
- LATIMER. He holds the right.
- LOVEL. And 'tis an odious kind of remedy
 To owe our health to a disease.
- TIPTOE. If man
 Should follow the *dictamen* of his passion, 80
 He could not 'scape –
- BEAUFORT. To discompose himself.
- LATIMER. According to Don Lewis!
- HOST. Or Carranza!

- LOVEL. Good Colonel Glorious, whilst we treat of
valour,
Dismiss yourself.
- LATIMER. You are not concerned.
- LOVEL. Go drink,
And congregate the ostlers, and the tapsters, 85
The under-officers o' your regiment;
Compose with them, and be not angry valiant!
- TIPTOE goes out.*
- BEAUFORT. How does that differ from true valour?
- LOVEL. Thus.
In the efficient or that which makes it,
For it proceeds from passion, not from judgement; 90
Then brute beasts have it, wicked persons, there
It differs in the subject; in the form,
'Tis carried rashly, and with violence;
Then i'the end, where it respects not truth
Or public honesty, but mere revenge. 95
Now confident, and undertaking valour
Sways from the true two other ways: as being
A trust in our own faculties, skill, or strength,
And not the right, or conscience o'the cause
That works it; then i'the end, which is the victory, 100
And not the honour.
- BEAUFORT. But the ignorant valour
That knows not why it undertakes, but doth it
T'escape the infamy merely –
- LOVEL. Is worst of all:
That valour lies i'the eyes o'the lookers on,
And is called valour with a witness.
- BEAUFORT. Right. 105
- LOVEL. The things true valour is exercised about
Are poverty, restraint, captivity,
Banishment, loss of children, long disease:
The least is death. Here valour is beheld,
Properly seen; about these it is present, 110
Not trivial things, which but require our
confidence.

87 *Compose*: make your peace.

89–95 Lovel applies to the causes of false valour the same system of three Aristotelian divisions which earlier he had applied to love (III.ii.92–5).

106–11 Lovel's account of fortitude is Stoically correct, but it is also dramatically appropriate to his character, since he is drawn as an altogether older and maturer man than Beaufort.

107 *restraint*: confinement.

- And yet to those we must object ourselves
 Only for honesty: if any other
 Respect be mixed, we quite put out her light.
 And, as all knowledge, when it is removed 115
 Or separate from justice, is called craft,
 Rather than wisdom: so a mind affecting
 Or undertaking dangers for ambition,
 Or any self pretext, not for the public,
 Deserves the name of daring, not of valour. 120
 And over-daring is as great a vice
 As over-fearing.
- LATIMER. Yes, and often greater.
- LOVEL. But as it is not the mere punishment
 But cause that makes a martyr, so it is not
 Fighting or dying, but the manner of it 125
 Renders a man himself. A valiant man
 Ought not to undergo, or tempt a danger,
 But worthily, and by selected ways:
 He undertakes with reason, not by chance.
 His valour is the salt to his other virtues, 130
 They are all unseasoned without it. The waiting-
 maids,
 Or the concomitants of it, are his patience,
 His magnanimity, his confidence,
 His constancy, security, and quiet;
 He can assure himself against all rumour! 135
 Despairs of nothing! laughs at contumelies!
 As knowing himself advanced in a height
 Where injury cannot reach him, nor aspersion
 Touch him with soil!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Most manly uttered all!
 As if Achilles had the chair in valour, 140
 And Hercules were but a lecturer!
 Who would not hang upon those lips forever,
 That strike such music? I could run on them;
 But modesty is such a schoolmistress
 To keep our sex in awe.
- PRUDENCE. Or you can feign, 145
 My subtle and dissembling lady mistress!
- LATIMER. I fear she means it, Pru, in too good
 earnest!

112 *object*: expose (from the Latin *obicio*).

114 *her*: valour's.

135 *assure*: secure, make certain.

143 *run on*: encounter.

- LOVEL. The purpose of an injury, 'tis to vex
 And trouble me: now, nothing can do that
 To him that's valiant. He that is affected 150
 With the least injury, is less than it.
 It is but reasonable, to conclude
 That should be stronger still which hurts, than that
 Which is hurt. Now, no wickedness is stronger
 Than what opposeth it: not Fortune's self 155
 When she encounters virtue, but comes off
 Both lame and less! Why should a wise man, then,
 Confess himself the weaker, by the feeling
 Of a fool's wrong? There may an injury
 Be meant me; I may choose if I will take it. 160
 But we are, now, come to that delicacy
 And tenderness of sense, we think an insolence
 Worse than an injury, bear words worse than
 deeds;
 We are not so much troubled with the wrong,
 As with the opinion of the wrong! Like children, 165
 We are made afraid with visors! Such poor sounds
 As is the lie, or common words of spite,
 Wise laws thought never worthy a revenge;
 And 'tis the narrowness of human nature,
 Our poverty and beggary of spirit, 170
 To take exception at these things. He laughed at
 me!
 He broke a jest! A third took place of me!
 How most ridiculous quarrels are all these?
 Notes of a queasy and sick stomach, labouring
 With want of a true injury! The main part 175
 Of the wrong is our vice of taking it.
- LATIMER. Or our interpreting it to be such.
- LOVEL. You take it rightly. If a woman, or child
 Give me the lie, would I be angry? No,
 Not if I were i' my wits, sure I should think it 180
 No spice of a disgrace. No more is theirs,
 If I will think it, who are to be held
 In as contemptible a rank, or worse.

166 *visors*: masks.

167 *the lie*: to receive the lie would be the ultimate insult to a gentleman careful of his honour and reputation.

174 *Notes*: signs.

- I am kept out a masque, sometime thrust out,
 Made wait a day, two, three, for a great word, 185
 Which, when it comes forth, is all frown and
 forehead!
- What laughter should this breed, rather than
 anger,
 Out of the tumult of so many errors,
 To feel, with contemplation, mine own quiet?
 If a great person do me an affront, 190
 A giant of the time, sure, I will bear it
 Or out of patience, or necessity!
 Shall I do more for fear, than for my judgement?
 For me now to be angry with Hodge Huffle,
 Or Burst (his broken charge) if he be saucy, 195
 Or our own type of Spanish valour, Tiptoe
 (Who, were he now necessitated to beg,
 Would ask an alms like Conde Olivares),
 Were just to make myself such a vain animal
 As one of them. If light wrongs touch me not, 200
 No more shall great; if not few, not many.
 There's naught so sacred with us but may find
 A sacrilegious person, yet the thing is
 No less divine 'cause the profane can reach it.
 He is shot-free in battle is not hurt, 205
 Not he that is not hit. So he is valiant
 That yields not unto wrongs, not he that 'scapes
 'em:
- They that do pull down churches, and deface
 The holiest altars, cannot hurt the godhead.
 A calm wise man may show as much true valour 210
 Amidst these popular provocations,
 As can an able captain show security
 By his brave conduct through an enemy's country.

184 *kept out a masque*: as had happened to Jonson himself (see the *Conversations with Drummond*, Herford and Simpson, I, p. 136). Lovel's lines here have the feel of the ageing playwright reflecting on his own court career.

186 *forehead*: impudence.

192 *Or*: either.

198 *Olivares*: Gasparo de Guzman, Count-Duke of Olivares (1587–1645), chief minister of Philip IV of Spain 1622–43 and used here as the epitome of stiff-necked pride. He would be the last person to lower himself to begging alms.

205–6 *He is . . . hit*: the man who is truly immune to injuries is not the one who manages to avoid them but the one who is above being affected by them.

- A wise man never goes the people's way,
 But as the planets still move contrary 215
 To the world's motion, so doth he, to opinion:
 He will examine if those accidents
 (Which common fame calls injuries) happen to him
 Deservedly or no. Come they deservedly,
 They are no wrongs then, but his punishments: 220
 If undeservedly, and he not guilty,
 The doer of them first should blush, not he.
- LATIMER. Excellent!
- BEAUFORT. Truth and right!
- FRANK. An oracle
 Could not have spoken more!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Been more believed!
- PRUDENCE. The whole court runs into your
 sentence, sir! 225
 And see, your second hour is almost ended.
- LADY FRAMPUL. It cannot be! Oh clip the wings of
 time,
 Good Pru, or make him stand still with a charm.
 Distil the gout into it, cramps, all diseases
 T'arrest him in the foot, and fix him here: 230
 Oh, for an engine to keep back all clocks,
 Or make the sun forget his motion!
 If I but knew what drink the time now loved,
 To set my Trundle at him, mine own Barnaby!
- PRUDENCE. Why, I'll consult our Shelee-nien
 Thomas. 235
- [Shakes NURSE.]
- NURSE. *Er grae Chreest.*
- BEAUFORT. Wake her not.
- NURSE. *Tower een cuppan
 D'usquebagh doone.*
- PRUDENCE. Usque bagh's her drink,
 But't wi'not make the time drunk.
- HOST. As't hath her.
 Away with her, my lord, but marry her first.
 [Exeunt BEAUFORT and FRANK.]
- PRUDENCE. Ay, that'll be sport anon too, for my
 lady. 240

225 *sentence*: opinion, judgement.

231 *engine*: device.

235 *Shelee-nien Thomas*: see II. vi. 263 n.

236 *Er grae Chreest*: 'For the love of Christ'.

236-7 *Tower . . . doone*: 'Give us a cup of whisky.'

But she hath other game to fly at yet:

The hour is come, your kiss.

LADY FRAMPUL. My servant's song, first.

PRUDENCE. I say the kiss, first; and I so enjoined it:

At your own peril do, make the contempt.

LADY FRAMPUL. Well, sir, you must be paid, and

legally.

245

[*She kisses* LOVEL.]

PRUDENCE. Nay nothing, sir, beyond.

LOVEL. One more – I except.

This was but half a kiss, and I would change it.

PRUDENCE. The court's dissolved, removed, and the
play ended.

No sound or air of love more, I decree it.

LOVEL. From what a happiness hath that one word

250

Thrown me, into the gulf of misery!

To what a bottomless despair! How like

A court removing, or an ended play

Shows my abrupt precipitate estate;

By how much more my vain hopes were increased

255

By these false hours of conversation!

Did not I prophesy this of myself,

And gave the true prognostics? O my brain,

How art thou turned! and my blood congealed!

My sinews slackened! and my marrow melted!

260

That I remember not where I have been,

Or what I am! Only my tongue's on fire,

And burning downward, hurls forth coals and

cinders,

To tell this temple of love will soon be ashes!

Come Indignation, now, and be my mistress;

265

No more of Love's ingrateful tyranny,

His wheel of torture, and his pits of bird-lime,

His nets of nooses, whirlpools of vexation,

His mills, to grind his servants into powder –

246 *except*: object.

247 *change*: i.e. exchange, like small money.

249 *air*: breath.

253 line quoted from Donne's *The Calm*, 14, a poem Jonson told
Drummond that he greatly admired.

254 *precipitate*: precipitous, suddenly falling.

265 *Indignation*: disdain (for love).

- I will go catch the wind first in a sieve, 270
 Weigh smoke, and measure shadows, plough the
 water,
 And sow my hopes there, ere I stay in love.
- LATIMER. [*aside*] My jealousy is off, I am now secure.
- LOVEL. Farewell the craft of crocodiles, women's
 piety
 And practice of it, in this art of flattering 275
 And fooling men. I ha'not lost my reason,
 Though I have lent myself out for two hours,
 Thus to be baffled by a chambermaid,
 And the good actor, her lady, afore mine host
 Of the Light Heart, here, that hath laughed at all – 280
- HOST. Who, I?
- LOVEL. Laugh on, sir, I'll to bed and sleep,
 And dream away the vapour of love, if th'house
 And your leer drunkards let me.
- [*Exeunt all but* LADY FRAMPUL,
 PRUDENCE *and* NURSE.]
- LADY FRAMPUL. Pru.
- PRUDENCE. Sweet madam.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Why would you let him go thus?
- PRUDENCE. In whose power
 Was it to stay him, prop'rer than my lady's? 285
- LADY FRAMPUL. Why in your lady's? Are not you the
 sovereign?
- PRUDENCE. Would you, in conscience, madam,
 ha'me vex
 His patience more?
- LADY FRAMPUL. No, but apply the cure,
 Now it is vexed.
- PRUDENCE. That's but one body's work.
 Two cannot do the same thing handsomely. 290
- LADY FRAMPUL. But had not you the authority
 absolute?
- PRUDENCE. And were not you i'rebellion, Lady
 Frampul,
 From the beginning?
- LADY FRAMPUL. I was somewhat froward,

270–1 proverbial expressions meaning 'to undertake a hopeless
 action'.

278 *baffled*: publicly disgraced (heraldic term).

283 *leer*: staggering.

293 *froward*: perverse, difficult.

- I must confess, but frowardness sometime
 Becomes a beauty, being but a visor 295
 Put on. You'll let a lady wear her mask, Pru.
 PRUDENCE. But how do I know when her ladyship is
 pleased
 To leave it off, except she tell me so?
 LADY FRAMPUL. You might ha'known that by my
 looks and language,
 Had you been or regardant, or observant. 300
 One woman reads another's character
 Without the tedious trouble of deciphering,
 If she but give her mind to't; you knew well
 It could not sort with any reputation
 Of mine to come in first, having stood out 305
 So long, without conditions for mine honour.
 PRUDENCE. I thought you did expect none, you so
 jeered him,
 And put him off with scorn –
 LADY FRAMPUL. Who, I, with scorn?
 I did express my love to idolatry rather,
 And so am justly plagued, not understood. 310
 PRUDENCE. I swear, I thought you had dissembled,
 madam,
 And doubt you do so yet.
 LADY FRAMPUL. Dull, stupid wench!
 Stay i'thy state of ignorance still, be damned,
 An idiot chambermaid! Hath all my care,
 My breeding thee in fashion, thy rich clothes, 315
 Honours, and titles wrought no brighter effects
 On thy dark soul, than thus? Well! Go thy ways;
 Were not the tailor's wife to be demolished,
 Ruined, uncased, thou should'st be she, I vow.
 PRUDENCE. Why, take your spangled properties,
 your gown, 320
 And scarfs. [*Tearing off her gown.*]
 LADY FRAMPUL. Pru, Pru, what dost thou mean?
 PRUDENCE. I will not buy this play-boy's bravery
 At such a price, to be upbraided for it
 Thus, every minute.
 LADY FRAMPUL. Take it not to heart so.

305 *come in*: submit.

313 *state of ignorance*: unenlightened, destined to damnation.

319 *uncased*: stripped.

322 *play-boy*: which, precisely, in Jonson's theatre, the actor playing Pru was.

PRUDENCE. The tailor's wife? There was a word of
scorn! 325

LADY FRAMPUL. It was a word fell from me, Pru, by
chance.

PRUDENCE. Good madam, please to undeceive
yourself.

I know when words do slip, and when they are
darted

With all their bitterness: uncased? demolished?
An idiot chambermaid, stupid and dull? 330
Be damned for ignorance? I will be so.

And think I do deserve it, that, and more,
Much more I do.

[*Enter HOST.*]

LADY FRAMPUL. Here comes mine host! No crying,
Good Pru! Where is my servant Lovel, Host?

HOST. You ha'sent him up to bed; would you would
follow him, 335

And make my house amends!

LADY FRAMPUL. Would you advise it?

HOST. I would I could command it. My Light Heart
Should leap till midnight.

LADY FRAMPUL. Pray thee be not sullen,
I yet must ha'thy counsel. Thou shalt wear, Pru,
The new gown yet.

PRUDENCE. After the tailor's wife? 340

LADY FRAMPUL. Come, be not angry or grieved: I
have a project.

[*Exeunt LADY FRAMPUL and PRUDENCE.*]

HOST. Wake, Shelee-nien Thomas! Is this your
heraldry,

And keeping of records, to lose the main?
Where is your charge?

NURSE. *Gra Chreest!*

HOST. Go ask th'oracle
O'the bottle at your girdle, there you lost it: 345
You are a sober setter of the watch.

[*Exeunt.*]

343 *lose the main*: a dicing term – a failure to achieve the throw one had announced in advance.

344–5 *th'oracle O'the bottle*: the last chapters of Rabelais's *Pantagruel* describe a voyage to the Oracle of the Holy Bottle, a temple devoted to the worship of wine and drunkenness.

 ACT V

SCENE I

[Enter] HOST [and] FLY.

- [HOST.] Come, Fly, and legacy, the bird o'the Heart:
 Prime insect of the inn, Professor, Quartermaster,
 As ever thou deserved'st thy daily drink,
 Paddling in sack and licking i'the same, 5
 Now show thyself an implement of price,
 And help to raise a nap to us, out of nothing.
 Thou saw'st 'em married?
- FLY. I do think I did,
 And heard the words, 'I Philip, take thee, Laetice';
 I gave her too, was then the Father Fly,
 And heard the priest do his part, far as five nobles 10
 Would lead him i'the lines of matrimony.
- HOST. Where were they married?
- FLY. I'th'new stable.
- HOST. Ominous!
 I ha'known many a church been made a stable,
 But not a stable made a church till now:
 I wish'em joy. Fly, was he a full priest? 15
- FLY. He bellied for it, had his velvet sleeves
 And his branched cassock, a side-sweeping gown,
 All his formalities, a good crammed divine!
 I went not far to fetch him, the next inn,
 Where he was lodged for the action.
- HOST. Had they a licence? 20
- FLY. Licence of love; I saw no other, and purse
 To pay the duties both of church and house,
 The angels flew about.
- HOST. Those birds send luck:

6 *raise a nap*: put a good surface on this threadbare business.

16 *bellied*: had the paunch.

velvet sleeves: worn by a doctor of divinity.

17 *branched*: decorated with a figured pattern.

side: long.

18 *formalities*: robes of office.

22 *duties*: dues.

23 *angels*: gold coins worth ten shillings, stamped with the figure of an angel. Fly saw Beaufort paying the priest.

And mirth will follow. I had thought to
 ha'sacrificed
 To merriment tonight, i'my Light Heart, Fly, 25
 And like a noble poet to have had
 My last act best: but all fails i'the plot.
 Lovel is gone to bed; the Lady Frampul
 And sovereign Pru fall'n out: Tiptoe and his
 regiment
 Of mine-men all drunk dumb, from his whoop
 Barnaby 30
 To his hoop Trundle (they are his two tropics).
 No project to rear laughter on, but this,
 The marriage of Lord Beaufort with Laetitia.
 Stay! What's here! The satin gown redeemed,
 And Pru restored in't to her lady's grace! 35
 FLY. She is set forth in't, rigged for some
 employment!
 HOST. An embassy at least!
 FLY. Some treaty of state!
 HOST. 'Tis a fine tack about, and worth the observing!
 [*They stand aside.*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] LADY [FRAMPUL *and*] PRUDENCE.

[LADY FRAMPUL.] Sweet Pru, ay, now thou art a
 queen indeed!
 These robes do royally, and thou becom'st 'em!
 So they do thee! Rich garments only fit
 The parties they are made for! They shame others.
 How did they show on goody tailor's back? 5
 Like a caparison for a sow, God save us!
 Thy putting 'em on hath purged and hallowed 'em
 From all pollution, meant by the mechanics.

30 *mine-men*: pioneers (see III.i.35 n.).

whoop Barnaby: see IV.i.10 n.

31 *hoop*: a measure of liquor, division of a quart (from the metal bands on a quart pot).

tropics: turning-points, limits of influence; the nicknames 'whoop' and 'hoop' have suggested to the Host the two celestial circles of Cancer and Capricorn.

6 *caparison*: richly ornamented cloth (for a horse's back).

8 *mechanics*: workmen; those who labour with their hands.

- PRUDENCE. Hang him, poor snip, a secular shop-wit!
 H'hath naught but his shears to claim by, and his
 measures; 10
 His prentice may as well put in for his needle,
 And plead a stitch.
- LADY FRAMPUL. They have no taint in 'em,
 Now, o'the tailor.
- PRUDENCE. Yes, of his wife's haunches,
 Thus thick of fat; I smell 'em o'the say.
- LADY FRAMPUL. It is restorative, Pru! With thy but
 chafing it, 15
 A barren hind's grease may work miracles.
 Find but his chamber door, and he will rise
 To thee! Of if thou pleasest, feign to be
 The wretched party herself, and com'st unto him
 In *forma pauperis* to crave the aid 20
 Of his knight-errant valour, to the rescue
 Of thy distressèd robes! Name but thy gown,
 And he will rise to that!
- PRUDENCE. I'll fire the charm first;
 I had rather die in a ditch with Mistress Shore,
 Without a smock, as the pitiful matter has it, 25
 Than owe my wit to clothes, or ha'it beholden.
- HOST. Still spirit of Pru!
- FLY. And smelling o'the sovereign!
- PRUDENCE. No, I will tell him as it is indeed;
 I come from the fine, froward, frampul lady,
 One was run mad with pride, wild with self-love, 30

9 *secular*: common, unlearned.

10 *claim by*: assert his right (to the dress) with.

11 *put in for his needle*: make a claim on behalf of the needlework of his (that the dress includes).

14 *say*: finely textured cloth; also, there is submerged wordplay on *assay* (in hunting = the testing of the grease of the quarry when it has been brought down), hence Lady Frampul's ensuing joke.

16 *hind*: servant; also 'female deer'. Probably an allusion to a lost folk superstition connected with venery.

17 *rise*: with bawdy innuendo.

20 *In forma pauperis*: in the guise of a poor person (legal phrase signifying exemption from liability for paying the costs of an action).

23 *fire the charm*: burn the talisman. Pru thinks of the dress as an amulet, worn to arouse love magically in another.

24 *Mistress Shore*: Jane Shore, mistress of Edward IV. Popularly but erroneously supposed to have died destitute in London's Shoreditch (hence its name).

27 *Still*: always.

But late encountering a wise man, who scorned her
 And knew the way to his own bed without
 Borrowing her warming-pan, she hath recovered
 Part of her wits, so much as to consider
 How far she hath trespassed, upon whom, and
 how. 35

And now sits penitent and solitary,
 Like the forsaken turtle, in the volary
 Of the Light Heart, the cage she hath abused,
 Mourning her folly, weeping at the height
 She measures with her eye, from whence she is
 fallen 40

Since she did branch it, on the top o'the wood.

LADY FRAMPUL. I prithee, Pru, abuse me enough,
 that's use me

As thou think'st fit; any coarse way, to humble me,
 Or bring me home again, or Lovel on:

Thou dost not know my sufferings, what I feel, 45

My fires and fears are met: I burn and freeze,
 My liver's one great coal, my heart shrunk up

With all the fibres, and the mass of blood
 Within me is a standing lake of fire,

Curled with the cold wind of my gelid sighs, 50

That drive a drift of sleet through all my body,
 And shoot a February through my veins.

Until I see him, I am drunk with thirst,
 And surfeited with hunger of his presence.

I know not whe'r I am or no, or speak, 55

Or whether thou dost hear me.

PRUDENCE. Spare expressions.

I'll once more venture for your ladyship,

So you will use your fortunes reverently.

LADY FRAMPUL. Religiously, dear Pru. Love and his
 mother,

I'll build them several churches, shrines, and
 altars, 60

And overhead, I'll have in the glass windows

The story of this day be painted round,

For the poor laity of Love to read;

I'll make myself their book, nay their example,

37 *volary*: aviary.

41 *branch it*: flourish.

44 *Or*: either.

50 *gelid*: frosty.

- To bid them take occasion by the forelock,
And play no after-games of love hereafter. 65
- HOST. [*coming forward*] And here your host and's
Fly witness your vows.
And like two lucky birds, bring the presage
Of a loud jest: Lord Beaufort married is.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Ha!
- FLY. All-to-be married.
- PRUDENCE. To whom? Not your son? 70
- HOST. The same, Pru. If her ladyship could take truce
A little with her passion, and give way
To their mirth now running –
- LADY FRAMPUL. Runs it mirth, let't come,
It shall be well received, and much made of it.
- PRUDENCE. We must of this, it was our own
conception. 75

SCENE III

[*Enter*] LATIMER *to him*.

- [LATIMER.] Room for green rushes, raise the
fiddlers, chamberlain,
Call up the house in arms.
- HOST. This will rouse Level.
- FLY. And bring him on too.
- LATIMER. Shelee-nien Thomas
Runs like a heifer bitten with the breeze
About the court, crying on Fly and cursing. 5
- FLY. For what, my lord?
- LATIMER. Yo'were best hear that from her;
It is no office, Fly, fits my relation.
Here come the happy couple! Joy, Lord Beaufort.
- FLY. And my young lady too.
- HOST. Much joy, my lord!

66 *after-games*: second sets, played to reverse the outcome of the first.

68 *lucky*: well-presaging.

70 *All-to-be*: completely, soundly.

1 *green rushes*: strewn on the floor for a festival occasion.

4 *breeze*: gadfly.

SCENE IV

[*Enter*] BEAUFORT, FRANK, [FERRET, JORDAN, PIERCE, JUG, *Servants and Fiddlers*] to them.

[BEAUFORT.] I thank you all, I thank thee, Father
Fly.

Madam, my cousin, you look discomposed,
I have been bold with a salad, after supper,
O'your own lettuce here.

LADY FRAMPUL. You have, my lord.
But laws of hospitality and fair rites
Would have made me acquainted. 5

BEAUFORT. I'your own house,
I do acknowledge: else I much had trespassed.
But in an inn, and public, where there is licence
Of all community: a pardon o'course
May be sued out.

LADY FRAMPUL. It will, my lord, and carry it. 10
I do not see how any storm or tempest
Can help it now.

PRUDENCE. The thing being done and past,
You bear it wisely, and like a lady of judgement.

BEAUFORT. She is that, Secretary Pru.

PRUDENCE. Why secretary,
My wise lord? Is your brain lately married? 15

BEAUFORT. Your reign is ended, Pru, no sovereign
now:

Your date is out, and dignity expired.

PRUDENCE. I am annulled; how can I treat with
Lovel,

Without a new commission?

LADY FRAMPUL. Thy gown's commission.
HOST. Have patience, Pru, expect, bid the lord joy. 20

PRUDENCE. And this brave lady too. I wish them joy.

PIERCE. Joy.

JORDAN. Joy.

JUG. All joy.

HOST. Ay, the house full of joy.

5 *hospitality*: since Beaufort is a guest of Lady Frampul's at the inn.

20 *expect*: wait.

20-2 *joy*: the literal meaning of the name Laetitia.

- FLY. Play the bells; fiddlers, crack your strings with joy.
- PRUDENCE. But Lady Laetice, you showed a neglect
Un-to-be-pardoned to'ards my lady, your
kinswoman, 25
Not to advise with her.
- BEAUFORT. Good politic Pru,
Urge not your state-advice, your after-wit;
'Tis near upbraiding. Get our bed ready,
chamberlain,
And, host, a bride-cup: you have rare conceits
And good ingredients, ever an old host 30
Upo'the road has his provocative drinks.
- LATIMER. He is either a good bawd or a physician.
- BEAUFORT. 'Twas well he heard you not, his back
was turned.
A bed, the genial bed, a brace of boys
Tonight I play for.
- PRUDENCE. Give us points, my lord. 35
- BEAUFORT. Here take 'em, Pru, my codpiece point
and all,
I ha' clasps, my Laetice' arms; here take 'em, boys.
[Throws off his doublet, etc.]
What, is the chamber ready? Speak, why stare you
On one another?
- JORDAN. No, sir.
- BEAUFORT. And why no?
- JORDAN. My master has forbid it. He yet doubts 40
That you are married.
- BEAUFORT. Ask his vicar general,
His Fly here.
- FLY. I must make that good, they are married.
- HOST. But I must make it bad, my hot young lord.
Gi'him his doublet again, the air is piercing;
You may take cold, my lord. See whom you
ha'married, 45
Your host's son, and a boy.
[Pulls off FRANK's headdress.]
- FLY. You are abused.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Much joy, my lord.

26 *advise*: consult.

34 *genial bed*: marriage bed, from the Latin *lectus genialis*.

35 *points*: tagged laces.

41 *vicar general*: deputy (normally to a bishop).

PRUDENCE. If this be your Laetitia,
 She'll prove a counterfeit mirth, and a clipped
 lady.

SERVANT. A boy, a boy; my lord has married a boy.

LATIMER. Raise all the house in shout and laughter, a
 boy!

HOST. Stay, what is here? Peace, rascals, stop your
 throats. 50

SCENE V

[Enter] NURSE to them.

[NURSE.] That maggot, worm, that insect! O my
 child,
 My daughter! Where's that Fly? I'll fly in his face,
 The vermin, let me come to him.

FLY. Why, Nurse Shelee?

NURSE. Hang thee, thou parasite, thou son of crumbs
 And orts, thou hast undone me and my child, 5
 My daughter, my dear daughter.

HOST. What means this?

NURSE. O sir, my daughter, my dear child is ruined,
 By this your Fly, here, married in a stable,
 And sold unto a husband.

HOST. Stint thy cry,
 Harlot, if that be all; did'st thou not sell him 10
 To me for a boy? And brought'st him in boy's rags
 Here to my door, to beg an alms of me?

NURSE. I did, good master, and I crave your pardon.
 But 'tis my daughter, and a girl.

HOST. Why said'st thou
 It was a boy, and sold'st him then to me 15
 With such entreaty for ten shillings, carline?

NURSE. Because you were a charitable man
 I heard, good master, and would breed him well;
 I would ha'gi'n him you for nothing, gladly.
 Forgive the lie o'my mouth, it was to save 20
 The fruit o'my womb. A parent's needs are urgent,

48 *clipped*: reduced in value (like a coin with its edges fraudulently
 pared away).

5 *orts*: scraps.

16 *carline*: old hag.

- And few do know that tyrant o'er good natures.
 But you relieved her, and me too, the mother,
 And took me into your house to be the nurse,
 For which heaven heap all blessings on your head, 25
 Whilst there can one be added.
- HOST. Sure thou speak'st
 Quite like another creature than th'ast lived
 Here i'the house, a Shelee-nien Thomas,
 An Irish beggar.
- NURSE. So I am, God help me.
- HOST. What are thou? Tell. The match is a good
 match, 30
 For aught I see: ring the bells once again.
- BEAUFORT. Stint, I say, fiddlers.
- LADY FRAMPUL. No going off, my lord.
- BEAUFORT. Nor coming on, sweet lady, things thus
 standing!
- FLY. But what's the heinousness of my offence?
 Or the degrees of wrong you suffered by it, 35
 In having your daughter matched thus happily
 Into a noble house, a brave young blood,
 And a prime peer o'the realm?
- BEAUFORT. Was that your plot, Fly?
 Gi'me a cloak, take her again among you.
 I'll none of your Light Heart fosterlings, no
 inmates, 40
 Supposititious fruits of an host's brain
 And his Fly's hatching, to be put upon me.
 There is a royal court o'the Star Chamber
 Will scatter all these mists, disperse these vapours,
 And clear the truth. Let beggars match with
 beggars. 45
 That shall decide it, I will try it there.
- NURSE. Nay then, my lord, it's not enough, I see,
 You are licentious, but you will be wicked.
 Yo'are not alone content to take my daughter
 Against the law, but having taken her, 50
 You would repudiate and cast her off,

40 *inmates*: lodgers, poor tenants.

41 *Supposititious*: fraudulently substituted for what is genuine
 (especially used of a child set up to displace the true heir).

43 *Star Chamber*: a prerogative court composed of members of the
 privy council and the peerage; under James and Charles it
 acquired a reputation for being used to enforce arbitrary and
 tyrannical royal acts, and was abolished by Parliament in 1641.

- Now, at your pleasure, like a beast of power,
 Without all cause or colour of a cause,
 That or a noble or an honest man
 Should dare t'except against her: poverty. 55
 Is poverty a vice?
- BEAUFORT. Th'age counts it so.
- NURSE. God help your lordship, and your peers that
 think so,
 If any be: if not, God bless them all,
 And help the number o'the virtuous,
 If poverty be a crime. You may object 60
 Our beggary to us as an accident,
 But never deeper, no inherent baseness.
 And I must tell you now, young lord of dirt,
 As an incensèd mother, she hath more
 And better blood running i'those small veins, 65
 Than all the race of Beauforts have in mass,
 Though they distil their drops from the left rib
 Of John o'Gaunt.
- HOST. Old mother o'records,
 Thou know'st her pedigree, then: whose daughter
 is she?
- NURSE. The daughter and co-heir to the Lord
 Frampul, 70
 This lady's sister!
- LADY FRAMPUL. Mine? What is her name?
- NURSE. Laetitia.
- LADY FRAMPUL. That was lost?
- NURSE. The true Laetitia.
- LADY FRAMPUL. Sister, oh gladness! Then you are
 our mother?
- NURSE. I am, dear daughter.
- LADY FRAMPUL. On my knees, I bless
 The light I see you by.
- NURSE. And to the author 75
 Of that blest light, I ope my other eye,
 Which hath almost now seven year been shut,
 Dark, as my vow was, never to see light
 Till such a light restored it as my children,
 Or your dear father, who, I hear, is not. 80
- BEAUFORT. Give me my wife, I own her now, and
 will have her.

68 *John o'Gaunt*: the family of Beaufort was descended from John of Gaunt and his mistress Catherine Swinford.

HOST. But you must ask my leave first, my young
lord,

Leave is but light. Ferret, go bolt your master,
Here's gear will startle him.

[Exit FERRET.]

I cannot keep
The passion in me, I am e'en turned child, 85
And I must weep. Fly, take away mine host,

[Removes his disguise.]

My beard and cap here, from me, and fetch my
lord.

[Exit FLY.]

I am her father, sir, and you shall now
Ask my consent, before you have her. Wife!
My dear and loving wife! My honoured wife! 90
Who here hath gained but I? I am Lord Frampul,
The cause of all this trouble; I am he
Have measured all the shires of England over,
Wales and her mountains, seen those wilder
nations

Of people in the Peak and Lancashire; 95
Their pipers, fiddlers, rushers, puppet-masters,
Jugglers and gipsies, all the sorts of canters,
And colonies of beggars, tumblers, ape-carriers,
For to these savages I was addicted,
To search their natures, and make odd discoveries! 100
And here my wife, like a she-Mandeville,
Ventured in disquisition after me.

[Enter FLY with Lord Frampul's robes.]

83 *Leave is but light*: proverbial; 'you would get my permission, if you bothered to ask'.

bolt: drive out; used specifically of a ferret springing a rabbit.

84 *gear*: stuff, doings.

94-100 Jonson may here be casting an eye over the characters who populate some of his past productions; the *people of the Peak* especially suggest the Derbyshire gipsies of his masque *The Gipsies Metamorphosed* (1621).

97 *canters*: rogues, gipsies and thieves, who each had their special cant.

100 *discoveries*: like Jonson himself, who entitled his commonplace book *Discoveries*.

101 *Mandeville*: Sir John Mandeville (died 1372), supposed author or compiler of a volume of prodigious and fantastic travels through Asia.

102 *disquisition*: search.

- NURSE. I may look up, admire, I cannot speak
Yet to my lord.
- HOST. Take heart and breath, recover;
Thou hast recovered me, who here had confined 105
Myself alive in a poor hostelry,
In penance of my wrongs done unto thee,
Whom I long since gave lost.
- NURSE. So did I you,
Till stealing mine own daughter from her sister,
I lighted on this error hath cured all. 110
- BEAUFORT. And in that cure include my trespass,
mother,
And father, for my wife –
- HOST. No, the Star Chamber.
- BEAUFORT. Away with that, you sour the sweetest
lettuce
Was ever tasted.
- HOST. Gi'you joy, my son,
Cast her not off again.
- [Enter LOVEL.]
- Oh call me father, 115
Lovel, and this your mother, if you like:
But take your mistress first, my child; I have power
To give her now with her consent, her sister
Is given already to your brother Beaufort.
- LOVEL. Is this a dream now, after my first sleep? 120
Or are these fancies made i'the Light Heart,
And sold i'the New Inn?
- HOST. Best go to bed,
And dream it over all. Let's all go sleep,
Each with his turtle. Fly, provide us lodgings,
Get beds prepared: yo'are master now o'the inn, 125
The lord o'the Light Heart, I give it you.
Fly was my fellow gipsy. All my family,
Indeed, were gipsies, tapsters, ostlers,
chamberlains,
Reducèd vessels of civility.
But here stands Pru neglected, best deserving 130

127 *my fellow gipsy*: this contradicts the account of Fly's past given at II.iv.16–19 but, as Anne Barton has pointed out, this is not inappropriate in a conclusion in which so many characters are suddenly acquiring new and startling identities; Jonson blithely cancels their unhappy pasts.

129 *civility*: citizenship.

But when they hear thee sing
The glories of thy King,
His zeal to God, and his just awe o'er men;
They may, blood-shaken, then
Feel such a flesh-quake to possess their powers 55
As they shall cry: Like ours
In sound of peace or wars
No harp e'er hit the stars,
In tuning forth the acts of his sweet reign:
And raising Charles his chariot 'bove his wain. 60

60 *wain*: Charles's Wain, the Great Bear (named after Charlemagne).

A T A L E
O F
A T U B.

A C O M E D Y composed
By
B E N : I O H N S O N .

Carul. — *Inficeto est inficetior rure.*

LONDON,
Printed M. D C. XL.

Title
a cock and bull story.

Motto
'more clumsy than the clumsy country' (Catullus,
Poems, xxii.14).

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Sources

No direct source is known for *A Tale of a Tub*, but with its realistic setting in the countryside near London and its romantic intrigue farcically treated, it is indebted in a general way to the broad comic tradition of a generation or two earlier that had produced such plays as Lyly's *Mother Bombie* (c. 1588), Henry Porter's *Two Angry Women of Abingdon* (c. 1598), Shakespeare's *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1600) and *The Merry Devil of Edmonton* (c. 1600); possibly Jonson took the name Audrey from *As You Like It*. Charles Baskerville has made a detailed analysis¹ of the play's resurrection of motifs from popular romantic comedy of the 1580s and 1590s (though Baskerville wrote on the assumption that *A Tale of a Tub* actually dated from this early period). This literary retrospection is reinforced by Jonson's carefully archaeological recreation of the atmosphere of the early years of Queen Elizabeth.

Other, more primitive dramatic forms also made contributions. This is a festive comedy, set on St Valentine's Day, and appropriately sportive and carnivalesque, celebrating the values of community, food, drink and sex (it has been described as a 'hunting of the bride'). Ball Puppy is a clown's part of a type rarely written by Jonson; much of the humour is slapstick; the action is a comedy of errors; the language often proliferates sheer nonsense. While much of the play's verse reads as a pastiche of the Elizabethan comic manner, sometimes Jonson seems to be reaching back further to parody the lumbering couplets of the early interludes (see for example II.i.36–43, III.iv.28–31, III.vii.1–2), and indeed the play as a whole has broad similarities with country farces of the mid Tudor period such as *Gammer Gurton's Needle* and *Ralph Roister Doister*.

Date

A Tale of a Tub was Jonson's last complete work for the professional theatre, and there are no contemporary references to it predating the licensing of the play for performance on 7 May 1633. However, the Victorian scholars John Payne Collier and F. G. Fleay gave currency to the notion

1 *English Elements in Ben Jonson's Early Comedy*, 1911, pp. 76–89.

that the play was originally written considerably earlier in Jonson's career, and merely revised in 1633 for the opportunity that it provided (in the character of In-and-In Medlay) for the inclusion of satirical thrusts against Inigo Jones, Jonson's enemy and erstwhile collaborator in the court masques (see Additional Note, p. 533 below). Their arguments concerning the apparent archaism and artlessness of parts of the play convinced Herford and Simpson, who placed it first in the Oxford Jonson, noting, *inter alia*, that what they took to be self-evidently disruptive insertions into the text demonstrated it to be an old piece revived and revamped to accommodate satire on Jones.

Recently this modern consensus has been strongly challenged by Anne Barton.² Rather than taking the rustic and archaic character of the play as evidence of its Elizabethan origins, Professor Barton notes its similarity with the nostalgia for better and happier times which is to be found elsewhere at the end of Jonson's career, in *The King's Entertainment at Welbeck* (1633) and the unfinished pastoral *The Sad Shepherd* (before 1637), as also in the writings of other of his contemporaries unhappy about the progressive and absolutist tendencies of the rule of Charles I. Its seemingly antiquated plot and language she interprets as actually a sophisticated recreation of the illusion of Elizabethan naïvety, and she argues that the play's textual dislocations may be due less to belated revision than to interference by the censor (see below). Herford and Simpson claimed to find two different stylistic levels in the play but Professor Barton ascribes this to their failure to perceive how much of the play's archaism is deliberately contrived. The presence of apparently 'primitive' writing in passages that parody Inigo Jones (especially in the concluding 'motion') disprove decisively Herford and Simpson's contention that there are two levels of style in the play, of which the more archaic must be considerably earlier than the other.

In support of Professor Barton, it could be added that in licensing the play the Master of the Revels charged £2, the fee for a new play, whereas the licensing of an old play revised would have cost the players only £1; that the play's depiction of innocent country pleasures would have become exceedingly topical in the context of the reissue of the royal proclamation on lawful recreations, the so-called

2 *Ben Jonson, Dramatist*, 1984, pp. 321–37.

Book of Sports, in October 1633; and that the play's detailed focus on the law and the hierarchy of provincial government can be matched in other theatre pieces of this date, such as Richard Brome's *The Weeding of Covent Garden* (1632) and James Shirley's masque *The Triumph of Peace* (1634). It is extraordinary that it could ever have been thought that Jonson would have revised an old (and seemingly disregarded) play merely for the sake of a few incidental laughs at a court enemy, while the notion of an ageing dramatist capable of no more than rehashing journeyman work is a product of Dryden's misleading remark about Jonson's 'dotage'. *A Tale of a Tub* is a play of very considerable charm, inventively written and perfectly articulated, and is by no means the work of a dull or doting intelligence.

Stage history and text

A Tale of a Tub was licensed in 1633 subject to the proviso that the character 'Vitruvius Hoop' and the concluding 'motion of the tubb' should be struck out, Inigo Jones having complained that both of these were 'a personal injury unto him'. Furthermore, the 'scene interloping' is probably a scene which, for its satire on Jones, failed in its entirety to get a licence from the Master of the Revels. Herford and Simpson took it to be a later insertion into Jonson's 'earlier' version of the play, but the primary meaning of the adjective 'interloping' at this time was not 'irregular' but 'unauthorised'.

The play was staged at court on 14 January 1634 and 'not likte', possibly because covert jokes at Jones's expense still remained, but also probably because of the tactlessness of its nostalgia for an earlier reign and because its emphasis on the difference between 'the cotes of clowns' and 'the courts of kings' was a plain rebuke to the cultural (and political) preferences of a court that was currently enjoying a season of refined pastoral dramas. There is no evidence to suggest that the play ran into difficulties on the professional stage, in the repertoire of the Queen's Men at the Drury Lane Cockpit, and there are two passing allusions to it in Thomas Nabbes's comedy *Tottenham Court* (1633). It was among the stock of the King's Company in 1669, but (surprisingly) no records of any further performances have come down to us.

The play was published in the 'third' volume of the 1640-1 folio in a form which can properly reflect neither

the original nor the censored version, for it lacks *Vitruvius Hoop* (some of whose characteristics must have been transferred to *In-and-In Medlay*) but still contains the offending 'motion' and the (probably unlicensed) 'scene interloping'. The editions of H. Scherer (1913) and F. M. Snell (1915) have been entirely superseded by Herford and Simpson.

THE PERSONS THAT ACT

CHANON HUGH, <i>Vicar of Pancras, and Captain Thumbs</i>	
SQUIRE TUB, <i>of Totten Court, or Squire Tripoly</i>	
BASKET HILTS, <i>his man and governor</i>	
JUSTICE PREAMBLE, <i>of Marylebone, alias Bramble</i>	
MILES METAPHOR, <i>his clerk</i>	5
LADY TUB, <i>of Totten, the Squire's mother</i>	
POL-MARTIN, <i>her usher</i>	
DIDO WISP, <i>her woman</i>	
TOBY TURF, <i>High Constable of Kentish Town</i>	
DAME SYBIL TURF, <i>his wife</i>	10
MISTRESS AUDREY TURF, <i>their daughter, the bride</i>	
JOHN CLAY, <i>of Kilburn, tile-maker, the appointed bridegroom</i>	
IN-AND-IN MEDLAY, <i>of Islington, cooper and headborough</i>	
RASI CLENCH, <i>of Hampstead, farrier and petty constable</i>	
TO-PAN, <i>tinker or metal-man of Belsize, thirdborough</i>	15
D'OGENES SCRIBEN, <i>of Chalcot, the great writer</i>	
BALL PUPPY, <i>the High Constable's man</i>	
FATHER ROSIN, <i>the minstrel, and his two boys</i>	

- 1 CHANON: canon (a consciously archaic form).
Pancras: St Pancras, the Gretna Green of Stuart London, with a reputation for irregular marriages.
- 2 *Tripoly*: to 'come from Tripoli' was to be a vaulter or tumbler; see *Epicoene*, V.i.44-5, and *Epigrams*, 115.11 (this poem has sometimes been taken to be an attack on Inigo Jones).
- 3 BASKET HILTS: protective handles on a sword (worn by oafs and clowns, and hence a clue to Basket's character: compare *Bartholomew Fair*, II.vi.69).
governor: tutor.
- 8 DIDO WISP: like Rasi Clench, D'ogenes Scriben, To-Pan, Hannibal Puppy, and the deleted character Vitruvius Hoop, Dido Wisp is a clown on whom an absurdly learned forename has been bestowed.
- 13 IN-AND-IN MEDLAY: see Additional Note, p. 533 below.
headborough: under-constable.
- 14 RASI: explained at IV. scene interloping, 19-21.
farrier: a shoer of horses, who uses *clenches* (nails).
- 15 TO-PAN: literally, 'the everything'; named after the Greek god Pan (pans being appropriate to a tinker).
thirdborough: sub-petty constable. Jonson's cast-list is a carefully constructed cross-section of Stuart local government.
- 16 D'OGENES: so named for the philosopher's connection with tubs. See IV. scene interloping, 28-34.
Chalcot: now Chalk Farm.
- 17 BALL: a contraction of Hannibal; also, a name for a dog.

JOAN, JOYCE,
MADGE, PARNEL, } *Maids of the bridal* 20
GRISEL, KATE, }
BLACK JACK, *the Lady Tub's butler*
Two grooms

The scene: Finsbury hundred

24 *Finsbury hundred*: open area of fields north of Moorfields
(however, the villages named in the cast-list all lie together in an
area some two miles north-west, towards Hampstead).

PROLOGUE

No state affairs, nor any politic club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub,
But acts of clowns and constables today
Stuff out the scenes of our ridiculous play. 5
A cooper's wit, or some such busy spark,
Illumining the High Constable, and his clerk,
And all the neighbourhood, from old records
Of antic proverbs, drawn from Whitsun Lords,
And their authorities, at wakes and ales, 10
With country precedents, and old wives' tales;
We bring you now, to show what different things
The cotes of clowns are from the courts of kings.

3 *clowns*: rustics.

8 *antic*: uncouth.

Whitsun Lords: mock kings elected at country festivals (*wakes and ales*).

A TALE OF A TUB

ACT I

SCENE I

[Enter] CHANON HUGH.

HUGH. Now o' my faith, old Bishop Valentine,
You ha' brought us nipping weather: *Februere*
Doth cut and shear; your day, and diocese
Are very cold. All your parishioners,
As well your laics, as your quiristers, 5
Had need to keep to their warm feather-beds,
If they be sped of loves. This is no season,
To seek new makes in, though Sir Hugh of Pancras
Be hither come to Totten, on intelligence,
To the young lord o' the manor, Squire Tripoly, 10
On such an errand as a mistress is.
What, Squire, I say! Tub, I should call him too:
Sir Peter Tub was his father, a saltpetre-man;
Who left his mother, Lady Tub of Totten
Court, here, to revel, and keep open house in, 15
With the young Squire her son, and's governor
Basket
Hilts, both by sword, and dagger. – *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, Squire Tripoly, *expergiscere*!
I dare not call aloud, lest she should hear me,
And think I conjured up the spirit, her son, 20
In priest's lack-Latin: oh she is jealous
Of all mankind for him.

2-3 *Februere Doth cut and shear*: Hugh quotes a country proverb.

5 *quiristers*: choristers, i.e. song birds (the birds were popularly supposed to choose their mates on St Valentine's day). The first of the play's cultivated archaisms.

7 *be sped of loves*: have obtained their partners.

8 *makes*: mates.

Sir: the form of address appropriate for a cleric.

9 *on intelligence*: with news.

13 *saltpetre-man*: see Additional Note, p. 534 below.

17-18 *Domine, Armiger Tub . . . expergiscere*: Sir, Squire Tub . . . wake up.

21 *lack-Latin*: bad Latin (Latin being the language in which to raise spirits).

jealous: suspicious.

SQUIRE TUB. (*at the window*) Chanon, is't you?

HUGH. The Vicar of Pancras, Squire Tub! wa'hoh!

SQUIRE TUB. I come, I stoop unto the call, Sir Hugh!

He comes down in his nightgown.

HUGH. He knows my lure is from his love: fair

Audrey,

25

Th'High Constable's daughter of Kentish Town,

here, Master

Tobias Turf.

[*Enter SQUIRE TUB.*]

SQUIRE TUB. What news of him?

HUGH. He has waked me

An hour before I would, sir. And my duty

To the young worship of Totten Court, Squire

Tripoly,

Who hath my heart, as I have his. Your mistress

30

Is to be made away from you, this morning,

Saint Valentine's Day: there are a knot of clowns,

The Council of Finsbury, so they are ystyled,

Met at her father's. All the wise o'th'hundred:

Old Rasi Clench of Hampstead, petty constable;

35

In-and-In Medlay, cooper of Islington,

And headborough; with loud To-Pan the tinker,

Or metal-man of Belsize, the thirdborough;

And D'ogenes Scriben, the great writer of

Chalcot.

SQUIRE TUB. And why all these?

HUGH. Sir, to conclude in council

40

A husband, or a make for Mistress Audrey;

Whom they have named, and pricked down, Clay

of Kilburn,

A tough young fellow, and a tile-maker.

SQUIRE TUB. And what must he do?

HUGH. Cover her, they say:

And keep her warm, sir. Mistress Audrey Turf

45

Last night did draw him for her valentine;

Which chance, it hath so taken her father and

mother

23 *wa'hoh*: a cry, used in falconry (as were the terms *stoop* and *lure* in the following lines).

30 *Who hath . . . his*: echoing Charita's famous song in book III of Sidney's *Arcadia*.

33 *ystyled*: i.e. styled (Hugh uses an obsolete verbal prefix).

34 *hundred*: a division of the county, a ward.

- (Because themselves drew so, on Valentine's Eve
Was thirty year) as they will have her married
Today by any means. They have sent a messenger 50
To Kilburn, post, for Clay; which when I knew,
I posted with the like to worshipful Tripoly,
The Squire of Totten: and my advice to cross it.
- SQUIRE TUB. What is't, Sir Hugh?
HUGH. Where is your governor Hilts?
Basket must do it.
- SQUIRE TUB. Basket shall be called: 55
Hilts, can you see to rise?
HILTS. [*within*] 'Cham not blind, sir,
With too much light.
- SQUIRE TUB. Open your t'other eye,
And view if it be day.
- HILTS. Che can spy that
At's little a hole, as another through a millstone.
- SQUIRE TUB. He will ha'the last word, though he talk
bilk for't. 60
- HUGH. Bilk? What's that?
SQUIRE TUB. Why nothing, a word signifying
Nothing; and borrowed here to express nothing.
- HUGH. A fine device!
SQUIRE TUB. Yes, till we hear a finer.
What's your device now, Chanon Hugh?
- HUGH. In private,
Lend it your ear. I will not trust the air with it, 65
Or scarce my shirt; my cassock sha'not know it:
If I thought it did, I'll burn it.
- SQUIRE TUB. That's the way
You ha'thought to get a new one, Hugh: is't worth
it?
Let's hear it first.
- HUGH. Then hearken, and receive it.
This 'tis, sir.

They whisper.

51 *post*: post-haste.

56 '*Cham*: I am (indicating Hilts's rustic pronunciation, as also *Che* = I at 58).

59 *At's little* . . . *millstone*: as well as the next man; to compliment someone on seeing through a millstone is ironic praise of their acuteness.

60 *bilk*: a term from the newly invented game of cribbage, where it meant 'to spoil an opponent's score'.

63 *device*: contrivance.

HILTS *enters, and walks by, making himself ready.*

Do you relish it?

SQUIRE TUB. If Hilts 70

Be close enough to carry it, there's all.

HILTS. It i'no sand, nor buttermilk? If't be,
Ich'am no zieve, or watering-pot, to draw
Knots i'your 'casions. If you trust me, zo:

If not, praform it yourzelves. 'Cham no man's
wife, 75

But resolute Hilts: you'll vind me i'the buttry.

[*Exit.*]

SQUIRE TUB. A testy clown: but a tender clown, as
wool,

And melting as the weather in a thaw.

He'll weep you, like all April: but he'll roar you
Like middle March afore; he will be as mellow, 80

And tipsy too, as October: and as grave,

And bound up like a frost (with the new year)

In January; as rigid, as he is rustic.

HUGH. You know his nature, and describe it well;

I'll leave him to your fashioning.

SQUIRE TUB. Stay, Sir Hugh; 85

Take a good angel with you, for your guide:

And let this guard you homeward, as the blessing
To our device.

HUGH. I thank your Squire's worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of).

The Squire goes off.

Oh for a choir of these voices, now, 90

To chime in a man's pocket, and cry chink!

One doth not chirp: it makes no harmony.

Grave Justice Bramble next must contribute;

His charity must offer at this wedding.

71 *close*: secret.

73 *zieve*: sieve.

73-4 *draw Knots i'your 'casions*: make obstructions in your business (punning on *knots*, criss-cross lines made by a watering-can, as in *Bartholomew Fair*, II.ii.62).

75 *wife*: dependant.

79 *roar*: bluster.

86 *angel*: gold coin, stamped with an angel, worth ten shillings.

88 *your*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

89 *for the next . . . sure of*: an ironic aside. Now Hugh has this gratuity in hand, he will reserve his thanks for the next.

I'll bid more to the basin, and the bride-ale, 95
 Although but one can bear away the bride.
 I smile to think how like a lottery
 These weddings are. Clay hath her in possession;
 The Squire he hopes to circumvent the tile-kiln;
 And now, if Justice Bramble do come off, 100
 'Tis two to one but Tub may lose his bottom.
[Exit.]

SCENE II

[Enter] CLENCH, MEDLAY, SCRIBEN,
 TO-PAN [and] PUPPY.

CLENCH. Why, 'tis thirty year, e'en as this day now,
 Zin Valentine's Day, of all days kursined, look
 you;
 And the zame day o'the month, as this Zin
 Valentine,
 Or I am voully deceived.

MEDLAY. That our High Constable,
 Master Tobias Turf, and his dame were married. 5
 I think you are right. But what was that Zin
 Valentine?

Did you ever know'un, goodman Clench?

CLENCH. Zin Valentine,
 He was a deadly Zin, and dwelt at Highgate,
 As I have heard, but 'twas avore my time:
 He was a cooper too, as you are, Medlay, 10
 An In-an'-In. A woundy, brag young vellow,
 As th'port went o'hun, then, and i'those days.

SCRIBEN. Did he not write his name, Sim Valentine?

95 *bid* . . . *to the basin*: gifts would be ceremonially cast into a bowl at the wedding.

bride-ale: wedding-feast.

100 *come off*: pay up.

2 *Zin*: a rustic version of 'saint' which undergoes several transformations in the ensuing dialogue.

kursined: christened.

11 *In-an'-In*: one who joins or overlaps wood (see IV. scene inter-
 loping, 7-9).

woundy, brag: great and boastful.

12 *port*: report.

- Vor I have met no Sin in Finsbury books,
 And yet I have writ 'em six or seven times over. 15
- TO-PAN. Oh, you mun look for the nine deadly Sims
 I' the church books, D'oge; not the High
 Constable's,
 Nor i'the county's. Zure, that same Zin Valentine,
 He was a stately Zin: an' he were a Zin,
 And kept brave house.
- CLENCH. At the Cock and Hen, in Highgate. 20
 You ha' 'fresned my rememory well in't,
 neighbour Pan!
 He had a place, in last King Harry's time,
 Of sorting all the young couples, joining 'em,
 And putting 'em together; which is, yet,
 Praformed, as on his day – Zin Valentine, 25
 As being the Zin o'the shire, or the whole county.
 I am old rivet still, and bear a brain,
 The clench, the varrier, and true leech of
 Hampstead.
- TO-PAN. You are a shrewd antiquity, neighbour
 Clench!
 And a great guide to all the parishes! 30
 The very bell-wether of the hundred, here,
 As I may zay. Master Tobias Turf,
 High Constable, would not miss you, for a score on
 us,
 When he do 'scourse of the great Charty to us.
- PUPPY. What's that, a horse? Can 'scourse naught but
 a horse? 35
 I ne'er read o'hun, and that in Smithveld Charty,
 I'the old Fabian's Chronicles: nor I think
 In any new. He may be a giant there,
 For aught I know.
- SCRIBEN. You should do well to study
 Records, fellow Ball, both law and poetry. 40

14 *Finsbury books*: the records of the hundred. Scriben is evidently the High Constable's clerk.

27–8 *rivet*. . . *clench*: alluding to the nails a farrier uses, but also to his ability to put two and two together.

28 *leech*: doctor.

29 *antiquity*: mistake for 'antiquary'.

34 *'scourse*: discourse.

great Charty: Magna Carta.

36 *Smithveld*: Smithfield, London's horse fair (Puppy has taken *Charly* to mean 'carthorse').

37 Robert Fabian's *Chronicles* were first published in 1516.

PUPPY. Why, all's but writing and reading, is it,
Scriben?

An't be any more, it's mere cheating zure.

Vlat cheating: all your law, and poets too.

TO-PAN. Master High Constable comes.

PUPPY. I'll zay't avore hun.

SCENE III

[Enter] TURF.

TURF. What's that makes you all so merry and loud,
sirs, ha?

I could ha'heard you to my privy walk.

CLENCH. A countervarsie, 'twixt your two learn'd
men here:

'Annibal Puppy says, that law and poetry
Are both flat cheating; all's but writing and
reading,

5

He says, be't verse or prose.

TURF. I think in conziencie,
He do zay true! Who is't do thwart'un, ha?

MEDLAY. Why, my friend Scriben, an't please your
worship.

TURF. Who, D'oge? My D'ogenes? A great writer,
marry!

He'll vace me down, me myself sometimes,

10

That verse goes upon veet, as you and I do:

But I can gi' 'un the hearing, zit me down,

And laugh at'un; and to myself conclude,

The greatest clerks are not the wisest men

Ever. Here they're both! What, sirs, disputin',

15

And holdin' arguments of verse, and prose?

And no green thing afore the door, that shows

Or speaks a wedding?

SCRIBEN. Those were verses now

Your worship spake, and run upon vive feet.

TURF. Feet, vrom my mouth, D'oge? Leave your

'zurd upinions,

20

And get me in some boughs.

2 *privy walk*: private garden.

3-15 see Additional Note, p. 534 below.

- SCRIBEN. Let 'em ha'leaves first.
 There's nothing green but bays and rosemary.
- PUPPY. And they're too good for strewings, your
 maids say.
- TURF. You take up 'dority still, to vouch against me.
 All the twelve smocks i'the house, zure, are your
 authors. 25
 Get some fresh hay then, to lay under foot:
 Some holly and ivy, to make vine the posts:
 [Exit PUPPY.]
 Is't not Son Valentine's Day? and Mistress Audrey
 Your young dame to be married? I wonder Clay
 Should be so tedious: he's to play Son Valentine!
 And the clown sluggard's not come fro' Kilburn
 yet! 30
- MEDLAY. Do you call your son-i'-law clown, an't
 please your worship?
- TURF. Yes, and vor worship too, my neighbour
 Medlay.
 A Middlesex clown, and one of Finsbury:
 They were the first colons o'the kingdom here,
 The primitory colons, my D'ogenes says. 35
 Where's D'ogenes, my writer, now? What were
 those
 You told me, D'ogenes, were the first colons
 O'the country? That the Romans brought in here?
- SCRIBEN. The *coloni*. Sir, colonus is an inhabitant,
 A clown original: as you'd zay a farmer,
 A tiller o'th'earth, ere sin' the Romans planted
 Their colony first, which was in Middlesex. 40
- TURF. Why so, I thank you heartily, good D'ogenes,
 You ha'zertified me. I had rather be
 An ancient colon (as they zay), a clown of
 Middlesex: 45
 A good rich farmer, or high constable.
 I'd play hun gain' a knight, or a good squire,
 Or gentleman of any other county
 I'the kingdom.

24 'dority: authority.

25 *the twelve smocks*: the women.

35-43 this etymology for *clown* was advanced in Holinshed's *Chronicles* (1577) and in T. Fuller's *Worthies* (1662); Fuller reported besides that 'Middlesex clown' was a common abusive phrase.

48 *plav*: wager.

- TO-PAN. Outcept Kent, for there they landed 50
 All gentlemen, and came in with the conqueror,
 Mad Julius Caesar, who built Dover Castle.
 My ancestor To-Pan beat the first kettledrum
 Avore hun, here vrom Dover on the march,
 Which piece of monumental copper hangs 55
 Up scoured, at Hammersmith yet; for there they
 came
 Over the Thames, at a low water mark,
 Vore either London, ay, or Kingston bridge,
 I doubt, were kursined.
- TURF. Zee, who is here: John Clay!
 Zon Valentine, and bridegroom! Ha'you zeen 60
 Your valentine bride yet, sin' you came, John
 Clay?

SCENE IV

[Enter] CLAY [and PUPPY] to them.

- CLAY. No wusse. Che lighted, I, but now i'the yard:
 Puppy ha'scarce unswaddled my legs yet.
- TURF. What? Wisps o'your wedding day, zon? This
 is right
 Originous Clay: and Clay o'Kilburn too!
 I would ha'had boots o'this day, zure, zon John. 5
- CLAY. I did it to save charges: we mun dance
 O'this day, zure: and who can dance in boots?
 No, I got on my best straw-coloured stockins,
 And swaddled 'em over to zave charges, I.
- TURF. And his new chamois doublet too with points, 10
 I like that yet; and his long sausage-hose,
 Like the commander of four smoking tile-kilns,

50-1 the family pride of the Kentish gentry was notorious in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

55-7 To-Pan's Roman kettledrum is a flight of unsubstantiated historical fantasy.

1 *wusse*: certainly.

3 *Wisps*: bundles of straw used as substitutes for boots; see *Every Man in his Humour*, I.ii.26.

4 *Originous*: natural, unadorned (a neologism).

10 *points*: tagged laces attaching the breeches to the doublet.

11 *sausage-hose*: padded breeches (compare II.ii.125).

Which he is captain of, captain of Kilburn;
 Clay with his hat turned up, o'the leer side, too:
 As if he would leap my daughter yet ere night, 15
 And spring a new Turf to the old house.

[*Enter the MAIDS OF THE BRIDAL.*]

Look, and the wenchies ha'not vound'un out,
 And do parzent'un with a van of rosemary
 And bays, to vill a bough-pot, trim the head
 Of my best vore-horse. We shall all ha'bride-laces 20
 Or points, I zee; my daughter will be valiant,
 And prove a very Mary Ambree i'the business.
 CLENCH. They zaid your worship had sured her to
 Squire Tub

Of Totten Court here; all the hundred rings on't.
 TURF. A Tale of a Tub, sir; a mere Tale of a Tub. 25
 Lend it no ear, I pray you. The Squire Tub
 Is a fine man, but he is too fine a man,
 And has a Lady Tub too to his mother:
 I'll deal with none o'these vine silken Tubs.
 John Clay, and cloth-breech for my money, and
 daughter. 30

Enter FATHER ROSIN [and his two boys].

Here comes another old boy too, vor his colours
 Will stroke down my wife's udder of purses empty
 Of all her milk money, this winter quarter:
 Old Father Rosin, the chief minstrel here,
 Chief minstrel too of Highgate. She has hired him 35
 And all his two boys for a day and a half,
 And now they come for ribanding and rosemary.
 Give 'em enough, girls, gi' 'em enough, and take it
 Out in his tunes anon.

14 *leer*: left.

19 *bough-pot*: rustic pronunciation of bouquet. For an illuminating later instance, see W. M. Thackeray, *Vanity Fair* (1848), chapter 1.

20 *bride-laces*: laces used to bind sprigs of rosemary for wearing at weddings; wedding favours (as were the bridegroom's *points*, which would be thrown among the guests).

22 *Mary Ambree*: a ballad heroine; fought at Ghent, 1584.

23 *sured*: promised.

30 *cloth-breech*: homespun, as opposed to finery.

- CLENCH. I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,
 For our John Clay's sake, and the tile-kilns, zure. 40
- MEDLAY. And I *The Jolly Joiner*, for mine own sake.
- TO-PAN. I'll ha' *The Jovial Tinker* for To-Pan's sake.
- TURF. We'll all be jovy this day, vor son Valentine,
 My sweet son John's sake.
- SCRIBEN. There's another reading now:
 My master reads it Son, and not Sin Valentine. 45
- PUPPY. Nor Zim: and he is i'the right: he is High
 Constable.
 And who should read above'un, or avore hun?
- TURF. Son John shall bid us welcome all, this day:
 We'll zerve under his colours: lead the troop,
 John,
 And Puppy, see the bells ring. Press all noises 50
 Of Finsbury, in our name; D'ogenes Scriben
 Shall draw a score of warrants vor the business.
 Does any wight parzent her Majesty's person,
 This hundred, 'bove the High Constable?
- ALL. No, no.
- TURF. Use our authority then, to the utmost on't. 55
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V

[Enter CHANON] HUGH [and] PREAMBLE.

- HUGH. So you are sure, sir, to prevent 'em all;
 And throw a block i'the bridegroom's way, John
 Clay,
 That he will hardly leap o'er.
- PREAMBLE. I conceive you,
 Sir Hugh; as if your rhetoric would say,
 Whereas the father of her is a Turf, 5
 A very superficialities of the earth,

39 *Tom Tiler*: dance tune; as also *The Jolly Joiner* (41) and *The Jovial Tinker* (42).

43 *joyv*: jovial.

50 *Press*: impress, enlist.
noises: bands of musicians.

53 *her Majesty's person*: Queen Elizabeth.

1 *prevent*: forestall.

He aims no higher than to match in Clay,
And there hath pitched his rest.

HUGH. Right, Justice Bramble:

You ha'the winding wit, compassing all.

PREAMBLE. Subtle Sir Hugh, you are now i'the
wrong, 10

And err with the whole neighbourhood, I must tell
you;

For you mistake my name. Justice Preamble
I write myself; which with the ignorant clowns,
here

(Because of my profession of the law
And place o'the peace), is taken to be Bramble. 15

But all my warrants, sir, do run Preamble:
Richard Preamble.

HUGH. Sir, I thank you for't,
That your good worship would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus –

PREAMBLE. You are my learned, and canonic
neighbour, 20

I would not have you stray; but the incorrigible
Nott-headed beast, the clowns, or constables,
Still let them graze; eat salads; chew the cud:
All the town music will not move a log.

HUGH. The beetle and wedges will, where you will
have 'em. 25

[Enter] METAPHOR.

PREAMBLE. True, true Sir Hugh. Here comes Miles
Metaphor,

My clerk: he is the man shall carry it, Chanon,
By my instructions.

HUGH. He will do't *ad unguem*,
Miles Metaphor: he is a pretty fellow.

PREAMBLE. I love not to keep shadows, or halfwits, 30
To foil a business. Metaphor! You ha'seen
A king ride forth in state.

METAPHOR. Sir, that I have:
King Edward our late liege, and sovereign lord,
And have set down the pomp.

8 *pitched his rest*: staked everything (a gambling term).

15 *place o'the peace*: justiceship (of the queen's peace).

22 *Nott-headed*: crop-haired, like Puritans.

25 *beetle*: sledgehammer.

28 *ad unguem*: to a fingernail (= to the last detail).

- Or straining of a point of matrimony,
When you come at it.
- HUGH. I'your worship's service; 60
That the exploit is done, and you possessed
Of Mistress Audrey Turf –
- PREAMBLE. I like your project.
PREAMBLE goes out.
- HUGH. And I, of this effect of two to one;
It worketh in my pocket, 'gainst the Squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a piece, 65
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the stile for.
His mother has quite marred him: Lady Tub,
She's such a vessel of faeces: all dried earth!
Terra damnata, not a drop of salt,
Or petre in her! All her nitre is gone. [Exit.] 70

SCENE VI

[Enter] LADY TUB [and] POL-MARTIN.

- LADY TUB. Is the nag ready, Martin? Call the Squire.
This frosty morning we will take the air
About the fields: for I do mean to be
Somebody's valentine, i' my velvet gown,
This morning, though it be but a beggar-man. 5
Why stand you still, and do not call my son?
- POL-MARTIN. Madam, if he had couchèd with the
lamb,
He had no doubt been stirring with the lark:
But he sat up at play, and watched the cock
Till his first warning chid him off to rest. 10
Late watchers are no early wakers, madam;
But if your ladyship will have him called –
- LADY TUB. Will have him called? Wherefore did I,
sir, bid him
Be called, you weasel, vermin of an usher?
You will return your wit to your first style 15
Of Martin Polecat by these stinking tricks,

59 *straining*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

65 *piece*: coin worth twenty shillings.

68 *faeces*: sediment; as also *Terra damnata* (69). Alchemical terms.

16 *Martin*: spelled *Marten* in the 1640 text, hence reinforcing Pol-Martin's unpleasant feline associations.

If you do use 'em: I shall no more call you
Pol-Martin, by the title of a gentleman,
If you go on thus –

POL-MARTIN. I am gone.

LADY TUB. Be quick then,
I'your come off: and make amends, you stoat! 20

POL-MARTIN *goes out.*

Was ever such a foumart for an usher,
To a great worshipful lady, as myself;
Who, when I heard his name first, Martin Polecat,
A stinking name, and not to be pronounced
Without a reverence in any lady's presence, 25
My very heart e'en earned, seeing the fellow
Young, pretty and handsome; being then, I say,
A basket-carrier, and a man condemned
To the saltpetre works, made it my suit
To Master Peter Tub, that I might change it, 30
And call him as I do now by Pol-Martin,
To have it sound like a gentleman in an office,
And made him mine own foreman, daily waiter,
And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!
Beyond the coarseness yet of any clownage 35
Shown to a lady!

He returns.

What now, is he stirring?

POL-MARTIN. Stirring betimes out of his bed, and
ready.

LADY TUB. And comes he then?

POL-MARTIN. No, madam, he is gone.

LADY TUB. Gone? Whither? Ask the porter: where's
he gone?

POL-MARTIN. I met the porter, and have asked him
for him; 40

He says he let him forth an hour ago.

LADY TUB. An hour ago! What business could he
have,

So early? Where is his man, grave Basket Hilts?
His guide, and governor?

POL-MARTIN. Gone with his master.

20 *come off*: return.

21 *foumart*: polecat.

25 *reverence*: apology.

26 *earned*: grieved.

33 *foreman*: one who goes before a lady.

LADY TUB. Is he gone too? Oh that same surly knave 45
 Is his right hand, and leads my son amiss.
 He has carried him to some drinking-match, or
 other.
 Pol-Martin (I will call you so again;
 I'm friends with you now), go get your horse, and
 ride
 To all the towns about here, where his haunts are, 50
 And cross the fields to meet, and bring me word;
 He cannot be gone far, being afoot.
 Be curious to enquire him: and bid Wisp
 My woman come, and wait on me.
[Exit POL-MARTIN.]
The love
 We mothers bear our sons we ha'bought with pain, 55
 Makes us oft view them with too careful eyes,
 And overlook 'em with a jealous fear,
 Out-fitting mothers.

SCENE VII

[Enter] WISP.

LADY TUB. How now, Wisp: ha'you
 A valentine yet? I'm taking th'air to choose one.
 WISP. Fate send your ladyship a fit one then.
 LADY TUB. What kind of one is that?
 WISP. A proper man,
 To please your ladyship.
 LADY TUB. Out o'that vanity, 5
 That takes the foolish eye! Any poor creature,
 Whose want may need my alms or courtesy,
 I rather wish; so Bishop Valentine
 Left us example to do deeds of charity:
 To feed the hungry; clothe the naked; visit 10
 The weak, and sick; to entertain the poor;
 And give the dead a Christian funeral.
 These were the works of piety he did practise,
 And bad us imitate; not look for lovers,
 Or handsome images to please our senses. 15

53 *curious*: diligent.58 *Out-fitting*: exceeding what is proper.4 *proper*: handsome.

- I pray thee, Wisp, deal freely with me now –
 We are alone and may be merry a little –
 Tho'art none o'the court glories, nor the wonders
 For wit, or beauty i'the city: tell me,
 What man would satisfy thy present fancy, 20
 Had thy ambition leave to choose a valentine
 Within the Queen's dominion, so a subject?
- WISP. You ha'gi'me a large scope, madam, I confess,
 And I will deal with your ladyship sincerely:
 I'll utter my whole heart to you. I would have him 25
 The bravest, richest, and the properest man
 A tailor could make up, or all the poets,
 With the perfumers: I would have him such,
 As not another woman, but should spite me!
 Three city ladies should run mad for him: 30
 And country madams infinite.
- LADY TUB. You'd spare me,
 And let me hold my wits?
- WISP. I should with you –
 For the young Squire, my master's sake – dispense
 A little; but it should be very little.
 Then all the court wives I'd ha'jealous of me, 35
 As all their husbands jealous of them:
 And not a lawyer's puss of any quality
 But lick her lips, for a snatch in the term time.
- LADY TUB. Come,
 Let's walk: we'll hear the rest as we go on.
 You are this morning in a good vein, Dido: 40
 Would I could be as merry. My son's absence
 Troubles me not a little: though I seek
 These ways to put it off, which will not help.
 Care that is entered once into the breast,
 Will have the whole possession, ere it rest. 45
- [*Exeunt.*]

18 *court glories*: great ladies of court.

29 *spite me*: be vexed at me.

37 *puss*: wench.

38 *term time*: the London season, when the law courts operated.

 ACT II

SCENE I

[*Enter*] TURF, CLAY, MEDLAY, CLENCH,
TO-PAN, SCRIBEN [*and*] PUPPY.

- TURF. Zon Clay, cheer up, the better leg avore:
This is a veat is once done, and no more.
- CLAY. And then 'tis done vor ever, as they say.
- MEDLAY. Right! Vor a man ha'his hour, and a dog his
day.
- TURF. True, neighbour Medlay, yo'are still
In-and-In. 5
- MEDLAY. [*aside*] I would be Master Constable, if 'ch
could win.
- TO-PAN. I zay, John Clay, keep still on his old gait:
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.
- TURF. Well said, To-Pan: you ha'still the hap to hit
The nail o'the head at a close. I think there never 10
Marriage was managed with a more avisement
Than was this marriage, though I say't, that should
not;
Especially gain' mine own flesh and blood,
My wedded wife. Indeed my wife would ha'had
All the young bachelors and maids, forsooth, 15
O'the zix parishes hereabout. But I
Cried, 'None, sweet Sybil, none of that gear, I':
It would lick zalt, I told her, by her leave.
No, three, or vour our wise, choice, honest
neighbours,
Upstantial persons, men that ha'borne office, 20
And mine own family, would be enough
To eat our dinner. What? Dear meat's a thief:
I know it by the butchers, and the market-volk.
Hum-drum, I cry, no half-ox in a pie:

7 *gait*: course.

8 *Wedding . . . rate*: proverbial: 'Wedding and hanging go by
destiny.'

17 *gear*: stuff.

18 *lick zalt*: leave a bad taste in the mouth.

24 *Hum-drum, I cry*: the commonplace for me (compare *Every
Man in his Humour*, I.i.43).

- A man that's bid to bride-ale, if he ha'cake, 25
 And drink enough, he need not veer his stake.
 CLENCH. 'Tis right: he has spoke as true as a gun,
 believe it.
- [*Enter*] DAME TURF, AUDREY, [JOAN,
 JOYCE, MADGE, PARNEL, GRISEL and
 KATE].
- TURF. Come, Sybil, come: did not I tell you o'this?
 This pride, and muster of women would mar all?
 Six women to one daughter, and a mother! 30
 The Queen (God save her) ha'no more herself.
 DAME TURF. Why, if you keep so many, Master Turf,
 Why should not all present our service to her?
 TURF. Your service? Good! I think you'll write to her
 shortly,
 Your very loving and obedient mother. 35
 Come, send your maids off, I will have 'em sent
 Home again, wife: I love no trains o'Kent,
 Or Christendom, as they say.
- JOYCE. We will not back,
 And leave our dame.
- MADGE. Why should her worship lack
 Her tail of maids, more than you do of men? 40
- TURF. What, mutinin', Madge?
- JOAN. Zend back your c'lons again,
 And we will follow.
- ALL MAIDS. Else we'll guard our dame.
- TURF. I ha'zet the nest of wasps all on a flame.
- DAME TURF. Come, you are such another Master
 Turf:
 A clod you should be called, of a High Constable, 45
 To let no music go afore your child
 To church, to cheer her heart up this cold morning.
- TURF. You are for Father Rosin, and his consort

26 *need not veer his stake*: will not lose the worth of his wedding gift (see I.i.95).

29 *muster*: as a constable, Turf is thinking in terms appropriate to the local militia.

37 *trains*: tails (mythically said to be sported by Kentishmen).

37-8 *Kent, Or Christendom*: the (obsolete) phrase 'neither in Kent nor in Christendom' alludes to the Kentishmen's claim to pre-eminence over the rest of England as their county was the first to be converted to Christianity. Compare 'neither in Rome nor Italy'.

Of fiddling boys, the great feats and the less,
Because you have entertained 'em all from
Highgate. 50

To show your pomp, you'd ha' your daughter and
maids

Dance o'er the fields like fays, to church this frost?
I'll ha' no rondels, I, i'th' Queen's paths;
Let'un scrape the gut at home, where they ha' filled
it

At afternoon.

DAME TURF. I'll ha' 'em play at dinner. 55

CLENCH. She is i'th' right, sir; vor your wedding
dinner

Is starved without the music.

MEDLAY. If the pies

Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that proverb.

TURF. I yield to truth: wife, are you sussified?

TO-PAN. A right good man! When he knows right, he
loves it. 60

SCRIBEN. And he will know't, and show't too by his
place

Of being High Constable, if nowhere else.

SCENE II

*[Enter] to them HILTS, bearded, booted, and
spurred.*

HILTS. Well overtaken, gentlemen! I pray you,
Which is the Queen's High Constable among you?

PUPPY. The tallest man: who should be else, do you
think?

HILTS. It is no matter what I think, young clown:
Your answer savours of the cart.

PUPPY. How? Cart? 5

And clown? Do you know whose team you speak
to?

HILTS. No: nor I care not. Whose jade may you be?

49 *feats*: artists.

53 *rondels*: round dances.

3 *tallest*: in size; but also 'valiantest'.

- PUPPY. Jade? Cart? And clown? Oh for a lash of
whipcord!
Three-knotted cord!
- HILTS. Do you mutter? Sir, snarl this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say 10
With my school-dagger, 'bout your costard, sir.
Look to't, young grouse: I'll lay it on, and sure;
Take't off who's wull.
- CLENCH. Nay, pray you, gentlemen –
- HILTS. Go to: I will not bate him an ace on't.
What? Roly-poly? Maple-face? All fellows? 15
- PUPPY. Do you hear, friend, I would wish you, vor
your good,
Tie up your brindled bitch there, your dun rusty
Pannier-hilt poniard, and not vex the youth
With showing the teeth of it. We now are going
To church, in way of matrimony, some on us: 20
Tha' rung all in a'ready. If it had not,
All the horn beasts are grazing i'this close
Sould not ha'pull' me hence, till this ash-plant
Had rung noon o'your pate, Master Broom-beard.
- HILTS. That would I fain zee, quoth the blind George 25
Of Holloway: come, sir. [Draws]
- AUDREY. Oh their naked weapons!
- TO-PAN. For the passion of man, hold, gentleman,
and Puppy.
- CLAY. Murder, oh murder!
- AUDREY. Oh my father, and mother!
- DAME TURF. Husband, what do you mean? Son Clay
for God's sake –
- TURF. I charge you in the Queen's name, keep the
peace. 30
- HILTS. Tell me o'no Queen, or kaiser: I must have
A leg, or a haunch of him ere I go.

9 *snarl*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

11 *costard*: head.

13 *who's wull*: i.e. whoso will.

14 *bate him an ace*: let him off one jot.

15 *Roly-poly*: rascal.

Maple-face: mottled face (like maple wood).

18 *Pannier-hilt poniard*: Basket Hilts carries a sword appropriate to his name.

youth: young folk.

24 *rung noon*: the signal for dinner, given by the cook knocking on the dresser.

- MEDLAY. But zir,
You must obey the Queen's high officers.
- HILTS. Why must I, goodman Must?
- MEDLAY. You must, an' you wull.
- TURF. Gentleman, I'm here for fault, High
Constable – 35
- HILTS. Are you zo? What then?
- TURF. I pray you, sir, put up
Your weapons; do, at my request. For him,
On my authority, he shall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.
- DAME TURF. Out on him for a knave, what a dead
fright 40
- He has put me into! Come, Audrey, do not shake.
- AUDREY. But is not Puppy hurt? nor the t'other man?
- CLAY. No, bun; but had I not cried murder, I wusse –
- PUPPY. Sweet goodman Clench, I pray you revise my
master
I may not zit i'the stocks, till the wedding be past. 45
- Dame, Mistress Audrey: I shall break the bride-
cake else.
- CLENCH. Zomething must be, to save authority,
Puppy.
- DAME TURF. Husband –
- CLENCH. And gossip –
- AUDREY. Father –
- TURF. "Treat me not.
It is i'vain. If he lie not by the heels,
I'll lie there for hun. I'll teach the hine 50
To carry a tongue in his head, to his superiors.
- HILTS. This's a wise constable! Where keeps he
school?
- CLENCH. In Kentish Town, a very survere man.
- HILTS. But as survere as he is, let me, sir, tell him,
He sha'not lay his man by the heels for this. 55
- This was my quarrel: and by his office leave,
If't carry hun for this, it shall carry double,
Vor he shall carry me too.

35 *for fault*: for want of a better; a self-deprecatory phrase.

39 *Verbatim continente*: false Latin for 'continuously, upon my word'.

43 *bun*: a term of endearment.

46 *bride-cake*: wedding-cake (carried in the procession).

48 *gossip*: neighbour.

50 *hine*: archaic version of 'hind', servant.

- And so they left us. Now, Don Constable,
I am to charge you in her Majesty's name,
As you will answer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raise hue and cry i'the hundred
For all such persons as you can dispect, 95
By the length and breadth o'your office: vor I tell
you,
The loss is of some value, therefore look to't.
- TURF. As fortune mend me now, or any office
Of a thousand pound, if I know what to zay;
Would I were dead, or vair hanged up at Tyburn, 100
If I do know what course to take, or how
To turn myself; just at this time too, now
My daughter is to be married. I'll but go
To Pancridge church, hard by, and return
instantly,
And all my neighbourhood shall go about it. 105
- HILTS. Tut, Pancridge me no Pancridge, if you let it
Slip you will answer it, an' your cap be of wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else,
Constable.
- TURF. Nay, good sir, stay. Neighbours! what think
you o'this?
- DAME TURF. Faith, man –
- TURF. 'Od precious, woman, hold your tongue; 110
And mind your pigs o'the spit at home; you must
Have oar in everything. Pray you, sir, what kind
Of fellows were they?
- HILTS. Thieves' kind, I ha' told you.
- TURF. I mean, what kind of men?
- HILTS. Men of our make.
- TURF. Nay, but with patience, sir, we that are officers 115
Must 'quire the special marks, and all the tokens
Of the despected parties, or perhaps, else,
Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending
'em.
Can you tell what 'parel any of them wore?
- HILTS. Troth no: there were so many o'hun, all like 120
So one another. Now I remember me,

93 *answer it at your apperil*: Hilts reminds the constable that he is responsible for making good the loss if he does not pursue the thieves diligently.

104 *Pancridge*: an alternative, rustic pronunciation of Pancras.

107 *an' your cap be of wool*: as sure as the clothes on your back.

110 *'Od precious*: an oath; by God's precious body (or blood).

- There was one busy fellow, was their leader;
 A blunt squat swad, but lower than yourself,
 He had on a leather doublet, with long points,
 And a pair of pinned-up breeches, like pudding
 bags: 125
- With yellow stockings, and his hat turned up
 With a silver clasp, on his leer side.
- DAME TURF. By these
 Marks it should be John Clay, now bless the man!
 TURF. Peace, and be naught: I think the woman be
 frenzic.
- HILTS. John Clay? What's he, good mistress?
 AUDREY. He that shall be 130
 My husband –
- HILTS. How! Your husband, pretty one?
 AUDREY. Yes, I shall anon be married: that's he.
 TURF. Passion o' me, undone!
 PUPPY. Bless master's son!
 HILTS. Oh you are well 'prehended: know you me,
 sir?
- CLAY. No's my record: I never zaw you avore. 135
 HILTS. You did not? Where were your eyes then?
 Out at washing?
 TURF. What should a man zay? Who should he trust
 In these days? Hark you, John Clay, if you have
 Done any such thing, tell truth, and shame the
 devil.
- CLENCH. Vaith, do: my gossip Turf zays well to you,
 John. 140
 MEDLAY. Speak, man, but do not convess, nor be
 avraid.
- TO-PAN. A man is a man, and a beast's a beast, look
 to't.
- DAME TURF. I'the name of men, or beasts! What do
 you do?
 Hare the poor fellow out on his five wits,
 And seven senses? Do not weep, John Clay. 145
 I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it
 As the child was, was born this very morning.

123 *swad*: clodpoll.

129 *be naught*: keep quiet.
frenzic: frenzied, mad.

136 *Where . . . washing*: compare *Volpone*, III.iv.12: "You ha'not washed your eyes yet?"

144 *Hare*: harry.

- CLAY. No, as I am a kyrsin soul, would I were hanged
 If ever I – alas! I would I were out
 Of my life, so I would I were, and in again – 150
- PUPPY. Nay, Mistress Audrey will say nay to that.
 No, in-and-out? An' you were out o'your life,
 How should she do for a husband? Who should fall
 Aboard o'her then? [*Aside*] Ball? He's a puppy!
 No, Hannibal has no breeding; well! I say little; 155
 But hitherto all goes well, pray it prove no better.
- AUDREY. Come, father; I would we were married: I
 am a-cold.
- HILTS. Well, Master Constable, this your fine groom
 here,
 Bridegroom, or what groom else soe'er he be,
 I charge him with the felony; and charge you 160
 To carry him back forthwith to Paddington,
 Unto my captain, who stays my return there.
 I am to go to the next Justice of Peace,
 To get a warrant to raise hue and cry,
 And bring him, and his fellows all afore hun. 165
 Fare you well, sir, and look to hun I charge you,
 As you'll answer it. Take heed; the business,
 If you defer, may prejudicial you
 More than you think-for, zay I told you so.
HILTS goes out.
- TURF. Here's a bride-ale indeed! Ah, zon John, zon
 Clay! 170
 I little thought you would ha'proved a piece
 Of such false metal.
- CLAY. Father, will you believe me?
 Would I might never stir i'my new shoes,
 If ever I would do so vowl a fact.
- TURF. Well, neighbours, I do charge you to assist me 175
 With hun to Paddington. Be he a true man, so:
 The better for hun. I will do mine office,
 An' he were my own begotten a thousand times.
[Exit TURF with neighbours.]
- DAME TURF. Why, do you hear man? Husband?
 Master Turf!
 What shall my daughter do? Puppy, stay here. 180
She follows her husband and neighbours.

148 *kyrsin*: Christian.

149 see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

152 see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

AUDREY. Mother, I'll go with you and with my father.

SCENE III

PUPPY. Nay, stay, sweet Mistress Audrey: here are none

But one friend (as they zay) desires to speak
A word or two, cold, with you: how do you veel
Yourself this frosty morning?

AUDREY. What ha'you

To do to ask, I pray you? I am a-cold. 5

PUPPY. It seems you are hot, good Mistress Audrey.

AUDREY. You lie; I am as cold as ice is: feel else.

[*She strikes him.*]

PUPPY. Nay, you ha'cooled my courage: I am past it,
I ha'done feeling with you.

AUDREY. Done with me?

I do defy you, so I do, to say 10

You ha'done with me: you are a saucy Puppy.

PUPPY. Oh you mistake! I meant not as you mean.

AUDREY. Meant you not knavery, Puppy?

PUPPY. No: not I.

Clay meant you all the knavery, it seems, 15

Who rather than he would be married to you,

Chose to be wedded to the gallows first.

AUDREY. I thought he was a dissembler; he would
prove

A slippery merchant i'the frost. He might

Have married one first, and have been hanged
after,

If he had had a mind to't. But you men, 20

Fie on you.

PUPPY. Mistress Audrey, can you vind

I'your heart to fancy Puppy? Me, poor Ball?

AUDREY. You are disposed to jeer one, Master
Hannibal.

Enter HILTS.

Pity o'me! The angry man with the beard!

HILTS. Put on thy hat, I look for no despect. 25

Where's thy master?

PUPPY. Marry, he is gone
 With the picture of despair, to Paddington.

HILTS. Prithree run after hun, and tell hun he shall
 Find out my captain, lodged at the Red Lion
 In Paddington; that's the inn. Let hun ask 30
 Vor Captain Thumbs. And take that for thy pains:
 He may seek long enough else. Hie thee again.

PUPPY. Yes, sir: you'll look to Mistress Bride the
 while?

HILTS. That I will, prithree haste.

[Exit PUPPY.]

AUDREY. What, Puppy? Puppy?

HILTS. Sweet Mistress Bride, he'll come again
 presently. 35

[Aside] Here was no subtle device to get a wench.
 This Chanon has a brave pate of his own!
 A shaven pate! And a right monger, i'vaith!
 This was his plot! I follow Captain Thumbs?
 We robbed in Saint John's wood? I'my t'other
 hose! 40

I laugh to think what a fine fool's finger they have
 O'this wise constable, in pricking out
 This Captain Thumbs to his neighbours: you shall
 see

The tile-man too set fire on his own kiln,
 And leap into it, to save himself from hanging. 45
 You talk of a bride-ale, here was a bride-ale broke
 I'the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this bride
 To mine own master, the young Squire, and then
 My task is done. – Gen'woman! I have in sort
 Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you what
 right 50

I can. It's true, you are a proper woman;
 But to be cast away on such a clown-pipe
 As Clay – methinks, your friends are not so wise
 As nature might have made 'em. Well, go to:
 There's better fortune coming toward you, 55
 An' you do not deject it. Take a vool's
 Counsel, and do not stand i'your own light.
 It may prove better than you think-for, look you.

38 *monger*: whoremonger.

40 *I'my t'other hose*: pull the other leg.

41 *fool's finger*: middle finger.

42 *pricking*: pointing.

47 *nick*: nick of time.

- AUDREY. Alas, sir, what is't you would ha'me do?
 I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how. 60
- HILTS. Forsake not a good turn, when 'tis offered
 you;
 Fair Mistress Audrey, that's your name, I take it.
- AUDREY. No mistress, sir, my name is Audrey.
- HILTS. Well, so it is; there is a bold young squire,
 The blood of Totten, Tub and Tripoly – 65
- AUDREY. Squire Tub, you mean? I know him: he
 knows me too.
- HILTS. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad for
 you.
- AUDREY. Ay, so he told me: in his wits, I think.
 But he's too fine for me; and has a Lady
 Tub to his mother. Here he comes himself! 70

SCENE IV

[Enter SQUIRE] TUB.

- SQUIRE TUB. Oh you are a trusty governor!
- HILTS. What ails you?
 You do not know when yo'are well, I think:
 You'd ha'the calf with the white face, sir, would
 you?
 I have her for you here; what would you more?
- SQUIRE TUB. Quietness, Hilts, and hear no more of
 it. 5
- HILTS. No more of it, quoth you? I do not care
 If some on us had not heard so much of't,
 I tell you true. A man must carry, and vetch,
 Like Bungay's dog for you –
- SQUIRE TUB. What's he?
- HILTS. A spaniel –
 And scarce be spit i'the mouth for't. A good dog 10
 Deserves, sir, a good bone, of a free master:
 But, an' your turns be served, the devil a bit
 You care for a man after, e'er a lord of you.

68 *in his wits*: i. e. not quite as mad as all that.3 *calf with the white face*: most expensive item.9 *Bungay's dog*: Friar Bungay, a thirteenth-century scholar, had a reputation for magic; his dog would have been his familiar spirit.13 *lord*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

Like will to like, i'faith, quoth the scabbed squire
 To th'mangy knight, when both met in a dish 15
 Of buttered vish. One bad, there's ne'er a good;
 And not a barrel better herring among you.
 SQUIRE TUB. Nay, Hilts! I pray thee, grow not
 frampul now.
 Turn not the bad cow, after thy good sope.
 Our plot hath hitherto ta'en good effect: 20
 And should it now be troubled, or stopped up,
 'Twould prove the utter ruin of my hopes.
 I pray thee haste to Pancridge, to the Chanon,
 And gi'him notice of our good success;
 Will him that all things be in readiness. 25
 Fair Audrey and myself will cross the fields,
 The nearest path. Good Hilts, make thou some
 haste,
 And meet us on the way. Come, gentle Audrey.
 HILTS. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:
 An' you say the word, send me to Jericho. 30
 Outcept a man were a post-horse, I ha'not known
 The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
 'Twould never irk hun. But a man may break
 His heart out i'these days, and get a flap
 With a foptail, when he has done. And there is all. 35
 SQUIRE TUB. Nay, say not so, Hilts: hold thee; there
 are crowns –
 My love bestows on thee, for thy reward.
 If gold will please thee, all my land shall drop
 In bounty thus, to recompense thy merit.
 HILTS. Tut, keep your land, and your gold too, sir: I 40
 Seek neither-nother of hun. Learn to get
 More: you will know to spend that zum you have
 Early enough: you are assured of me.
 I love you too too well, to live o'the spoil:
 For your own sake, were there no worse than I. 45
 All is not gold that glisters: I'll to Pancridge.
 [Exit.]

17 *not a barrel . . . among you*: nothing to choose between you.

18 *frampul*: peevish.

19 *Turn not . . . good sope*: don't spoil what you have done well
 (*sop* = a draught of milk, kicked over by the cow that has given
 it).

29 *geances*: a rustic version of *jaunts* (?).

34-5 *get . . . foptail*: be scorned for his efforts (a foptail was a fool's
 badge).

SQUIRE TUB. See how his love doth melt him into tears!

An honest, faithful servant is a jewel.

Now th'adventurous Squire hath time, and leisure,
To ask his Audrey how she does, and hear 50

A grateful answer from her. She not speaks:
Hath the proud tyran, frost, usurped the seat
Of former beauty in my love's fair cheek,
Staining the roseate tincture of her blood
With the dull dye of blue-congealing cold? 55

No, sure the weather dares not so presume

To hurt an object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.

Ha? Gi'me leave to search this mystery!

Oh, now I have it. Bride, I know your grief; 60

The last night's cold hath bred in you such horror

Of the assignèd bridegroom's constitution,

The Kilburn claypit – that frost-bitten marl,

That lump in courage, melting cake of ice –

That the conceit thereof hath almost killed thee. 65

But I must do thee good, wench, and refresh thee.

AUDREY. You are a merry man, Squire Tub of
Totten!

I have heard much o'your words, but not o'your
deeds.

SQUIRE TUB. Thou sayest true, sweet; I ha'been too
slack in deeds.

AUDREY. Yet, I was never so straitlaced to you,
Squire. 70

SQUIRE TUB. Why, did you ever love me, gentle
Audrey?

AUDREY. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate
nobody,

My father says.

SQUIRE TUB. Yes, Clay, and Kilburn, Audrey,
You must hate them.

AUDREY. It shall be for your sake then.

SQUIRE TUB. And 'for my sake' shall yield you that
gratuity. 75

He offers to kiss her. She puts him back.

AUDREY. Soft and fair, Squire, there go two words to
a bargain.

52 *tyran*: Squire Tub adopts an affectedly poetic diction.
63 *marl*: chalky soil.

- SQUIRE TUB. What are those, Audrey?
 AUDREY. Nay, I cannot tell.
 My mother said, zure, if you married me
 You'd make me a lady the first week: and put me
 In, I know not what, the very day.
- SQUIRE TUB. What was it? 80
 Speak, gentle Audrey, thou shalt have it yet.
- AUDREY. A velvet dressing for my head, it is,
 They say will make one brave: I will not know
 Bess Moale, nor Margery Turnup: I will look
 Another way upon 'em, and be proud. 85
- SQUIRE TUB. [*aside*] Troth, I could wish my wench a
 better wit;
 But what she wanteth there, her face supplies.
 There is a pointed lustre in her eye
 Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:
 And thence it is I first received the wound 90
 That rankles now, which only she can cure.
 Fain would I work myself from this conceit;
 But, being flesh, I cannot. I must love her,
 The naked truth is: and I will go on,
 Were it for nothing, but to cross my rivals. 95
 Come, Audrey: I am now resolved to ha'thee.

SCENE V

[*Enter*] PREAMBLE [*and*] METAPHOR,
 [*dressed as a pursuivant*].

- PREAMBLE. Nay, do it quickly, Miles; why shak'st
 thou, man?
 Speak but his name: I'll second thee myself.
- METAPHOR. What is his name?
- PREAMBLE. Squire Tripoly or Tub.
 Anything –
- METAPHOR. Squire Tub, I do arrest you
 I'the Queen's Majesty's name, and all the
 Council's. 5
- SQUIRE TUB. Arrest me, varlet?
- PREAMBLE. Keep the peace, I charge you.
- SQUIRE TUB. Are you there, Justice Bramble?
 Where's your warrant?

- PREAMBLE. The warrant is directed here to me,
 From the whole table; wherefore I would pray you
 Be patient, Squire, and make good the peace. 10
- SQUIRE TUB. Well, at your pleasure, Justice. I am
 wronged:
 Sirrah, what are you have arrested me?
- PREAMBLE. He is a pursuivant at arms, Squire Tub.
- METAPHOR. I am a pursuivant, see, by my coat else.
- SQUIRE TUB. Well, pursuivant, go with me: I'll give
 you bail. 15
- PREAMBLE. Sir, he may take no bail. It is a warrant
 In special from the Council, and commands
 Your personal appearance. Sir, your weapon
 I must require: and then deliver you
 A prisoner to this officer. Squire Tub, 20
 I pray you to conceive of me no other
 Than as your friend and neighbour. Let my person
 Be severed from my office in the fact,
 And I am clear. Here, pursuivant, receive him
 Into your hands; and use him like a gentleman. 25
- SQUIRE TUB. I thank you, sir: but whither must I go
 now?
- PREAMBLE. Nay, that must not be told you, till you
 come
 Unto the place assigned by his instructions.
 I'll be the maiden's convoy to her father,
 For this time, Squire.
- SQUIRE TUB. I thank you, Master Bramble. 30
 I doubt or fear, you will make her the balance
 To weigh your justice in. Pray ye do me right,
 And lead not her at least out of the way.
 Justice is blind, and having a blind guide,
 She may be apt to slip aside.
- PREAMBLE. I'll see to her. 35
 [*Exit, with AUDREY.*]
- SQUIRE TUB. I see my wooing will not thrive.
 Arrested!
 As I had set my rest up, for a wife?
 And being so fair for it, as I was. Well, Fortune,

9 *table*: i.e. the Council table.

13 *pursuivant at arms*: a royal messenger with power to execute warrants.

14 *coat*: see I.v.36 n.

37 *set my rest up*: staked everything.

Thou art a blind bawd, and a beggar too,
 To cross me thus; and let my only rival
 To get her from me. That's the spite of spites. 40
 But most I muse at is, that I, being none
 O'th'court, am sent for thither by the Council!
 My heart is not so light, as't was i'the morning.

SCENE VI

[Enter] HILTS.

HILTS. You mean to make a hoyden, or a hare
 O'me, t'hunt counter, thus, and make these
 doubles:
 An' you mean no such thing, as you send about?
 Where's your sweetheart now, I mar'l?
 SQUIRE TUB. Oh Hilts!
 HILTS. I know you of old! Ne'er halt afore a cripple. 5
 Will you have a caudle? Where's your grief, sir?
 Speak.
 METAPHOR. Do you hear, friend? Do you serve this
 gentleman?
 HILTS. How then, sir? What if I do? Peradventure
 yea:
 Peradventure nay, what's that to you, sir? Say.
 METAPHOR. Nay, pray you, sir, I meant no harm in
 truth: 10
 But this good gentleman is arrested.
 HILTS. How?
 Say me that again.
 SQUIRE TUB. Nay, Basket, never storm;
 I am arrested here, upon command
 From the Queen's Council; and I must obey!
 METAPHOR. You say, sir, very true, you must obey. 15
 An honest gentleman, in faith!
 HILTS. He must?

1 *hoyden*: dolt.

1-2 *make . . . me*: make me ridiculous.

4 *mar'l*: wonder.

5 *Ne'er halt afore a cripple*: don't make pretences where you're sure to be found out.

6 *caudle*: spiced thin drink, for invalids.

grief: pain.

SQUIRE TUB. But that which most tormenteth me, is
 this,
 That Justice Bramble hath got hence my Audrey.
 HILTS. How? How? Stand by a little, sirrah, you
 With the badge o'your breast. Let's know, sir,
 what you are? 20

METAPHOR. I am, sir (pray you, do not look so
 terribly)
 A pursuivant.

HILTS. A pursuivant? Your name, sir?
 METAPHOR. My name, sir –
 HILTS. What is't? Speak?
 METAPHOR. Miles Metaphor;
 And Justice Preamble's clerk.
 SQUIRE TUB. What says he?
 HILTS. Pray you,
 Let us alone. You are a pursuivant? 25

METAPHOR. No, faith, sir, would I might never stir
 from you,
 I's made a pursuivant against my will.
 HILTS. Ha! And who made you one? Tell true, or my
 will
 Shall make you nothing, instantly.
 METAPHOR. Put up
 Your frightful blade; and your dead-doing look,
 And I shall tell you all. 30

HILTS. Speak then the truth,
 And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.
 METAPHOR. My master, Justice Bramble, hearing
 your master,
 The Squire Tub, was coming on this way
 With Mistress Audrey, the High Constable's
 daughter, 35

Made me a pursuivant: and gave me warrant
 To arrest him, so that he might get the lady,
 With whom he is gone to Pancridge, to the vicar,
 Not to her father's. This was the device,
 Which I beseech you, do not tell my master. 40

SQUIRE TUB. Oh wonderful! Well, Basket, let him
 rise:
 And for my free escape, forge some excuse.
 I'll post to Paddington, t'acquaint old Turf
 With the whole business, and so stop the marriage.
 HILTS. Well, bless thee: I do wish thee grace, to keep 45
 Thy master's secrets better, or be hanged.
 METAPHOR. I thank you, for your gentle admonition.

Pray you, let me call you godfather hereafter.
 And as your godson Metaphor I promise,
 To keep my master's privities sealed up 50
 I'the valise o'my trust, locked close for ever,
 Or let me be trussed up at Tyburn shortly.
 HILTS. Thine own wish save, or choke thee; come
 away.
 [Exeunt.]

ACT III

SCENE I

[Enter] TURF, CLENCH, MEDLAY, TO-PAN,
 SCRIBEN [and] CLAY.

TURF. Passion of me, was ever man thus crossed?
 All things run arsy-varsy; upside down.
 High Constable! Now by Our Lady o'Walsingham,
 I had rather be marked out Tom Scavenger,
 And with a shovel make clean the highways, 5
 Than have this office of a constable,
 And a High Constable! The higher charge,
 It brings more trouble, more vexation with it.
 Neighbours, good neighbours, 'vise me what to do:
 How we shall bear us in this hue and cry. 10
 We cannot find the captain; no such man
 Lodged at the Lion, nor came thither hurt.
 The morning we ha'spent in privy search,
 And by that means the bride-ale is deferred;
 The bride, she's left alone in Puppy's charge; 15
 The bridegroom goes under a pair of sureties,
 And held of all as a respected person.
 How should we bustle forward? Gi'some counsel
 How to bestir our stumps i'these cross ways.
 CLENCH. Faith, gossip Turf, you have, you say,
 remission 20
 To comprehend all such, as are dispected:

4 *Scavenger*: the lowest official of the parish.

16 *pair of sureties*: bail.

Now, would I make another privy search
Through this town, and then you have zearched
two towns.

MEDLAY. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too
many:

One's enough to stay the hangman's stomach. 25

There is John Clay, who is yvound already,

A proper man: a tile-man by his trade:

A man, as one would zay, moulded in clay:

As spruce as any neighbour's child among you:

And he (you zee) is taken on conspition, 30

And two, or three (they zay) what call you 'em?

Zuch as the justices of *coram nobis*

Grant – I forget their names, you ha'many on 'em,

Master High Constable they come to you,

I ha'it at my tongue's end – coney-burrows, 35

To bring him straight avore the zessions house.

TURF. Oh you mean warrens, neighbour, do you not?

MEDLAY. Ay, ay, thick same! You know'un well
enough.

TURF. Too well, too well; would I had never known
'em.

We good vreeholders cannot live in quiet, 40

But every hour new purcepts, hues and cries,

Put us to requisitions night and day:

What shud a man zay, shud we leave the zearch?

I am in danger to reburse as much

As he was robbed on; ay, and pay his hurts. 45

If I should vollow it, all the good cheer

That was provided for the wedding dinner

Is spoiled, and lost. Oh there are two vat pigs,

A-zingeing by the vire, now by Saint Tony,

Too good to eat, but on a wedding day; 50

And then a goose will bid you all, come cut me.

Zun Clay, zun Clay (for I must call thee so)

Be of good comfort; take my muckinder,

And dry thine eyes. If thou beest true and honest,

28 *moulded in clay*: handsomely built (by analogy with 'moulded in wax').

32 *coram nobis*: i.e. the Court of King's Bench.

35 *coney-burrows*: rabbit warrens (Medlay confuses *warren* and *warrant*).

41 *purcepts*: precepts; writs or warrants.

44–5 see II.ii.93 and n.

53 *muckinder*: handkerchief.

- And if thou find'st thy conscience clear vrom it, 55
 Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough.
 If not, confess, a truth's name. But in faith
 I durst be sworn upon all holy books,
 John Clay would ne'er commit a robbery
 On his own head.
- CLAY. No; truth is my rightful judge: 60
 I have kept my hands, here hence, fro' evil
 speaking,
 Lying, and slandering; and my tongue from
 stealing.
 He do not live this day can say, John Clay
 I ha'zeen thee, but in the way of honesty.
- TO-PAN. Faith, neighbour Medlay, I durst be his
 borrow, 65
 He would not look a true man in the vace.
- CLAY. I take the town to concord, where I dwell,
 All Kilburn be my witness, if I were not
 Begot in bashfulness, brought up in
 shamefacedness.
 Let'un bring a dog, but to my vace, that can 70
 Zay I ha'beat hun, and without a vault;
 Or but a cat, will swear upon a book,
 I have as much as zet avire her tail;
 And I'll give him or her a crown for 'mends.
 But to give out, and zay I have robbed a captain! 75
 Receive me at the latter day, if I
 E'er thought of any such matter; or could mind it—
- MEDLAY. No, John, you are come of too good
 personage;
 I think my gossip Clench, and Master Turf
 Both think, you would n'attempt no such voul
 matter. 80
- TURF. But how unhappily it comes to pass!
 Just on the wedding day! I cry me mercy,
 I had almost forgot the hue and cry.
 Good neighbour Pan, you are the thirdborough,
 And D'ogenes Scriben, you my learned writer, 85
 Make out a new purcept—Lord, for thy goodness,
 I had forgot my daughter all this while;

61–2 Clay echoes, ludicrously, the language of a church catechism.

65 *borrow*: pledge.

76 *Receive*: mistake for 'refuse'.

80 *n'attempt*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

The idle knave hath brought no news from her.
 Here comes the sneaking Puppy; what's the news?
 My heart! My heart! I fear all is not well, 90
 Something's mishapped, that he is come without
 her.

SCENE II

[Enter] PUPPY [and] DAME TURF to them.

PUPPY. Oh, where's my master? my master? my
 master?
 DAME TURF. Thy master? What wouldst with thy
 master, man?
 There's thy master.
 TURF. What's the matter, Puppy?
 PUPPY. Oh master! oh dame! oh dame! oh master!
 DAME TURF. What sayst thou to thy master, or thy
 dame? 5
 PUPPY. Oh John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!
 TURF. What of John Clay?
 MEDLAY. Luck grant he bring not news he shall be
 hanged.
 CLENCH. The world forfend, I hope it is not so well.
 CLAY. Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I do? Poor John!
 PUPPY. Oh John Clay! John Clay! John Clay!
 CLAY. [aside] Alas, 10
 That ever I was born! I will not stay by't,
 For all the tiles in Kilburn. [Exit.]
 DAME TURF. What of Clay?
 Speak, Puppy, what of him?
 PUPPY. He hath lost, he hath lost.
 TURF. For luck sake speak, Puppy, what hath he lost?
 PUPPY. Oh Audrey, Audrey, Audrey!
 DAME TURF. What of my daughter Audrey? 15
 PUPPY. I tell you Audrey – do you understand me?
 Audrey, sweet master! Audrey, my dear dame –
 TURF. Where is she? What's become of her, I pray
 thee?
 PUPPY. Oh the servingman! the servingman! the
 servingman!
 TURF. What talkst thou of the servingman? Where's
 Audrey? 20
 PUPPY. Gone with the servingman, gone with the
 servingman.

- DAME TURF. Good Puppy, whither is she gone with him?
- PUPPY. I cannot tell, he bad me bring you word
The captain lay at the Lion, and before
I came again, Audrey was gone with the serving-
man; 25
I tell you, Audrey's run away with the serving-
man.
- TURF. 'Od' socks! My woman, what shall we do now?
- DAME TURF. Now, so you help not, man, I know not,
I.
- TURF. This was your pomp of maids. I told you on't.
Six maids to vollow you, and not leave one 30
To wait upo' your daughter: I zaid, pride
Would be paid one day, her old vippence, wife.
- MEDLAY. What of John Clay, Ball Puppy?
- PUPPY. He hath lost –
- MEDLAY. His life for velony?
- PUPPY. No, his wife by villainy.
- TURF. Now, villains both! Oh that same hue and cry! 35
Oh neighbours! Oh that cursèd servingman!
Oh maids! Oh wife! But John Clay, where's he?
CLAY's first missed.
How! Fled for vear, zay ye? Will he slip us now?
We that are sureties must require hun out.
How shall we do to find the serving-man? 40
Cocks bodikins! We must not lose John Clay:
Audrey, my daughter Audrey too! Let us zend
To all the towns, and zeek her; but alas,
The hue and cry, that must be looked unto.

SCENE III

[Enter SQUIRE] TUB to them.

- SQUIRE TUB. What, in a passion Turf?
- TURF. Ay, good Squire Tub.
Were never honest varmers thus perplexed.
- SQUIRE TUB. Turf, I am privy to thy deep unrest:
The ground of which springs from an idle plot,
Cast by a suitor to your daughter Audrey – 5

32 *vippence*: i.e. fippence, fivepence (= 'I told you so').

5 *Cast . . . to*: laid for.

- And thus much, Turf, let me advertise you:
 Your daughter Audrey met I on the way,
 With Justice Bramble in her company,
 Who means to marry her at Pancridge church.
 And there is Chanon Hugh, to meet them ready: 10
 Which to prevent, you must not trust delay,
 But wingèd speed must cross their sly intent:
 Then hie thee, Turf, haste to forbid the banns.
- TURF. Hath Justice Bramble got my daughter
 Audrey?
 A little while shall he enjoy her, zure. 15
 But oh the hue and cry! that hinders me:
 I must pursue that, or neglect my journey.
 I'll e'en leave all: and with the patient ass,
 The overladen ass, throw off my burden,
 And cast mine office; pluck in my large ears 20
 Betimes, lest some disjudge 'em to be horns:
 I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,
 And ease my pasterns. I'll no more High
 Constables.
- SQUIRE TUB. I cannot choose but smile, to see thee
 troubled
 With such a bald, half-hatchèd circumstance! 25
 The captain was not robbed, as is reported;
 That trick the Justice craftily devised,
 To break the marriage with the tile-man Clay.
 The hue and cry was merely counterfeit:
 The rather may you judge it to be such, 30
 Because the bridegroom was described to be
 One of the thieves, first i'the velony.
 Which, how far 'tis from him, yourselves may
 guess:
 'Twas Justice Bramble's vetch, to get the wench.
- TURF. And is this true, Squire Tub?
- SQUIRE TUB. Believe me, Turf, 35
 As I am a Squire: or less, a gentleman.
- TURF. I take my office back: and my authority,
 Upon your worship's words. Neighbours, I am

6 *advertise*: inform; accented on the second syllable.

18-21 Tub refers to a popular fable in which the ass was tricked into carrying a burden by the fox, who told him that the lion had decreed no horned animals were to frequent the forest and that since his ears were liable to be taken for horns he had need of the fox's protection (for which he must pay by service).

34 *vetch*: fetch, ploy.

- High Constable again: where's my zon Clay?
 He shall be zon, yet; wife, your meat by leisure: 40
 Draw back the spits.
- DAME TURF. That's done already, man.
 TURF. I'll break this marriage off: and afterward,
 She shall be given to her first betrothed.
 Look to the meat, wife: look well to the roast.
 [Exit with neighbours.]
- SQUIRE TUB. I'll follow him aloof, to see the event. 45
 [Exit.]
- PUPPY. Dame, mistress, though I do not turn the spit;
 I hope yet the pig's head.
- DAME TURF. Come up, Jack-sauce.
 It shall be served in to you.
- PUPPY. No, no service,
 But a reward for service.
- DAME TURF. I still took you
 For an unmannerly Puppy: will you come, 50
 And vetch more wood to the vire, Master Ball?
- PUPPY. I wood to the vire? I shall piss it out first:
 You think to make me e'en your ox, or ass,
 Or anything. Though I cannot right myself
 On you; I'll sure revenge me on your meat. 55
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

[Enter] LADY TUB, POL-MARTIN [and]
 WISP.

- POL-MARTIN. Madam, to Kentish Town we are got at
 length;
 But by the way we cannot meet the Squire,
 Nor by enquiry can we hear of him.
 Here is Turf's house, the father of the maid.
- LADY TUB. Pol-Martin, see, the streets are strewed
 with herbs, 5
 And here hath been a wedding, Wisp, it seems!
 Pray Heaven, this bridal be not for my son!

40 *by leisure*: without haste.

45 *event*: outcome.

47 *Jack-sauce*: impudent fellow.

Good Martin, knock: knock quickly: ask for Turf.
 My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt –
 POL-MARTIN. Who keeps the house here?
 PUPPY. [*within*] Why, the door, and walls 10
 Do keep the house.
 POL-MARTIN. I ask then, who's within?
 PUPPY. Not you that are without.
 POL-MARTIN. Look forth, and speak
 Into the street, here. Come before my lady.
 PUPPY. Before my lady? Lord have mercy upon me:
 If I do come before her, she will see 15
 The handsom'st man in all the town, pardee!
 [*He comes forth.*]
 Now stand I vore her, what zaith velvet she?
 LADY TUB. Sirrah, whose man are you?
 PUPPY. Madam, my master's.
 LADY TUB. And who's thy master?
 PUPPY. What you tread on, madam.
 LADY TUB. I tread on an old turf.
 PUPPY. That Turf's my master. 20
 LADY TUB. A merry fellow! What's thy name?
 PUPPY. Ball Puppy
 They call me at home: abroad, Hannibal Puppy.
 LADY TUB. Come hither, I must kiss thee, Valentine
 Puppy.
 Wisp! ha'you got you a valentine?
 WISP. None, madam;
 He's the first stranger that I saw.
 LADY TUB. To me 25
 He is so, and such. Let's share him equally.
 PUPPY. Help, help, good dame. A rescue, and in
 time.
 Instead of bills, with colstaves come; instead of
 spears, with spits;
 Your slices serve for slicing swords, to save me and
 my wits:
 A lady and her woman here, their usher eke by side 30
 (But he stands mute), have plotted how your
 Puppy to divide.

16 *pardee*: a mild oath.

28 *colstaves*: poles, laid across the shoulders of two men to facilitate carrying burdens.

28–31 Puppy suddenly starts to speak in archaic and lumbering fourteeners.

SCENE V

[*Enter*] DAME TURF [*and the*] MAIDS *to them*.

- DAME TURF. How now? What noise is this with you,
Ball Puppy?
- PUPPY. Oh dame! And fellows o'the kitchen! Arm,
Arm, for my safety, if you love your Ball.
Here is a strange thing, called a lady, a mad-dame,
And a device of hers, yclept her woman, 5
Have plotted on me, in the King's highway,
To steal me from myself, and cut me in halves,
To make one valentine to serve 'em both;
This for my right-side, that my left-hand love.
- DAME TURF. So saucy, Puppy? To use no more
reverence 10
Unto my lady, and her velvet gown?
- LADY TUB. Turf's wife, rebuke him not: your man
doth please me
With his conceit. Hold: there are ten old nobles,
To make thee merrier yet, half-valentine.
- PUPPY. I thank you, right-side: could my left as much, 15
'Twould make me a man of mark: young
Hannibal!
- LADY TUB. Dido shall make that good, or I will for
her.
Here, Dido Wisp, there's for your Hannibal:
He is your countryman, as well as valentine.
- WISP. Here, Master Hannibal: my lady's bounty 20
For her poor woman, Wisp.
- PUPPY. Brave Carthage queen!
And such was Dido: I will ever be
Champion to her, who Juno is to thee.
- DAME TURF. Your ladyship is very welcome here.
Please you, good madam, to go near the house. 25
- LADY TUB. Turf's wife, I come thus far to seek thy
husband,
Having some business to impart unto him.
Is he at home?

16 *mark*: a mark (= two-thirds of a pound sterling) was worth two nobles.

19 *your countryman*: since both Hannibal and Dido were Carthaginian.

23 *Juno*: Juno presides over Dido's fate in Virgil's *Aeneid*, IV.

- DAME TURF. Oh no, an't shall please you:
 He is posted hence to Pancridge with a witness.
 Young Justice Bramble has kept level coil 30
 Here in our quarters, stole away our daughter,
 And Master Turf's run after, as he can,
 To stop the marriage, if it will be stopped.
- POL-MARTIN. Madam, these tidings are not much
 amiss!
 For if the Justice have the maid in keep, 35
 You need not fear the marriage of your son.
- LADY TUB. That somewhat easeth my suspicious
 breast.
 Tell me, Turf's wife, when was my son with
 Audrey?
 How long is't since you saw him at your house?
- PUPPY. Dame, let me take this rump out of your
 mouth. 40
- DAME TURF. What mean you by that, sir?
- PUPPY. Rump, and tail's all one.
 But I would use a reverence for my lady:
 I would not zay, 'Sir-reverence, the tale
 Out o'your mouth', but rather, 'Take the rump.'
- DAME TURF. A well-bred youth! and vull of favour
 you are. 45
- PUPPY. What might they zay when I were gone, if I
 Not weighed my wordz? This Puppy is a vool!
 Great Hannibal's an ass; he had no breeding.
 No, lady gay, you shall not zay,
 That your Val. Puppy, was so unlucky, 50
 In speech to fail, as t' name a tail,
 Be as be may be, 'vore a fair lady.
- LADY TUB. Leave jesting, tell us when you saw our
 son.
- PUPPY. Marry, it is two hours ago.
- LADY TUB. Sin' you saw him?
- PUPPY. You might have seen him too, if you had
 looked up, 55
 For it shined, as bright as day.
- LADY TUB. I mean my son.
- PUPPY. Your sun, and our sun are they not all one?

29 *with a witness*: in great haste.

30 *kept level coil*: made a disturbance.

43 *Sir-reverence*: saving your reverence (a ridiculous apology for using the word 'tail').

49-52 Puppy speaks in Skeltonic tumbling metre.

LADY TUB. Fool, thou mistak'st; I asked thee for my son!

PUPPY. I had thought there had been no more suns, than one.

I know not what you ladies have, or may have. 60

POL-MARTIN. Didst thou ne'er hear my lady had a son?

PUPPY. She may have twenty; but for a son, unless
She mean precisely Squire Tub, her zon,
He was here now; and brought my master word
That Justice Bramble had got Mistress Audrey. 65
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

LADY TUB. Martin, I wonder at this strange discourse:

The fool it seems tells true; my son the Squire
Was doubtless here this morning. For the match,
I'll smother what I think, and staying here, 70
Attend the sequel of this strange beginning.
Turf's wife, my people and I will trouble thee,
Until we hear some tidings of thy husband.
The rather, for my parti-valentine.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] TURF, AUDREY, CLENCH,
MEDLAY, TO-PAN [*and*] SCRIBEN.

TURF. Well, I have carried it, and will triumph
Over this Justice, as becomes a Constable,
And a High Constable; next our Saint George,
Who rescued the king's daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince Arthur.

CLENCH. Or our Shoreditch Duke. 5

MEDLAY. Or Pancridge Earl.

TO-PAN. Or Bevis, or Sir Guy,
Who were High Constables both.

CLENCH. One of Southampton –

3 *Saint George*: like *Prince Arthur*, *Bevis* and *Sir Guy* (5–6), a hero of popular legend and romance. Turf imagines himself riding among the worthies in a city pageant.

5–6 *Shoreditch Duke* . . . *Pancridge Earl*: mock titles adopted by citizens' archery companies.

- MEDLAY. The t'other of Warwick Castle.
 TURF. You shall work it
 Into a story for me, neighbour Medlay,
 Over my chimney.
- SCRIBEN. I can give you, sir, 10
 A Roman story of a petty-constable,
 That had a daughter, that was called Virginia,
 Like Mistress Audrey, and as young as she;
 And how her father bare him in the business,
 'Gainst Justice Appius, a decemvir in Rome, 15
 And justice of assize.
- TURF. That, that, good D'ogenes!
 A learned man is a chronicle!
- SCRIBEN. I can tell you
 A thousand, of great Pompey, Caesar, Trajan,
 All the High Constables there.
- TURF. That was their place:
 They were no more.
- SCRIBEN. Dictator, and High Constable 20
 Were both the same.
- MEDLAY. High Constable was more, though!
 He laid Dick Tator by the heels.
- TO-PAN. Dick Toter!
 H'was one o'the waits o'the city: I ha' read o'hun:
 He was a fellow would be drunk, debauched –
 And he did zet'un i'the stocks indeed: 25
 His name was Vadian, and a cunning Toter.
- AUDREY. Was ever silly maid thus posted off?
 That should have had three husbands in one day,
 Yet (by bad fortune) am possessed of none?
 I went to church to have been wed to Clay; 30
 Then Squire Tub he seized me on the way,
 And thought to ha' had me: but he missed his aim;
 And Justice Bramble (nearest of the three)
 Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
 In rushed my father, and broke off that dance. 35
- TURF. Ay, girl, there's ne'er a justice on 'em all,
 Shall teach the Constable to guard his own.

9 *story*: piece of sculpture with figures.

11 *a petty-constable*: Virginius, a centurion (later a tribune), killed his daughter Virginia rather than allow her to be defiled by the corrupt decemvir Appius, 449 BC. Subject of an interlude of the 1560s, and of a tragedy by John Webster.

26 *Toter*: Gifford suggests Pan is thinking of 'tooter', piper.

Let's back to Kentish Town, and there make
merry;

These news will be glad tidings to my wife:
Thou shalt have Clay, my wench. That word shall
stand.

40

He's found by this time, sure, or else he's drowned:
The wedding dinner will be spoiled: make haste.
AUDREY. Husbands, they say, grow thick; but thin
are sown.

I care not who it be, so I have one.

TURF. Ay? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha'none, for
that.

45

AUDREY. Now out on me! What shall I do then?

MEDLAY. Sleep, Mistress Audrey, dream on proper
men.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII

[*Enter* CHANON] HUGH [*and*] PREAMBLE.

HUGH. *O bone Deus!* Have you seen the like?

Here was, Hodge hold thine ear, fair, whilst I
strike.

Body o'me, how came this gear about?

PREAMBLE. I know not, Chanon, but it falls out
cross.

Nor can I make conjecture by the circumstance

5

Of these events; it was impossible,

Being so close, and politicly carried,

To come so quickly to the ears of Turf.

Oh priest, had but thy slow delivery

Been nimble, and thy lazy Latin tongue

10

But run the forms o'er, with that swift dispatch

As had been requisite, all had been well!

HUGH. What should have been, that never loved the
friar;

But thus you see th'old adage verified,

2 *Hodge* . . . *whilst I strike*: i.e. there was a brawl.

3 *gear*: goings on.

13 *What* . . . *friar*: i.e. haste and myself are incompatible (from the proverb, 'What was good, the friar never loved').

- Multa cadunt inter* – you can guess the rest. 15
 Many things fall between the cup and lip:
 And though they touch, you are not sure to drink.
 You lacked good fortune, we had done our parts:
 Give a man fortune, throw him i' the sea;
 The properer man, the worse luck; stay a time; 20
Tempus edax – in time the stately ox, etc.
 Good counsels lightly never come too late.
- PREAMBLE. You, sir, will run your counsels out of
 breath.
- HUGH. Spur a free horse, he'll run himself to death.
Sancti Evangelistae! Here comes Miles! 25
- [Enter] METAPHOR.
- PREAMBLE. What news, man, with our new-made
 pursuivant?
- METAPHOR. A pursuivant? Would I were, or more
 pursy,
 And had more store of money; or less pursy,
 And had more store of breath: you call me
 pursuivant!
 But I could never vaunt of any purse 30
 I had, sin' yo'were my godfathers, and
 godmothers,
 And ga'me that nickname.
- PREAMBLE. What now's the matter?
- METAPHOR. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha'been simply
 beaten.
- HUGH. What is become o'the Squire, and thy
 prisoner?
- METAPHOR. The lines of blood, run streaming from
 my head, 35
 Can speak what rule the Squire hath kept with me.
- PREAMBLE. I pray thee, Miles, relate the manner,
 how?

15–21 Hugh quotes a series of proverbial expressions concerning luck and fate.

21 *tempus edax*: time devours (all things).
in time the stately ox, etc.: a proverb, expressing the submission of all things to the power of time and the failure of anticipated purposes: 'In time the stately ox doth bear the yoke.'

22 *lightly*: usually (?).

27 *pursy*: fat.

36 *rule*: discipline; but also 'straight-edge', to make a quibble on Squire/square.

- METAPHOR. Be't known unto you, by these
presents, then,
That I Miles Metaphor, your worship's clerk,
Have e'en been beaten, to an allegory, 40
By multitude of hands. Had they been but
Some five or six, I'd whipped 'em all, like tops
In Lent, and hurled 'em into Hobbler's hole,
Or the next ditch: I had cracked all their costards,
As nimbly as a squirrel will crack nuts: 45
And flourished like to Hercules, the porter,
Among the pages. But, when they came on
Like bees about a hive, crows about carrion,
Flies about sweetmeats; nay, like watermen
About a fare: then was poor Metaphor 50
Glad to give up the honour of the day,
To quit his charge to them, and run away
To save his life, only to tell this news.
- HUGH. How indirectly all things have fallen out!
I cannot choose but wonder what they were 55
Rescued your rival from the keep of Miles:
But most of all I cannot well digest
The manner how our purpose came to Turf.
- PREAMBLE. Miles, I will see that all thy hurts be
dressed.
As for the Squire's escape, it matters not: 60
We have by this means disappointed him,
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But Chanon Hugh, now muster up thy wits,
And call thy thoughts into the consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy cap, 65
To find another quaint devised drift,
To disappoint her marriage with this Clay;
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.
- HUGH. Well said, Magister Justice. If I fit you not
With such a new and well-laid stratagem, 70

38 *Be't known . . . by these presents*: opening words of a legal document.

40 *allegory*: an extended or 'perpetual metaphor' (so defined in Puttenham's *Art of Poesy*, pub. 1589).

43 *Hobbler's hole*: at which tops (hobblers) would be aimed.

46 *Hercules, the porter*: a historical person; Queen Elizabeth's famous giant servant.

49 *watermen*: who ferried pedestrians across the Thames in Tudor and Stuart times.

62 *main*: chief matter.

64 *consistory*: a council, specifically of ecclesiastics.

As never yet your ears did hear a finer,
 Call me, with Lily, *Bos, Fur, Sus, atque Sacerdos*.
 PREAMBLE. I hear, there's comfort in thy words yet,
 Chanon.

I'll trust thy regulars, and say no more.

[*Exit, with* CHANON HUGH.]

METAPHOR. I'll follow too. And if the dapper priest 75
 Be but as cunning, point in his device,
 As I was in my lie: my master Preamble
 Will stalk, as led by the nose with these new
 promises,
 And fatted with supposes of fine hopes. [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII

[*Enter*] TURF, DAME TURF, LADY TUB,
 POL-MARTIN, AUDREY [*and*] PUPPY.

TURF. Well, madam, I may thank the Squire your
 son:

For, but for him, I had been over-reached.

DAME TURF. Now Heaven's blessing light upon his
 heart:

We are beholden to him, indeed, madam.

LADY TUB. But can you not resolve me where he is? 5
 Nor about what his purposes were bent?

TURF. Madam, they no whit were concerning me:
 And therefore was I less inquisitive.

LADY TUB. Fair maid, in faith, speak truth, and not
 dissemble:

Does he not often come and visit you? 10

AUDREY. His worship now and then, please you,
 takes pains

To see my father and mother: but for me,

I know myself too mean for his high thoughts

To stoop at, more than asking a light question

To make him merry, or to pass his time. 15

72 *Bos . . . Sacerdos*: ox, thief, swine and priest. Taken from the table of nouns in the grammar universally used in Elizabethan schools, by William Lily.

74 *regulars*: regular nouns (as quoted by Hugh), but also one of the regular clergy.

76 *point in his device*: skilful in his plot.

79 *supposes*: notions.

- LADY TUB. A sober maid! Call for my woman,
Martin.
- POL-MARTIN. The maids, and her half-valentine
have plied her
With court'sy of the bride-cake, and the bowl,
And she is laid awhile.
- LADY TUB. Oh let her rest!
We will cross o'er to Canbury, in the interim; 20
And so make home. Farewell, good Turf, and thy
wife.
I wish your daughter joy.
- [Exit, with POL-MARTIN.]
- TURF. Thanks to your ladyship.
Where is John Clay now? Have you seen him yet?
- DAME TURF. No, he has hid himself out of the way,
For fear o'the hue and cry.
- TURF. What, walks that shadow 25
Avore'un still? Puppy, go seek'un out,
Search all the corners that he haunts unto,
And call'un forth. We'll once more to the church,
And try our vortunes. Luck, son Valentine:
Where are the wisemen all of Finzbury? 30
- PUPPY. Where wisemen should be; at the ale, and
bride-cake.
I would this couple had their destiny,
Or to be hanged, or married out o'the way:
Man cannot get the mount'nance of an eggshell,
To stay his stomach.
- Enter the neighbours to TURF.*
- Vaith, vor mine own part, 35
I have zupped up so much broth, as would have
covered
A leg o'beef, o'er head and ears, i'the porridge
pot:
And yet I cannot sussify wild nature.
Would they were once dispatched, we might to
dinner.

19 see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

20 *Canbury*: now Canonbury in Islington. At this time the Fleet River ran between Kentish Town and Islington, hence Lady Tub and Pol-Martin must *cross o'er*.

32-3 *destiny* . . . *married*: see II.i.8 n.

34 *mount'nance*: mountance, amount.

I am with child of a huge stomach, and long; 40
 Till by some honest midwife-piece of beef
 I be delivered of it: I must go now,
 And hunt out for this Kilburn calf, John Clay:
 Whom where to find, I know not, nor which way.
[Exit.]

SCENE IX

[Enter] to them CHANON HUGH, like
 Captain Thumbs.

HUGH. [*aside*] Thus as a beggar in a king's disguise,
 Or an old cross well sided with a maypole,
 Comes Chanon Hugh, accoutred as you see,
 Disguised soldado-like: mark his device.
 The Chanon is that Captain Thumbs, was robbed: 5
 These bloody scars upon my face are wounds;
 This scarf upon mine arm shows my late hurts:
 And thus am I to gull the constable.
 Now have among you, for a man at arms. –
 Friends, by your leave, which of you is one Turf? 10
 TURF. Sir, I am Turf, if you would speak with me.
 HUGH. With thee Turf, if thou beest High Constable.
 TURF. I am both Turf, sir, and High Constable.
 HUGH. Then Turf, or Scurf, High or low Constable,
 Know, I was once a captain at Saint Quintins, 15
 And passing 'cross the ways over the country,
 This morning betwixt this and Hampstead Heath,
 Was by a crew of clowns robbed, bobbed, and
 hurt.
 No sooner had I got my wounds bound up,
 But with much pain, I went to the next Justice, 20
 One Master Bramble here, at Marylebone:
 And here a warrant is, which he hath directed
 For you, one Turf; if your name be Toby Turf;
 Who have let fall (they say) the hue and cry:
 And you shall answer it afore the Justice. 25
 TURF. Heaven and Hell, dogs, devils, what is this?

40 *long*: as do pregnant women.

2 *sided*: standing beside.

4 *soldado*: soldier.

15 *Saint Quintins*: battle fought between France and Spain, 1557.

Neighbours, was ever constable thus crossed?
What shall we do?

MEDLAY. Faith, all go hang ourselves:
I know no other way to 'scape the law.

[Enter PUPPY.]

PUPPY. News, news, oh news –

TURF. What, hast thou found out Clay? 30

PUPPY. No, sir, the news is that I cannot find him.

HUGH. Why do you dally, you damned russet coat,
You peasant, nay you clown, you constable;
See that you bring forth the suspected party,
Or by mine honour (which I won in field) 35
I'll make you pay for it, afore the Justice.

TURF. Fie, fie; oh wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found;
And which now makes me think he did the deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seen. 40
Captain, my innocence will plead for me.

Wife, I must go, needs, whom the devil drives:
Pray for me wife, and daughter; pray for me.

HUGH. I'll lead the way. [*Aside*] Thus is the match put
off,
And if my plot succeed, as I have laid it, 45
My captainship shall cost him many a crown.

They go out.

DAME TURF. So, we have brought our eggs to a fair
market.

Out on that villain Clay: would he do a robbery?
I'll ne'er trust smooth-faced tile-man for his sake.

AUDREY. Mother, the still sow eats up all the draff. 50

They go out.

PUPPY. Thus is my master, Toby Turf, the pattern
Of all the painful adventures, now in print.
I never could hope better of this match,
This bride-ale: for the night before today
(Which is within man's memory, I take it) 55
At the report of it, an ox did speak,

50 *the still sow . . . draff*: quiet people are the worst; *draff* = swill.

51–2 *pattern of . . . painful adventures*: alluding to a popular prose romance by Lawrence Twine, *The Pattern of Painful Adventures* (first published 1576).

54–74 Puppy's speech is a burlesque prophecy of doom which recounts the preparation of the wedding-feast in the guise of a series of omens in the animal world.

Who died soon after; a cow lost her calf;
 The bell-wether was flayed for't; a fat hog
 Was singed, and washed, and shaven all over, to
 Look ugly 'gainst this day; the ducks they quacked; 60
 The hens too cackled; at the noise whereof
 A drake was seen to dance a headless round;
 The goose was cut i'the head, to hear it too;
 Brave Chant-it-clear, his noble heart was done,
 His comb was cut; and two or three o'his wives, 65
 Or fairest concubines, had their necks broke,
 Ere they would zee this day; to mark the verven'
 Heart of a beast, the very pig, the pig,
 This very mornin', as he was a-roasting
 Cried out his eyes, and made a show as he would 70
 Ha'bit in two the spit, as he would say,
 'There shall no roast meat be this dismal day.'
 And zure, I think, if I had not got his tongue
 Between my teeth, and eat it, he had spoke it.
 Well, I will in, and cry too; never leave 75
 Crying, until our maids may drive a buck
 With my salt tears at the next washing day. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV

SCENE I

[*Enter*] PREAMBLE, CHANON HUGH, TURF,
 [*and*] METAPHOR.

PREAMBLE. Keep out those fellows; I'll ha'none
 come in
 But the High Constable, the man of peace,
 And the Queen's captain, the brave man of war.
 Now neighbour Turf, the cause why you are called
 Before me by my warrant, but unspecified, 5
 Is this; and pray you mark it thoroughly!

64 *Chant-it-clear*: the cock.

67 *verven'*: fervent.

76 *drive a buck*: wash all the clothes. These last two lines are a suitably absurd hyperbole with which to conclude the mock prophecy.

Here is a gentleman, and as it seems,
 Both of good birth, fair speech, and peaceable,
 Who was this morning robbed here in the wood;
 You for your part a man of good report, 10
 Of credit, landed, and of fair demesnes,
 And by authority, High Constable,
 Are notwithstanding touched in this complaint,
 Of being careless in the hue and cry.
 I cannot choose but grieve a soldier's loss: 15
 And I am sorry too for your neglect,
 Being my neighbour; this is all I object.
 HUGH. This is not all; I can allege far more,
 And almost urge him for an accessory.
 Good Master Justice, gi'me leave to speak, 20
 For I am plaintiff. Let not neighbourhood
 Make him secure, or stand on privilege.
 PREAMBLE. Sir, I dare use no partiality:
 Object then what you please, so it be truth.
 HUGH. This more, and which is more than he can
 answer, 25
 Beside his letting fall the hue and cry,
 He doth protect the man charged with the felony,
 And keeps him hid, I hear, within his house,
 Because he is affied unto his daughter.
 TURF. I do defy hun, so shall she do too. 30
 I pray your worship's favour, le'me have hearing.
 I do convess, 'twas told me such a velony,
 An't not disgrieved me a little when 'twas told me,
 Vor I was going to church, to marry Audrey:
 And who should marry her, but this very Clay, 35
 Who was charged to be the chief thief o'hun all.
 Now I (the halter stick me, if I tell
 Your worships any leazins) did forethink'un
 The truest man, till he waz run away.
 I thought, I had had'un as zure as in a zawpit, 40
 Or i'mine oven. Nay, i'the town pound.
 I was zo zure o'hun, I'd ha'gi'n my life for'un,
 Till he did start. But now, I zee'un guilty,
 Az var as I can look at'un. Would you ha'more?

11 *of fair demesnes*: with comfortable possessions.

30 *defy*: contradict.

37 *the halter stick me*: may I be hanged.

38 *leazins*: lies.

41 *pound*: lock-up.

43 *start*: abscond.

- HUGH. Yes, I will have, sir, what the law will give me. 45
 You gave your word to see him safe forthcoming;
 I challenge that: but that is forfeited.
 Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit
 Argues your slackness, and neglect of duty,
 Which ought be punished with severity. 50
- PREAMBLE. He speaks but reason, Turf. Bring forth
 the man,
 And you are quit: but otherwise, your word
 Binds you to make amends for all his loss,
 And think yourself befriended, if he take it
 Without a farther suit, or going to law. 55
 Come to a composition with him, Turf:
 The law is costly, and will draw on charge.
- TURF. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a returney,
 And then make legs to my great man o'law,
 To be o'my counsel, and take trouble-vees, 60
 And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
 All district means to ransackle me o'my money.
 A pest'lence prick the throats o'hun. I do know
 hun
 As well az I waz i'their bellies, and brought up
 there.
 What would you ha'me do? What would you ask of
 me? 65
- HUGH. I ask the restitution of my money;
 And will not bate one penny o'the sum:
 Four-score-and-five pound. I ask, besides,
 Amendment for my hurts; my pain, and suffering
 Are loss enough for me, sir, to sit down with. 70
 I'll put it to your worship; what you award me,
 I'll take, and gi'him a general release.
- PREAMBLE. And what say you now, neighbour Turf?
- TURF. I put it
 E'en to your worship's bitterment, hab, nab.
 I shall have a chance o'the dice for't, I hope, let 'em
 e'en run: and – 75
- PREAMBLE. Faith then, I'll pray you, 'cause he is my
 neighbour,
 To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

59 *make legs*: bow and scrape.

62 *district*: harsh.

74 *bitterment*: a malapropism for 'arbitrement' (= arbitration).
hab, nab: win or lose.

- HUGH. Saint Valentine's Day, I will, this very day,
 Before sunset: my bond is forfeit else.
- TURF. Where will you ha'it paid?
- HUGH. Faith, I am a stranger 80
 Here i'the country: know you Chanon Hugh,
 The vicar of Pancras?
- TURF. Yes, who knows not him?
- HUGH. I'll make him my attorney to receive it,
 And give you a discharge.
- TURF. Whom shall I sent for't?
- PREAMBLE. Why, if you please, send Metaphor my
 clerk. 85
 And Turf, I much commend thy willingness;
 It's argument of thy integrity.
- TURF. But my integrity shall be myself still.
 Good Master Metaphor, give my wife this key;
 And do but whisper it into her hand 90
 (She knows it well enow). Bid her, by that
 Deliver you the two zealed bags o'silver,
 That lie i'the corner o'the cupboard, stands
 At my bedside, they're vifty pound apiece;
 And bring 'em to your master.
- METAPHOR. If I prove not 95
 As just a carrier as my friend Tom Long was,
 Then call me his curtal, change my name of Miles
 To Guiles, Wiles, Piles, Biles, or the foulest name
 You can devise, to crambe with, for ale.
- HUGH. [*aside*] Come hither, Miles. Bring by that
 token, too, 100
 Fair Audrey; say her father sent for her:
 Say Clay is found, and waits at Pancras church,
 Where I attend to marry them in haste.
 For by this means, Miles, I may say't to thee,
 Thy master must to Audrey married be. 105
 But not a word but mum: go get thee gone;
 Be wary of thy charge, and keep it close.
- METAPHOR. Oh super-dainty Chanon! Vicar incony!
 Make no delay, Miles, but away,
 And bring the wench, and money. [*Exit.*] 110

82 *who knows not*: see Textual Note, p. 526 below.

96 *Tom Long*: a legendary carrier (with a reputation for dilatoriness).

97 *curtal*: horse (with a cropped tail).

99 *crambe*: play crambo (a rhyming game, also a drinking game).

108 *incony*: rare (slang).

- HUGH. Now sir, I see you meant but honestly,
 And, but that business calls me hence away,
 I would not leave you, till the sun were lower;
 [Aside] But Master Justice, one word, sir, with
 you.
 By the same token, is your mistress sent for 115
 By Metaphor your clerk, as from her father.
 Who when she comes, I'll marry her to you,
 Unwitting to this Turf, who shall attend
 Me at the parsonage. This was my plot:
 Which I must now make good; turn Chanon again, 120
 In my square cap. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.]
- PREAMBLE. Adieu, good Captain. Trust me,
 neighbour Turf,
 He seems to be a sober gentleman:
 But this distress hath somewhat stirred his
 patience.
 And men, you know, in such extremities, 125
 Apt not themselves to points of courtesy;
 I'm glad you ha'made this end.
- TURF. You stood my friend,
 I thank your Justice-worship; pray you be
 Present anon, at tendering o'the money,
 And zee me have a discharge: vor I ha'no craft 130
 I'your law quiblines.
- PREAMBLE. I'll secure you, neighbour.
 [Exeunt.]

THE SCENE INTERLOPING

[Enter] MEDLAY, CLENCH, TO-PAN [and]
 SCRIBEN.

- MEDLAY. Indeed, there is a woundy luck in names,
 sirs,
 And a main mystery, an' a man knew where
 To vind it. My godsire's name, I'll tell you,
 Was In-and-In Shittle, and a weaver he was,
 And it did fit his craft; for so his shittle 5

120 *turn Chanon*: undisguise.

131 *quiblines*: tricks.

s.d. *interloping*: unlicensed. See Introductory Note, p. 421 above.

1 *woundy*: great.

2 *main*: mighty.

- A mighty learned man, but pest'lence poor.
 Vor, he'd no house, save an old tub, to dwell in 30
 (I vind that in records), and still he turned it
 I'the wind's teeth, as't blew on his backside,
 And there they would lie rowting one at other,
 A week, sometimes.
- MEDLAY. Thence came A Tale of a Tub;
 And the virst Tale of a Tub, old D'ogenes Tub. 35
- SCRIBEN. That was avore Sir Peter Tub, or his lady.
 TO-PAN. Ay, or the Squire their son, Tripoly Tub.
- CLENCH. The Squire is a fine gentleman!
- MEDLAY. He is more:
 A gentleman and a half; almost a knight;
 Within zix inches, that's his true measure. 40
- CLENCH. Zure, you can gauge hun.
- MEDLAY. To a stroke, or less:
 I know his d'ameters, and circumference.
 A knight is six diameters; and a squire
 Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by compass,
 And scale of man. I have upo'my rule here 45
 The just perportions of a knight, a squire,
 With a tame justice, or an officer, rampant,
 Upo'the bench, from the High Constable
 Down to the headborough, or tithing-man,
 Or meanest minister o'the peace, God save'un. 50
- TO-PAN. Why, you can tell us by the squire,
 neighbour,
 Whence he is called a constable, and whaffore.
- MEDLAY. No, that's a book-case: Scriben can do that.
 That's writing and reading, and records.
- SCRIBEN. Two words,
Cyning and staple, make a constable: 55
 As we'd say, a hold, or stay for the king.

29 *pest'lence poor*: plaguy poor.

33 *rowting*: farting.

41 *stroke*: of a pen. See Textual Note, p. 526 below.

47 *rampant*: erect (heraldic term).

51 *squire*: esquire, a mason's square.

55 *Cyning and staple*: an etymology advanced in Sir Thomas Smith's *De Republica Anglorum* (first published 1583), II.22, a political treatise which uses the etymological roots of the titles of public offices as a means of investigating the historical origins of government.

- CLENCH. All constables are truly Johns-for-the-
 King,
 Whate'er their names are; be they Tony, or Roger.
 MEDLAY. And all are sworn, as vingers o'one hand,
 To hold together 'gainst the breach o'the peace; 60
 The High Constable is the thumb, as one would
 zay,
 The holdfast o'the rest.
 TO-PAN. Pray luck he speed
 Well i'the business, between Captain Thumbs
 And him.
 MEDLAY. I'll warrant'un for a groat:
 I have his measures here in 'rithmetic. 65
 How he should bear'unself in all the lines
 Of's place, and office: let's zeek'un out.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II

[Enter SQUIRE] TUB [and] HILTS.

- SQUIRE TUB. Hilts, how dost thou like o'this, our
 good day's work?
 HILTS. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.
 SQUIRE TUB. Shall we to Pancridge, or to Kentish
 Town, Hilts?
 HILTS. Let Kentish Town, or Pancridge come to us,
 If either will: I will go home again. 5
 SQUIRE TUB. Faith, Basket, our success hath been
 but bad,
 And nothing prospers that we undertake;
 For we can neither meet with Clay, nor Audrey,
 The Chanon Hugh, nor Turf the constable:
 We are like men that wander in strange woods, 10
 And lose ourselves in search of them we seek.
 HILTS. This was because we rose on the wrong side:
 But as I am now here, just in the mid way,
 I'll zet my sword on the pommel, and that line
 The point valls to, we'll take: whether it be 15
 To Kentish Town, the church, or home again.

57 *Johns-for-the-King*: title of a ballad; also John was a typical servant's name.

64 *I'll warrant'un for a groat*: I'll put my money on him.

2 *As . . . better*: It's all been a waste of time.

Enter METAPHOR.

- SQUIRE TUB. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice
 Bramble's clerk,
 The unlucky hare hath crossed us all this day.
 I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
 His business, Hilts, and how he's now employed. 20
- HILTS. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.
- METAPHOR. Oh for a pad-horse, pack-horse, or a
 post-horse,
 To bear me on his neck, his back, or his croup!
 I am as weary with running, as a mill-horse
 That hath led the mill once, twice, thrice about, 25
 After the breath hath been out of his body.
 I could get up upon a pannier, a panel,
 Or, to say truth, a very pack-saddle,
 Till all my honey were turned into gall,
 And I could sit in the seat no longer. 30
 Oh for the legs of a lackey now, or a footman,
 Who is the surbater of a clerk courant,
 And the confounder of his trestles dormant.
 But who have we here, just in the nick?
- HILTS. I am neither Nick, nor in the nick: therefore 35
 You lie, Sir Metaphor.
- METAPHOR. Lie? How?
- HILTS. Lie so, sir.
He strikes up his heels.
- METAPHOR. I lie not yet i' my throat.
- HILTS. Thou liest o'the ground.
 Dost thou know me?
- METAPHOR. Yes, I did know you too late.
- HILTS. What is my name then?
- METAPHOR. Basket.
- HILTS. Basket what?
- METAPHOR. Basket, the great –
- HILTS. The great? what?
- METAPHOR. Lubber – 40
 I should say lover, of the Squire his master.
- HILTS. Great is my patience, to forbear thee thus,

22 *pad-horse*: a road horse, an ambler.

27 *panel*: cloth laid under a saddle, to protect the horse's back.

32-3 Metaphor's rhetoric is here at its obscurest. A *surbater* is one who makes footsore, i.e. outruns; *trestles dormant* seems to mean 'standing tables'; *courant* and *dormant* are heraldic terms.

Thou scrapehill scoundrel, and thou scum of man,
 Uncivil, orange-tawny-coated clerk:
 Thou cam'st but half a thing into the world, 45
 And wast made up of patches, parings, shreds:
 Thou, that when last thou wert put out of service,
 Travell'dst to Hampstead Heath, on an Ash
 Wednesday,

Where thou didst stand six weeks the Jack of Lent,
 For boys to hurl, three throws a penny, at thee, 50
 To make thee a purse. Seest thou this bold bright
 blade?

This sword shall shred thee as small unto the grave,
 As minced meat for a pie. I'll set thee in earth
 All save thy head, and thy right arm at liberty,
 To keep thy hat off, while I question thee, 55
 What? why? and whither thou wert going now
 With a face, ready to break out with business?
 And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.

METAPHOR. Then, Basket, put thy smiter up, and
 hear;

I dare not tell the truth to a drawn sword. 60

HILTS. 'Tis sheathed, stand up, speak without fear,
 or wit.

METAPHOR. I know not what they mean; but
 Constable Turf

Sends here his key, for moneys in his cupboard
 Which he must pay the captain, that was robbed
 This morning. Smell you nothing?

HILTS. No, not I; 65

Thy breeches yet are honest.

METAPHOR. As my mouth.

Do you not smell a rat? I tell you truth,
 I think all's knavery: for the Chanon whispered
 Me in the ear, when Turf had gi'n me his key,
 By the same token to bring Mistress Audrey, 70
 As sent for thither; and to say John Clay
 Is found, which is indeed to get the wench
 Forth for my master, who is to be married
 When she comes there. The Chanon has his rules
 Ready, and all there to dispatch the matter. 75

43 *scrapehill*: dung-raking.

49 *Jack of Lent*: an Aunt Sally set up from Ash Wednesday to Good Friday.

66 *Thy breeches are yet honest*: Metaphor has not 'bewrayed his breeches' with fear.

- SQUIRE TUB. [*coming forward*] Now on my life, this
is the Chanon's plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy discourse to Basket.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy in my Mistress Audrey?
METAPHOR. Your worship shall dispose of
Metaphor, 80
Through all his parts, e'en from the sole o'the
head,
To the crown o'the foot, to manage of your service.
- SQUIRE TUB. Then do thy message to the Mistress
Turf,
Tell her thy token, bring the money hither,
And likewise take young Audrey to thy charge: 85
Which done, here, Metaphor, we will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy reward,
You two shall share the money, I the maid:
If any take offence, I'll make all good.
- METAPHOR. But shall I have half the money, sir, in
faith? 90
- SQUIRE TUB. Ay, on my squire-ship, shalt thou: and
my land.
- METAPHOR. Then, if I make not, sir, the cleanliest
'scuse
To get her hither, and be then as careful
To keep her for you, as't were for myself:
Down o'your knees, and pray that honest Miles 95
May break his neck ere he get o'er two stiles.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE III

- SQUIRE TUB. Make haste then: we will wait here thy
return.
This luck unlooked for, hath revived my hopes,
Which were oppressed with a dark melancholy.
In happy time we lingered on the way,
To meet these summons of a better sound, 5
Which are the essence of my soul's content.
- HILTS. This heartless fellow; shame to servingmen;
Stain of all liveries; what fear makes him do!

8 *Stain of all liveries*: a disgrace to his uniform.

- How sordid, wretched, and unworthy things:
 Betray his master's secrets, ope the closet 10
 Of his devices, force the foolish Justice
 Make way for your love, plotting of his own;
 Like him that digs a trap, to catch another,
 And falls into't himself!
- SQUIRE TUB. So would I have it.
 And hope 'twill prove a jest to twit the Justice with. 15
- HILTS. But that this poor white-livered rogue should
 do't?
 And merely out of fear?
- SQUIRE TUB. And hope of money, Hilts.
 A valiant man will nibble at that bait.
- HILTS. Who, but a fool, will refuse money proffered?
- SQUIRE TUB. And sent by so good chance. Pray
 Heaven he speed. 20
- HILTS. If he come empty-handed, let him count
 To go back empty-headed; I'll not leave him
 So much of brain in's pate, with pepper and
 vinegar,
 To be served in for sauce, to a calf's head.
- SQUIRE TUB. Thou serv'st him rightly, Hilts.
- HILTS. I'll seal az much 25
 With my hand, as I dare say now with my tongue;
 But if you get the lass from Dargison,
 What will you do with her?
- SQUIRE TUB. We'll think o'that
 When once we have her in possession, governor.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV

[Enter] PUPPY, METAPHOR [and] AUDREY.

- PUPPY. You see we trust you, Master Metaphor,
 With Mistress Audrey: pray you use her well,
 As a gentlewoman should be used. For my part,
 I do incline a little to the servingman;
 We have been of a coat – I had one like yours: 5
 Till it did play me such a sleeveless errand,

9 *How*: what.

27 *Dargison*: a character in an old ballad.

4 *I do incline*: I am well disposed.

6 *play me . . . errand*: sent me on such futile business.

As I had nothing where to put mine arms in,
 And then I threw it off. Pray you, go before her
 Servingman-like: and see that your nose drop not.
 As for example, you shall see me: mark, 10
 How I go afore her. So do you, sweet Miles.
 She for her own part, is a woman cares not
 What man can do unto her, in the way
 Of honesty, and good manners. So farewell,
 Fair Mistress Audrey: farewell, Master Miles. 15
 I ha'brought you thus far onward o'your way:
 I must go back now to make clean the rooms
 Where my good lady has been. Pray you commend
 me
 To bridegroom Clay; and bid him bear up stiff.
 METAPHOR. Thank you, good Hannibal Puppy; I
 shall fit 20
 The leg of your commands, with the straight
 buskins
 Of dispatch presently.
 PUPPY. Farewell, fine Metaphor.
 [Exit.]
 METAPHOR. Come, gentle mistress, will you please to
 walk?
 AUDREY. I love not to be led: I'd go alone.
 METAPHOR. Let not the mouse of my good meaning,
 lady, 25
 Be snapped up in the trap of your suspicion,
 To lose the tail there, either of her truth,
 Or swallowed by the cat of misconstruction.
 AUDREY. You are too finical for me; speak plain, sir.

SCENE V

[Enter SQUIRE] TUB [and] HILTS.
 SQUIRE TUB. Welcome again, my Audrey: welcome,
 love:
 You shall with me; in faith, deny me not.
 I cannot brook the second hazard, mistress.
 AUDREY. Forbear, Squire Tub, as mine own mother
 says,
 I am not for your mowing. You'll be flown 5
 Ere I be fledged.
 HILTS. Hast thou the money, Miles?

METAPHOR. Here are two bags, there's fifty pound in each.

SQUIRE TUB. Nay Audrey, I possess you for this time:

Sirs, take that coin between you, and divide it.
My pretty sweeting, give me now the leave 10
To challenge love and marriage at your hands.

AUDREY. Now, out upon you, are you not ashamed?

What will my lady say? In faith, I think
She was at our house: and I think she asked for
you:

And I think she hit me i'th'teeth with you, 15
I thank her ladyship, and I think she means
Not to go hence, till she has found you.

SQUIRE TUB. How say you?

Was then my lady mother at your house?
Let's have a word aside.

AUDREY. Yes, twenty words.

[Enter] LADY TUB [and] POL-MARTIN.

LADY TUB. 'Tis strange, a motion, but I know not
what, 20

Comes in my mind, to leave the way to Totten,
And turn to Kentish Town again my journey.
And see, my son, Pol-Martin, with his Audrey:
Erewhile we left her at her father's house,
And hath he thence removed her in such haste! 25
What shall I do? Shall I speak fair, or chide?

POL-MARTIN. Madam, your worthy son, with
duteous care

Can govern his affections: rather then
Break off their conference some other way,
Pretending ignorance of what you know. 30

SQUIRE TUB. An' this is all, fair Audrey: I am thine.

LADY TUB. Mine you were once, though scarcely now
your own.

HILTS. 'Slid, my lady! my lady!

METAPHOR. Is this my lady bright?

SQUIRE TUB. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.

LADY TUB. At prayers, I think you were: what, so
devout 35

31 *An'*: if (we hear the end of the Squire's conversation with Audrey).

34 *took me . . . tardy*: surprised me.

35 *At prayers*: the Squire is on his knees to Audrey.

Of late, that you will shrive you to all confessors
 You meet by chance? Come, go with me, good
 Squire,
 And leave your linen: I have now a business,
 And of importance, to impart unto you.

SQUIRE TUB. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an
 hour; 40
 Please you to walk before, I follow you.

LADY TUB. It must be now, my business lies this way.

SQUIRE TUB. Will not an hour hence, madam, excuse
 me?

LADY TUB. Squire, these excuses argue more your
 guilt.
 You have some new device now, to project, 45
 Which the poor tile-man scarce will thank you for.
 What? Will you go?

SQUIRE TUB. I ha'ta'en a charge upon me,
 To see this maid conducted to her father,
 Who, with the Chanon Hugh, stays her at Pancras,
 To see her married to the same John Clay. 50

LADY TUB. 'Tis very well; but Squire, take you no
 care.
 I'll send Pol-Martin with her, for that office:
 You shall along with me; it is decreed.

SQUIRE TUB. I have a little business with a friend,
 madam.

LADY TUB. That friend shall stay for you, or you for
 him. 55
 Pol-Martin, take the maiden to your care;
 Commend me to her father.

SQUIRE TUB. I will follow you.

LADY TUB. Tut, tell not me of following.

SQUIRE TUB. I'll but speak
 A word.

LADY TUB. No whispering: you forget yourself,
 And make your love too palpable. A squire? 60
 And think so meanly? Fall upon a cow-shard?
 You know my mind. Come, I'll to Turf's house,
 And see for Dido, and our valentine.
 Pol-Martin, look to your charge; I'll look to mine.
They all go out but POL-MARTIN
and AUDREY.

38 *linen*: referring contemptuously to Audrey by her vulgar dress.

61 *Fall upon a cow-shard*: choose a patch of cow dung (which the Squire could, literally, fall upon).

- POL-MARTIN. [*aside*] I smile to think after so many
proffers 65
This maid hath had, she now should fall to me,
That I should have her in my custody:
'Twere but a mad trick to make the essay,
And jump a match with her immediately.
She's fair, and handsome: and she's rich enough: 70
Both time and place minister fair occasion:
Have at it then. – Fair lady, can you love?
AUDREY. No, sir, what's that?
POL-MARTIN. A toy, which women use.
AUDREY. If't be a toy, it's good to play withal.
POL-MARTIN. We will not stand discoursing o'the toy: 75
The way is short, please you to prove't, mistress?
AUDREY. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, sir.
POL-MARTIN. It's thus, fair maid: are you disposed to
marry?
AUDREY. You are disposed to ask.
POL-MARTIN. Are you to grant? 80
AUDREY. Nay, now I see you are disposed indeed.
POL-MARTIN. [*aside*] I see the wench wants but a
little wit;
And that defect her wealth may well supply. –
In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, Audrey?
AUDREY. In as plain terms, I tell you who would
ha'me. 85
John Clay would ha'me, but he hath too hard
hands;
I like not him: besides, he is a thief.
And Justice Bramble, he would fain ha'caught
me:
But the young Squire, he, rather than his life,
Would ha'me yet, and make me a lady, he says, 90
And be my knight, to do me true knight's service,
Before his lady mother. Can you make me
A lady, would I ha'you?
POL-MARTIN. I can gi'you
A silken gown, and a rich petticoat:

69 *jump*: strike up.

78 *short cut*: perhaps with a bawdy quibble: *cut* = pudenda.

81 *disposed*: inclined to be merry.

And a French hood. [*Aside*] All fools love to be
 brave: 95
 I find her humour, and I will pursue it.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] LADY [TUB], DAME TURF,
 SQUIRE TUB, [*and*] HILTS.

LADY TUB. And as I told thee, she was intercepted
 By the Squire here, my son, and this bold ruffin
 His man, who safely would have carried her
 Unto her father, and the Chanon Hugh;
 But for more care of the security, 5
 My usher hath her now, in his grave charge.

DAME TURF. Now on my faith and halidom, we are
 Beholden to your worship. She's a girl,
 A foolish girl, and soon may tempted be:
 But if this day pass well once o'er her head, 10
 I'll wish her trust to herself. For I have been
 A very mother to her, though I say it.

SQUIRE TUB. Madam, 'tis late, and Pancridge is
 i'your way:

I think your ladyship forgets yourself.

LADY TUB. Your mind runs much on Pancridge.
 Well, young Squire, 15
 The black ox never trod yet o'your foot:
 These idle fancies will forsake you one day.
 Come, Mistress Turf, will you go take a walk
 Over the fields to Pancridge, to your husband?

DAME TURF. Madam, I had been there an hour ago: 20
 But that I waited on my man Ball Puppy.
 What, Ball, I say? I think the idle slouch
 Be fallen asleep i'the barn, he stays so long.

[*Enter*] PUPPY.

PUPPY. Satin, i'the name of velvet satin, dame!
 The devil! Oh the devil is in the barn: 25

95 *French hood*: worn by city dames; a low attempt at fashion.

2 *ruffin*: name of a devil.

7 *halidom*: any holy relic; a mild oath.

16 *The black ox . . . foot*: You've yet to undergo adversity.

- Help, help, a legion – spirit legion
Is in the barn! In every straw a devil.
- DAME TURF. Why dost thou bawl so, Puppy? Speak,
what ails thee?
- PUPPY. My name's Ball Puppy, I ha'seen the devil
Among the straw: oh for a cross! a collop 30
Of Friar Bacon, or a conjuring stick
Of Doctor Faustus! Spirits are in the barn.
- SQUIRE TUB. How! Spirits in the barn? Basket, go
see.
- HILTS. Sir, an' you were my master ten times over,
And Squire to boot, I know, and you shall pardon 35
me:
Send me 'mong devils? I zee you love me not:
Hell be at their game: I'll not trouble them.
- SQUIRE TUB. Go see; I warrant thee there's no such
matter.
- HILTS. An' they were giants, 'twere another matter.
But devils! No, if I be torn in pieces, 40
What is your warrant worth? I'll see the fiend
Set fire o'the barn, ere I come there.
- DAME TURF. Now all zaints bless us, and if he be
there,
He is an ugly sprite, I warrant.
- PUPPY. As ever
Held flesh-hook, dame, or handled fire-fork 45
rather.
- They have put me in a sweet pickle, dame:
But that my lady Valentine smells of musk,
I should be ashamed to press into this presence.
- LADY TUB. Basket, I pray thee see what is the
miracle!
- SQUIRE TUB. Come, go with me: I'll lead. Why
stand'st thou, man? 50
- HILTS. Cock's precious, master, you are not mad
indeed?
You will not go to hell before your time?
- SQUIRE TUB. Why art thou thus afraid?
- HILTS. No, not afraid:
But by your leave, I'll come no near the barn.
- SQUIRE TUB. Puppy! wilt thou go with me?

29 *Ball*: punning on 'bawl'.

30 *collop*: slice (of meat).

31–2 *Bacon* . . . *Faustus*: famous conjurers.

- HILTS. If this be all your devil, I would take
 In hand to conjure him: but Hell take me 85
 If e'er I come in a right devil's walk,
 If I can keep me out on't.
- SQUIRE TUB. Well meant, Hilts. [*Exit.*]
- LADY TUB. But how came Clay thus hid here i'the
 straw,
 When news was brought to you all he was at
 Pancridge,
 And you believed it?
- DAME TURF. Justice Bramble's man 90
 Told me so, madam; and by that same token,
 And other things, he had away my daughter,
 And two sealed bags of money.
- LADY TUB. Where's the Squire?
 Is he gone hence?
- DAME TURF. H'was here, madam, but now.
- CLAY. Is the hue and cry passed by?
- PUPPY. Ay, ay, John Clay. 95
- CLAY. And am I out of danger to be hanged?
- PUPPY. Hanged, John? Yes, sure; unless, as with the
 proverb,
 You mean to make the choice of your own gallows.
- CLAY. Nay, then all's well; hearing your news, Ball
 Puppy,
 You ha'brought from Paddington, I e'en stole 100
 home here,
 And thought to hide me in the barn e'er since.
- PUPPY. Oh wonderful! And news was brought us here
 You were at Pancridge, ready to be married.
- CLAY. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the barn.
- DAME TURF. Haste, Puppy. Call forth Mistress Dido
 Wisp, 105
 My lady's gentlewoman, to her lady;
 And call yourself forth, and a couple of maids,
 To wait upon me: we are all undone!
 My lady is undone! Her fine young son,
 The Squire is got away.
- LADY TUB. Haste, haste, good Valentine. 110
- DAME TURF. And you, John Clay; you are undone
 too! All!
 My husband is undone, by a true key,
 But a false token; and myself's undone,
 By parting with my daughter, who'll be married
 To somebody that she should not, if we haste not. 115
 [*Exeunt.*]

 ACT V

SCENE I

[*Enter SQUIRE*] TUB, POL-MARTIN [*and*
AUDREY].

SQUIRE TUB. I pray thee, good Pol-Martin, show thy
diligence,

And faith in both. Get her, but so disguised
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

POL-MARTIN. You shall, Squire. I'll perform it with
all care,

If all my lady's wardrobe will disguise her. 5

[*Exit SQUIRE TUB.*]

Come, Mistress Audrey.

AUDREY. Is the Squire gone?

POL-MARTIN. He'll meet us by and by, where he
appointed:

You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II

[*Enter*] CLENCH, MEDLAY, TO-PAN [*and*]
SCRIBEN.

CLENCH. I wonder where the Queen's High
Constable is?

I veer they ha'made hun away.

MEDLAY. No zure; the Justice
Dare not conzent to that. He'll zee'un
forthcoming.

TO-PAN. He must, vor we can all take corpulent oath,
We zaw'un go in there.

SCRIBEN. Ay, upon record 5
The clock dropped twelve at Marylebhone.

4 *corpulent oath*: i.e. corporal oath, an oath taken by touching a sacred object, not merely verbally.

- Is the true word: there stands the man can do't, sir.
 Medlay the joiner, In-and-In of Islington,
 The only man at a disguise in Middlesex.
- SQUIRE TUB. But who shall write it?
- HILTS. Scriben, the great writer.
- SCRIBEN. He'll do't alone, sir. He will join with no
 man, 35
 Though he be a joiner. In design, he calls it,
 He must be sole inventor: In-and-In
 Draws with no other in's project, he'll tell you,
 It cannot else be feazible, or conduce:
 Those are his ruling words! Please you to hear
 hun? 40
- SQUIRE TUB. Yes, Master In-and-In, I have heard of
 you.
- MEDLAY. I can do nothing, I.
- CLENCH. He can do all, sir.
- MEDLAY. They'll tell you so.
- SQUIRE TUB. I'd have a toy presented,
A Tale of a Tub, a story of myself.
 You can express a Tub.
- MEDLAY. If it conduce 45
 To the design, whate'er is feazible:
 I can express a wash-house (if need be)
 With a whole pedigree of Tubs.
- SQUIRE TUB. No, one
 Will be enough to note our name, and family:
 Squire Tub of Totten, and to show my adventures 50
 This very day. I'd have it in Tubs Hall,
 At Totten Court, my lady mother's house,
 My house indeed, for I am heir to it.
- MEDLAY. If I might see the place, and had surveyed
 it,
 I could say more. For all invention, sir, 55
 Comes by degrees, and on the view of nature;
 A world of things concur to the design,
 Which make it feazible, if art conduce.

35–40 Jonson here (and in V. vii) lampoons the vanity of his collaborator in the court masques, the architect Inigo Jones with whom he had publicly quarrelled (see Additional Notes, p. 536 below). *Design* and *invention* are technical terms for the choice of subject of the masque; *feazible* and *conduce* are catch-phrases of Jones's (see also 46 and 55, and V. vii. 13).

54 *surveyed*: Jones was Surveyor of the King's Works.

- SQUIRE TUB. You say well, witty Master In-and-In.
How long ha'you studied engine?
- MEDLAY. Since I first 60
Joined, or did inlay in wit some vorty year.
- SQUIRE TUB. A pretty time! Basket, go you and wait
On Master In-and-In to Totten Court,
And all the other wise masters; shew 'em the hall,
And taste the language of the buttery to 'em; 65
Let 'em see all the tubs about the house,
That can raise matter, till I come – which shall be
Within an hour at least.
- CLENCH. It will be glorious,
If In-and-In will undertake it, sir:
He has a monstrous medlay wit o'his own. 70
- SQUIRE TUB. Spare for no cost, either in boards, or
hoops,
To architect your tub: ha'you ne'er a cooper
At London called Vitruvius? Send for him;
Or old John Heywood, call him to you, to help.
- SCRIBEN. He scorns the motion, trust to him alone. 75

SCENE III

[*Enter*] LADY [TUB], DAME TURF, CLAY,
PUPPY [*and*] WISP.

- LADY TUB. Oh, here's the Squire! You slipped us
finely, son!
These manners to your mother will commend you,
But in another age, not this: well, Tripoly,
Your father, good Sir Peter (rest his bones),
Would not ha'done this. Where's my usher
Martin? 5
And your fair Mistress Audrey?
- SQUIRE TUB. I not see 'em,
No creature, but the four wise masters here,

60 *engine*: mechanics.

65 *And taste . . . 'em*: Give them drink.

73 *Vitruvius*: Roman architectural theorist of the first century BC.
Jonson further satirised Jones as Colonel Vitruvius in *Love's
Welcome at Bolsover* (1634).

74 *John Heywood*: writer of court interludes, died 1578.

75 *motion*: proposal.

Of Finsbury hundred, came to cry their constable
Who they do say is lost.

DAME TURF. My husband lost?
And my fond daughter lost, I fear me too. 10
Where is your gentleman, madam? Poor John
Clay,
Thou hast lost thy Audrey.

CLAY. I ha'lost my wits,
My little wits, good mother; I am distracted.
PUPPY. And I have lost my mistress Dido Wisp, 15
Who frowns upon her Puppy, Hannibal.
Loss! Loss on every side! A public loss!
Loss o'my master! Loss of his daughter! Loss
Of favour, friends, my mistress! Loss of all!

[Enter] PREAMBLE [and] TURF.

PREAMBLE. What cry is this?
TURF. My man speaks of some loss.
PUPPY. My master is found: good luck, an't be thy
will, 20
Light on us all.

DAME TURF. Oh husband, are you alive?
They said you were lost.
TURF. Where's Justice Bramble's clerk?
Had he the money that I sent for?
DAME TURF. Yes,
Two hours ago; two fifty pounds in silver,
And Audrey too.

TURF. Why Audrey? Who sent for her? 25
DAME TURF. You, Master Turf, the fellow said.

TURF. He lied.
I am cozened, robbed, undone: your man's a thief,
And run away with my daughter, Master Bramble,
And with my money.

LADY TUB. Neighbour Turf, have patience,
I can assure you that your daughter is safe, 30
But for the monies I know nothing of.

TURF. My money is my daughter; and my daughter
She is my money, madam.

PREAMBLE. I do wonder
Your ladyship comes to know anything
In these affairs.

LADY TUB. Yes, Justice Bramble, 35
I met the maiden i'the fields by chance,
I'the Squire's company, my son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.

- SQUIRE TUB. I intercepted her, as coming hither
 To her father, who sent for her, by Miles
 Metaphor, 40
 Justice Preamble's clerk. And had your ladyship
 Not hindered it, I had paid fine Master Justice
 For his young warrant, and new pursuivant
 He served it by this morning.
- PREAMBLE. Know you that, sir?
- LADY TUB. You told me, Squire, a quite other tale, 45
 But I believed you not, which made me send
 Audrey another way, by my Pol-Martin:
 And take my journey back to Kentish Town,
 Where we found John Clay hidden i'the barn,
 To 'scape the hue and cry; and here he is. 50
- TURF. John Clay again! Nay, then – set cock-a-hoop:
 I ha'lost no daughter, nor no money, Justice.
 John Clay shall pay. I'll look to you now, John.
 Vaith, out it must, as good at night as morning.
 I am e'en as vull as a piper's bag with joy, 55
 Or a great gun upon carnation day!
 I could weep lion's tears to see you, John.
 'Tis but two vifty pounds I ha'ventured for you:
 But now I ha'you, you shall pay whole hundred.
 Run from your borrows, son? Faith, e'en be
 hanged. 60
 An' you once earth yourself, John, i'the barn,
 I ha'no daughter vor you: who did verret hun?
- DAME TURF. My lady's son, the Squire here, vetched
 hun out.
 Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
 We thought the devil was i'the barn; and nobody 65
 Durst venture o'hun.
- TURF. I am now resolved
 Who shall ha'my daughter.
- DAME TURF. Who?
- TURF. He best deserves her.
 Here comes the vicar. Chanon Hugh, we ha'vound
 John Clay again! The matter's all come round.

51 *set cock-a-hoop*: let the ale flow (literally, 'turn on the barrel taps').

56 *carnation day*: coronation day; or possibly Accession Day, celebrated with great festivity under Elizabeth.

60 *Run from your borrows*: break bail.

SCENE IV

[Enter] CHANON HUGH to them.

- HUGH. [to PREAMBLE] Is Metaphor returned yet?
 PREAMBLE. All is turned
 Here to confusion: we ha'lost our plot;
 I fear my man is run away with the money,
 And Clay is found, in whom old Turf is sure
 To save his stake.
- HUGH. What shall we do then, Justice? 5
 PREAMBLE. The bride was met i'the young Squire's
 hands.
 HUGH. And what's become of her?
 PREAMBLE. None here can tell.
 SQUIRE TUB. Was not my mother's man, Pol-Martin,
 with you?
 And a strange gentlewoman in his company,
 Of late here, Chanon?
- HUGH. Yes, and I dispatched 'em. 10
 SQUIRE TUB. Dispatched 'em! How do you mean?
 HUGH. Why, married 'em.
 As they desired, but now.
 SQUIRE TUB. And do you know
 What you ha'done, Sir Hugh?
 HUGH. No harm, I hope.
 SQUIRE TUB. You have ended all the quarrel.
 Audrey is married. 15
 LADY TUB. Married! To whom?
 TURF. My daughter Audrey married,
 And she not know of it!
 DAME TURF. Nor her father, or mother!
 LADY TUB. Whom hath she married?
 SQUIRE TUB. Your Pol-Martin, madam.
 A groom was never dreamt of.
 TURF. Is he a man?
 LADY TUB. That he is, Turf, and a gentleman, I
 ha'made him.
- DAME TURF. Nay, an' he be a gentleman, let her shift. 20
 HUGH. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
 And yet I married her by her own name.
 But she was so disguised, so ladylike,
 I think she did not know herself the while!

- I married 'em as a mere pair of strangers, 25
 And they gave out themselves for such.
- LADY TUB. I wish 'em
 Much joy, as they have given me heart's ease.
- SQUIRE TUB. Then madam, I'll entreat you now
 remit
 Your jealousy of me; and please to take
 All this good company home with you, to supper: 30
 We'll have a merry night of it, and laugh.
- LADY TUB. A right good motion, Squire: which I
 yield to,
 And thank them to accept it. Neighbour Turf,
 I'll have you merry, and your wife: and you,
 Sir Hugh, be pardoned this your happy error, 35
 By Justice Preamble, your friend and patron.
- PREAMBLE. If the young Squire can pardon it, I do.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V

- PUPPY, DIDO [WISP *and* CHANON] HUGH
tarry behind.
- PUPPY. Stay, my dear Dido, and good Vicar Hugh,
 We have a business with you: in short, this.
 If you dare knit another pair of strangers,
 Dido of Carthage, and her countryman,
 Stout Hannibal stands to't. I have asked consent, 5
 And she hath granted.
- HUGH. But saith Dido so?
- WISP. From what Ball-Hanny hath said, I dare not
 go.
- HUGH. Come in then, I'll dispatch you. A good
 supper
 Would not be lost, good company, good discourse;
 But, above all, where wit hath any sauce. 10
 [Exeunt.]

29 *jealousy*: mistrust.

10 *sauce*: see Textual Note, p. 527 below.

SCENE VI

[*Enter*] POL-MARTIN, AUDREY, [SQUIRE]
TUB [*and*] LADY TUB.

POL-MARTIN. After the hoping of your pardon,
madam,

For many faults committed, here my wife
And I do stand, expecting your mild doom.

LADY TUB. I wish thee joy, Pol-Martin; and thy wife
As much, Mistress Pol-Martin. Thou hast tricked
her

Up very fine, methinks.

POL-MARTIN. For that I made
Bold with your ladyship's wardrobe, but have
trespassed

Within the limits of your leave – I hope.

LADY TUB. I give her what she wears. I know all
women

Love to be fine. Thou hast deserved it of me:
I am extremely pleased with thy good fortune.

[*Enter*] PREAMBLE, TURF, DAME TURF
[*and*] CLAY.

Welcome, good Justice Preamble; and Turf,
Look merrily on your daughter: she has married
A gentleman.

TURF. So methinks. I dare not touch her,
She is so fine: yet I will say, God bless her.

DAME TURF. And I too, my fine daughter. I could
love her

Now twice as well, as if Clay had her.

SQUIRE TUB. Come, come, my mother is pleased. I
pardon all;

Pol-Martin in, and wait upon my lady.
Welcome, good guests: see supper be served in
With all the plenty of the house, and worship.

I must confer with Master In-and-In,
About some alterations in my masque;
Send Hilts out to me: bid him bring the council
Of Finsbury hither. I'll have such a night
Shall make the name of Totten Court immortal,
And be recorded to posterity.

[*Exeunt all but* SQUIRE TUB.]

SCENE VII

[Enter] MEDLAY, CLENCH, TO-PAN [and]
SCRIBEN.

- SQUIRE TUB. Oh Master In-and-In, what ha'you done?
- MEDLAY. Surveyed the place, sir, and designed the ground,
Or stand-still of the work: and this it is.
First, I have fixèd in the earth, a tub;
And an old tub, like a saltpetre tub, 5
Preluding by your father's name Sir Peter,
And the antiquity of your house and family,
Original from saltpetre.
- SQUIRE TUB. Good, i'faith,
You ha'shown reading, and antiquity here, sir.
- MEDLAY. I have a little knowledge in design, 10
Which I can vary, sir, to *infinito*.
- SQUIRE TUB. *Ad infinitum*, sir, you mean.
- MEDLAY. I do;
I stand not on my Latin. I'll invent,
But I must be alone then, joined with no man.
This we do call the stand-still of our work. 15
- SQUIRE TUB. Who are those we, you now joined to yourself?
- MEDLAY. I mean myself still, in the plural number,
And out of this we raise our *Tale of a Tub*.
- SQUIRE TUB. No, Master In-and-In, my *Tale of a Tub*.
By your leave, I am Tub, the tale's of me, 20
And my adventures! I am Squire Tub,
Subjectum fabulae.
- MEDLAY. But I the author.
- SQUIRE TUB. The workman, sir! the artificer, I grant you!

2 *Surveyed*: see V.ii.54 n.

3 *stand-still*: foundation.

6 *Preluding by*: alluding to.

13 *I stand not on my Latin*: Inigo Jones's latinity was notoriously weak.

22 *Subjectum fabulae*: the subject of the fiction.

23-5 In the Squire's rebuff to Medlay, Jonson neatly punctures Jones's pretensions to sole responsibility for *his* masques.

- So Skelton laureate was of Elinor Rumming:
 But she the subject of the rout, and tunning. 25
- CLENCH. He has put you to it, neighbour In-and-In.
 TO-PAN. Do not dispute with him, he still will win,
 That pays for all.
- SCRIBEN. Are you revised o'that?
 A man may have wit, and yet put off his hat.
- MEDLAY. Now, sir, this tub, I will have capped with
 paper: 30
 A fine oiled lantern-paper, that we use.
- TO-PAN. Yes, every barber, every cutler has it.
- MEDLAY. Which in it doth contain the light to the
 business,
 And shall with the very vapour of the candle,
 Drive all the motions of our matter about, 35
 As we present 'em. For example, first
 The worshipful Lady Tub –
- SQUIRE TUB. Right worshipful,
 I pray you, I am worshipful myself.
- MEDLAY. Your squireship's mother passeth by (her
 usher
 Master Pol-Martin bare-headed before her) 40
 In her velvet gown.
- SQUIRE TUB. But how shall the spectators,
 As it might be I, or Hilts, know 'tis my mother?
 Or that Pol-Martin there that walks before her?
- MEDLAY. Oh we do nothing, if we clear not that.
- CLENCH. You ha'seen none of his works, sir?
- TO-PAN. All the postures 45
 Of the trained bands o'the country.
- SCRIBEN. All their colours.
- TO-PAN. And all their captains.
- CLENCH. All the cries o'the city:
 And all the trades i'their habits.
- SCRIBEN. He has his whistle
 Of command: seat of authority!

24 *Skelton*: John Skelton, court poet to Henry VIII and author of the burlesque poem *The Tunning of Elinor Rumming*.

35 *motions*: puppets. See Additional Note, p. 534 below.

45 *postures*: positions at drill (see *Underwoods*, 44.28).

46 *country*: county.

48 *whistle*: used at V.x.7. It appears from Jonson's 'Expostulation with Inigo Jones', 66 (H&S, *Ungathered Verse*, 34), that Jones also used a whistle in directing the working of the masques.

- And virge t'interpret, tipped with silver, sir! 50
 You know not him.
- SQUIRE TUB. Well, I will leave all to him.
- MEDLAY. Give me the brief o'your subject. Leave the
 whole
 State of the thing to me.
- [*Enter*] HILTS.
- HILTS. Supper is ready, sir.
 My lady calls for you.
- SQUIRE TUB. I'll send it you in writing.
- MEDLAY. Sir, I will render feazible, and facile, 55
 What you expect.
- SQUIRE TUB. Hilts, be't your care,
 To see the wise of Finsbury made welcome:
 Let 'em want nothing. Iz old Rosin sent for?
- HILTS. He's come within.
- The SQUIRE goes out.*
- SCRIBEN. Lord! What a world of business
 The Squire dispatches!
- MEDLAY. He is a learned man: 60
 I think there are but vew o'the Inns o'Court,
 Or the Inns o'Chancery like him.
- CLENCH. Care to fit 'un then.
The rest follow.

SCENE VIII

[*Enter*] JACK [*and*] HILTS.

- JACK. Yonder's another wedding, Master Basket,
 Brought in by Vicar Hugh.
- HILTS. What are they, Jack?
- JACK. The High Constable's man, Ball Hanny; and
 Mistress Wisp,
 Our lady's woman.
- HILTS. And are the table merry?
- JACK. There's a young tile-maker makes all laugh; 5
 He will not eat his meat, but cries at th'board
 He shall be hanged.

50 *virge*: rod.

61-2 *Inns o'Court* . . . *Chancery*: London law schools.

3 *Wisp*: see Textual Note, p. 527 below.

HILTS. He has lost his wench already:
As good be hanged.

JACK. Was she that is Pol-Martin,
Our fellow's mistress, wench to that sneak-John?

HILTS. I'faith, Black Jack, he should have been her
bridegroom: 10
But I must go to wait o'my wise masters.
Jack, you shall wait on me, and see the masque
anon:
I am half Lord Chamberlain, i'my master's
absence.

JACK. Shall we have a masque? Who makes it?

HILTS. In-and-In,
The maker of Islington: come, go with me 15
To the sage sentences of Finsbury.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX

[*Enter*] two grooms.

1ST GROOM. Come, give us in the great chair, for my
lady;
And set it there: and this for Justice Bramble.

2ND GROOM. This for the Squire my master, on the
right hand.

1ST GROOM. And this for the High Constable.

2ND GROOM. This his wife.

1ST GROOM. Then for the bride, and bridegroom
here, Pol-Martin. 5

2ND GROOM. And she-Pol-Martin, at my lady's feet.

1ST GROOM. Right.

2ND GROOM. And beside them Master
Hannibal Puppy.

1ST GROOM. And his she-Puppy, Mistress Wisp that
was:
Here's all are in the note.

2ND GROOM. No, Master Vicar:
The petty Chanon Hugh.

9 *sneak-John*: mean fellow.

10 *Black Jack*: beer jug.

13 *Lord Chamberlain*: the court official responsible for controlling
ceremonial occasions, such as masques.

15 *maker*: artificer.

Now of this Tub, and's deeds, not done in ale,
Observe, and you shall see the very tale.

*He draws the curtain, and
discovers the top of the tub.*

HILTS. Ha'peace.

Loud music.

The First Motion

MEDLAY. Here Chanon Hugh, first brings to Totten
Hall 20

The High Constable's counsel, tells the
Squire all;

Which, though discovered (give the devil his
due)

The wise of Finsbury do still pursue.

Then with the Justice doth he counterplot,
And his clerk Metaphor, to cut that knot: 25

Whilst Lady Tub, in her sad velvet gown,
Missing her son, doth seek him up and down.

SQUIRE TUB. With her Pol-Martin bare before her.

MEDLAY. Yes,

I have expressed it here in figure, and Mis-
tress Wisp her woman, holding up her train. 30

SQUIRE TUB. I'the next page, report your second
strain.

HILTS. Ha'peace.

Loud music.

The Second Motion

MEDLAY. Here the High Constable, and sages walk

To church, the dame, the daughter,

bridesmaids talk

Of wedding business; till a fellow in comes, 35

Relates the robbery of one Captain Thumbs,

Chargeth the bridegroom with it, troubles all

And gets the bride; who in the hands doth fall

Of the bold Squire, but thence soon is ta'en 40

By the sly Justice, and his clerk profane

In shape of pursuivant; which he not long

Holds, but betrays all with his trembling
tongue:

As truth will break out, and show, etc.

SQUIRE TUB. Oh thou hast made him kneel there in a
corner,

I see now: there is simple honour for you, Hilts! 45

HILTS. Did I not make him to confess all to you?

SQUIRE TUB. True; In-and-In hath done you right,
you see.

Thy third I pray thee, witty In-and-In.

CLENCH. The Squire commends'un. He doth like all
well.

TO-PAN. He cannot choose. This is gear made to sell. 50

HILTS. Ha'peace.

Loud music.

The Third Motion

MEDLAY. The careful constable here drooping
comes,

In his deluded search, of Captain Thumbs.
Puppy brings word, his daughter's run away
With the tall servingman. He frights groom
Clay 55

Out of his wits. Returneth then the Squire,
Mocks all their pains, and gives fame out a
liar

For falsely charging Clay, when 'twas the
plot,

Of subtle Bramble, who had Audrey got
Into his hand, by this winding device. 60

The father makes a rescue in a trice:

And with his daughter, like Saint George on
foot,

Comes home triumphing, to his dear heart
root,

45 *simple*: pure.

49–50 The whereabouts of the Constable's men in this scene is a problem. No entry is specified for them, nor were seats set for them in V.ix. At V.iii.11 and V.vii.57–8 it looks as though they are to be entertained apart from the wedding party, yet their presence in the final scene is clearly implied here. The case of Metaphor is similar (see 101).

50 *gear made to sell*: pretty impressive stuff.

63 *heart root*: sweetheart.

And tells the Lady Tub, whom he meets
 there,
 Of her son's courtesies, the bachelor, 65
 Whose words had made 'em fall the hue and
 cry.
 When Captain Thumbs coming to ask him,
 why
 He had so done? he cannot yield him cause:
 But so he runs his neck into the laws.
 HILTS. Ha'peace. 70

Loud music.

The Fourth Motion

MEDLAY. The laws, who have a noose to crack his
 neck,
 As Justice Bramble tells him, who doth peck
 A hundred pound out of his purse, that
 comes
 Like his teeth from him, unto Captain
 Thumbs.
 Thumbs is the Vicar in a false disguise: 75
 And employs Metaphor, to fetch this prize;
 Who tells the secret unto Basket Hilts
 For fear of beating. This the Squire quilts
 Within his cap, and bids him but purloin
 The wench for him: they two shall share the
 coin. 80
 Which the sage lady in her 'foresaid gown
 Breaks off, returning unto Kentish Town,
 To seek her Wisp; taking the Squire along,
 Who finds Clay John, as hidden in straw
 throng.
 HILTS. Oh, how am I beholden to the inventor, 85
 That would not, on record against me enter
 My slackness here, to enter in the barn;
 Well In-and-In, I see thou canst discern!
 SQUIRE TUB. On with your last, and come to a
 conclusion.
 HILTS. Ha'peace. 90

Loud music.

The Fifth Motion

- MEDLAY. The last is known, and needs but small
 infusion
 Into your memories, by leaving in
 These figures as you sit. I, In-and-In,
 Present you with the show: first of Lady
 Tub, and her son, of whom this masque here,
 made I. 95
 Then bridegroom Pol, and Mistress Pol the
 bride:
 With the sub-couple, who sit them beside.
- SQUIRE TUB. That only verse I altered for the better
euphonia gratia.
- MEDLAY. Then Justice Bramble, with Sir Hugh the
 Chanon:
 And the bride's parents, which I will not
 stan'on, 100
 Or the lost Clay, with the recovered Miles:
 Who thus unto his Master him 'conciles,
 On the Squire's word, to pay old Turf his
 club,
 And so doth end our *Tale*, here, of a *Tub*.

98 *euphonia gratia*: for the sake of euphony (garbled Greek and Latin).

103 *club*: contribution (the money stolen from him).

EPILOGUE

SQUIRE TUB. This Tale of me, the Tub of Totten
 Court,
 A poet first invented for your sport.
 Wherein the fortune of most empty tubs
 Rolling in love, are shown; and with what rubs,
 We're commonly encountered, when the wit 5
 Of the whole hundred so opposeth it.
 Our petty Chanon's forkèd plot in chief,
 Sly Justice arts, with the High Constable's brief
 And brag commands; my lady mother's care;
 And her Pol-Martin's fortune; with the rare 10
 Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the cask;
 Got In-and-In to gi't you in a masque;
 That you be pleased, who come to see a play,
 With those that hear, and mark not what we say.
 Wherein the poet's fortune is, I fear, 15
 Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.
 [Exeunt.]

4 *rubs*: impediments (term from bowls).

9 *brag*: spirited.

11 *poor John*: dried fish.

TEXTUAL NOTES

KEY

c	corrected
F	1616 folio
F2	1640–1 folio
F3	1692 folio
G	Gifford
H&S	Herford and Simpson
O	octavo
Q	quarto
u	uncorrected
W	Whalley

The Alchemist

The only stage direction in Q is at II.iii.210.

- Dedication Heading. DESERVING . . . BLOOD: F; aequall with vertue, *and her Blood*: The Grace, and Glory of women: Q.
- 6–8 *Or how . . . virtue*: F; Or how, yet, might a gratefull minde be furnish'd against the iniquitie of *Fortune*; except, when she fail'd it, it had power to impart it selfe? A way found out, to ouercome euen those, whom *Fortune* hath enabled to returne most, since they, yet leaue themselues more. In this assurance am I planted; and stand with those affections at this Altar, as shall no more auoide the light and witsnesse, than they doe the conscience of your vertue.: Q.
- 10 *of it*: F; omitted Q.
- 10 *which*: F; that: Q.
- 12 *as the times are*: F; in these times: Q.
- 13 *assiduity*: F; daylinesse: Q.
- 14 *This, yet*: F; But this: Q.
- TO THE READER: Q; not in F.
- 7 *dances and antics*: Qc; Iigges, and Daunces: Qu.
- 17 *many*: Qc; Multitude: Qu.
- The Persons Heading PLAY: F; Comoedie: Q.
- 16–17 *The Scene* LONDON: F; omitted Q.
- Prologue 10 *for*: F; to: Q.
- I.i.69 *called our*: F; the high: Qc; called the high: Qu.
- I.i.106–7 *Cheater*. FACE. Bawd. / SUBTLE. *Cowherd*: F2; *Cheater*. / FAC. Bawd. SVB. *Cowherd*: F.
- I.i.114 *it*: F; omitted Q.
- I.i.148 *Death on me*: F; Gods will: Q.
- I.ii.15 *you*: Mares; you.: Q, F. Mares argues that the point in Q is actually the corner of a space which has accidentally printed.
- I.ii.26 *Turk, was*: G; *Turke was,*: Q, F.
- I.ii.45 *Dogs-meat*: F; *Dogges-mouth*: Q.
- I.ii.56 *Testament*: Q; XENOPHON: F. A change made in F to avoid the imputation of profanity.
- I.ii.122 *I,*: F3; I: Q, F.
- I.ii.135 *Jove*: F; Gad: Q.
- I.iii.67 *Mercurial*: F; *Mercurian*: Q.
- I.iv.1 SUBTLE: G; FACE: Wilkes. (In Q and F Face's name is first in the massed heading of this scene.)
- I.iv.16 *possessed*: F; possess'd on't: Q.
- II.i.11 *the*: F; my: Q.

- II.i.30 *my*: Q; *thy*: F.
 II.i.64 *nature naturised*: Mares; *nature, naturiz'd*: Q, F.
 II.i.67 *month*: Mares; *month*: Q, F.
 II.ii.12 *stuff enough*: F2; *stufte, inough*: Q, F.
 II.ii.13 *Buy*: F; *Take*: Q.
 II.ii.29 *sir*; *he*: Mares; *sir, he*: Q, F; *sir, he*: G.
 II.ii.58–9 *They . . . others*: F; omitted Q.
 II.ii.60 *pure*: F; *best*: Q.
 II.iii.18 *Now*: F2; *No*: Q, F.
 II.iii.176 *metals*: F; *Mettall*: Q.
 II.iii.221, 222: Q, G, H&S; lines transposed in F.
 II.iii.249 *Ulen*: F; *Zephyrus*: Q.
 II.iii.260 *Or so?* SUBTLE. [*within*] *Ulen!*: G; *or so?*: Q; *Or so? – Ulen.*: F.
 II.iii.271 *treacherous't*: this edn; *treacherou'st*: F.
 II.iii.272 SURLY: G; SVB.: Q, F.
 II.iii.272 *her –*: this edn; *her*: F.
 II.iii.315 *Ulen*: F; omitted Q.
 II.v.10 *stypitic*: F2; *stipstick*: Q, F.
 II.v.55 *penn'orth*: F2; *penn'orth*: F.
 II.vi.25 FACE: F; omitted Q.
 III.i.2–4 *we of the . . . Sent forth*: F; *th'Elect must beare, with patience*; /
They are exercises of the Spirit, / And sent: Q.
 III.i.5 *heathen*: F2; *heathen*: Q, F.
 III.i.29 *so*: H&S; *so*: Qc; *so*: Qu, F.
 III.ii.35 *paintings*: F; *painting*: Q.
 III.ii.36 *talc*: Q; *Talek*: F.
 III.ii.46 *Withal*: F2, H&S; *With all*: Q, F.
 III.ii.99 *glorious*: F; *holy*: Q.
 III.ii.118 *orphans*: Mares; *orphane*: Q, F.
 III.ii.135 *you'll*: F; *you shall*: Q.
 III.ii.142 *a present*: F2; *present*: Q, F.
 III.iii.59 *Excellent*: F; *Excellent*: Q.
 III.iii.62 FACE: F2; omitted Q, F.
 III.iii.79 *Let's*: F; *Lett's vs*: Q.
 III.iii.80 *you, take*: F; *you. take*: Q.
 III.iv.4 (*he says*): F; omitted Q.
 III.iv.9 *done, Nab*: F; *done*: Q.
 III.iv.75 'Ods: F; *God's*: Q.
 III.iv.92 *That*: Q; (*That*: F.
 III.iv.92 *without*: Fc; *without*: Fu.
 III.iv.108 *worms, . . . it.*: Mares; *wormes) . . . it.*: F.
 III.iv.132 *go*: F; *goe, Sir*: Q.
 IV.i.6 *o'*: F; *on*: Q.
 IV.i.18 *Ulen*: F; *Lungs*: Q.
 IV.i.21 *nor no*: this edn; *no nor*: Q, F.
 IV.i.35 *that*: F2; *that*: F.
 IV.i.44 *not. Had*: F; *not, had*: Q.
 IV.i.53 *drug*: Q; *drug*: F.
 IV.i.62 *not how! It*: F; *not, how; It*: Q.
 IV.i.70 *court the courtier*: F; *court, the Courtier*: Q.
 IV.i.101 *recluse! – is*: Mares; *recluse? is*: Q; *recluse! is*: F.
 IV.i.107 *the*: F; omitted Q.
 IV.i.112 *in*: F; *of*: Q.
 IV.ii.28 *this!*: F; *this*: Q.
 IV.iii.11 'Slight: F; 'Sblood: Q.
 IV.iii.12 *gi'*: F; *giue*: Q.

- IV.iii.32 *Gracias*: Mares; Gratia: Q, F.
 IV.iii.79 *tanto*: G; tanta: Q, F.
 IV.iii.83 *hinges*: Q; hinges,: F.
 IV.iii.94 *Tengo*: G; Tiengo: Q, F.
 IV.iv.3 FACE: Q; omitted F.
 IV.iv.35 *Why*: G; Why?: Q, F.
 IV.iv.81 *garden, sir*: F; garden. Sir,: Q.
 IV.iv.83 *child, advance*: F; Child. Aduance: Q.
 IV.v.27 *With*: F; Which: Q.
 IV.v.42 *stood still*: F; gone back: Q.
 IV.v.43 *gone back*: F; stand still: Q.
 IV.v.51 *This'll retard*: F; This will hinder: Q.
 IV.vii.32 *he's*: Brown, Wilkes; he hath: Q; h'has: F.
 IV.vii.58 (*Child of perdition*): Mares; Child of perdition: Q, F.
 IV.vii.104 SUBTLE.: Q; SVR.: F.
 IV.vii.126 *there*: F; then: Q.
 V.i.29 NEIGHBOUR 1.: H&S; NEI.: Q, F.
 V.iii.33 *anon*: Q; anone,: F.
 V.iii.44 *sulphur*: F; Vipers: Q.
 V.iii.44 *fire*: F; Belial: Q.
 V.iii.45 *stench, it*: F; wickednesse: Q.
 V.iii.46 *Ay, my*: F; My: Q.
 V.iii.48 *Yes*: F; I: Q.
 V.iv.23 *you*: F; her: Q.
 V.iv.29 *head*: F3; head,: Q, F.
 V.iv.50 *an'*: F; if: Q.
 V.iv.55 *twelve*: F; fiue: Q.
 V.iv.58 *your*: Q; you: F.
 V.iv.59 *away*: *pox*: F; away. A poxe: Q.
 V.iv.60 DAPPER: F2; FAC.: Q, F.
 V.iv.95 *Nab*: F; him: Q.
 V.iv.127 *'em*: Q; 'em,: F.
 V.iv.142 *Caesarean*: F; Imperiall: Q.
 V.v.13 *suster*: Q; sister: F.
 V.v.24 *pride, lust, and the cart*: F; shame, and of dishonour: Q.
 V.v.32 *he*: F2; omitted Q, F.
 V.v.63 *ha'left*: F; haue left.: Q.
 V.v.99 *idol*: F; Nemrod: Q.
 V.v.124 *get*: F; can get: Q.
 V.v.145 *I*: F; omitted Q.
 V.v.165 The statement about performance which follows is in F only.

Bartholomew Fair

- Persons 2 SOLOMON, *his man*: G; omitted F2.
 Persons 28 CORNCUTTER: G; omitted F2.
 Persons 29 TINDERBOX-MAN: Horsman; MOVSETRAP-man: F2.
 Persons 33 PASSENGERS: G; PORTERS: F2.
 Induction 86 *abovesaid, that*: this edn; abovesaid, and: F2; abovesaid
 . . . and: Hibbard.
 Induction 100-1 *at their own charge*: Hibbard; at their own charge,: F2.
 Induction 102 *right*: Hibbard; right: F2.
 Induction 142 *tapster*: Hibbard; Tapster,: F2.
 I.i.46 *i'town! Because*: Hibbard; i'Towne, because: F2.
 I.ii.8 *another – Moorfields*: Hibbard; another: Morefields: F2.
 I.ii.9 *evening – with*: Hibbard; euening, with: F2.

- I.ii.50–1 *much good do*: W; much do good: F2.
 I.iii.22 *times*: Hibbard; times: F2.
 I.iii.28 *drink*: Hibbard; drunke: F2; am drunk: H&S.
 I.iii.30 WINWIFE: Horsman; IOH: F2.
 I.iii.48 *friend*: F3; friends: F2.
 I.iv.23 *nothing, I: what*: G; nothing. I, what: F2; nothing. Aye, what: Horsman.
 I.iv.37 *abominable*;; H&S; abominable.; F2.
 I.iv.38 *heart*: H&S; heart;; F2.
 I.iv.39 *hear, Jack*: this edn; hear? Iacke: F2.
 I.v.5 *What the mischief!*: Hibbard; What, the mischief: F2.
 I.v.47 *trifles, gentlemen*;; Waith; trifles: Gentlemen.; F2.
 I.v.77 *gentlemen*;; this edn; Gentlemen:: F2.
 I.v.141 *tARRIER*: this edn; tARRIERS: F2.
 I.v.142 *go, sir*: Waith; go? Sir: F2.
 II.i.35 *eyes*;; H&S; eyes?: F2.
 II.i.49 *of*: F3; of of: F2.
 II.ii.18–19 *dost, and*: F2; dost. And: Hibbard.
 II.ii.20 *inginer. I'll*: F2; inginer, I'll: Hibbard.
 II.iv.25 *what's*: F3; what: F2.
 II.iv.74 *woman*;; F3; woman.: F2.
 II.iv.87 *Zekiel, count it!*: Hibbard; Zekiel! count it.; F2.
 II.v.91 *sure*;; Hibbard; sure.; F2.
 II.v.101 *upright*;; Hibbard; upright.; F2.
 II.v.102 *fennel*;; H&S; fennell: F2.
 II.vi.99 *Will*: F3; well: F2.
 III.ii.10 *pimp*;; F3; Pimpe: F2.
 III.ii.35 *nor*: F2; not: H&S.
 III.ii.150 *sisters*;; this edn; sisters: F2.
 III.iii.6 *lost – and*: Hibbard; lost: and: F2.
 III.iii.6–7 *too – which*: Hibbard; too, which: F2.
 III.iv.49 *coxcomb, with all my heart – nay*: this edn; coxcombe; with all my heart; nay: F2; coxcomb. With all my heart – nay: Hibbard; coxcomb, with all my heart; nay: Waith.
 III.iv.69–70 *Numps. That?*: Hibbard; Numps, that: F2.
 III.v.22 *now? Hereafter*: Waith; now, hereafter?: F2.
 III.v.34 *than*: after H&S; then then: F2.
 III.v.128 *yet. O'thy*: this edn; yet o'thy: F2; yet, o'thy: H&S.
 III.v.147 *a far*: G; a: F2.
 III.v.156 *charms are*: this edn; charm, are: F2; charm! Are: Hibbard.
 III.v.199 *gentleman*;; H&S; Gentleman: F2.
 III.v.200 *mistaking*;; H&S; mistaking.; F2.
 III.vi.43 *and*: F3; and and: F2.
 III.vi.100 *be*: F3; be a: F2.
 IV.i.76 *is*;; Horsman; is: F2.
 IV.i.92 *him list*: H&S; his list: F2.
 IV.i.94 *Ay*;; this edn; I: F2.
 IV.ii.68 *presently*;; this edn; presently.; F2.
 IV.ii.116 *thee. Come along, thou*: Hibbard; thee, come along: thou: F2; thee, come along. Thou: Waith.
 IV.iii.13 *almost*;; Hibbard; almost: F2.
 IV.iii.70 *it is, is*: H&S; it is: F2.
 IV.iii.113 *warrant*;; H&S; warrant.; F2.
 IV.iii.114 *am I*: F2; am: F3, H&S; am aye: Hibbard.
 IV.iii.132 *vapours. They*: Hibbard; vapours, they: F2.
 IV.iii.141 *love*: F2; law: Hibbard.

- IV.iv.235 *purchase.*: Hibbard; purchase,: F2.
 IV.iv.247 *vessel? Employed.*: Hibbard; vessell employed: F2; vessel [is] employed: F3.
 IV.iv.251 s.d.: this edn; not in F2.
 IV.iv.264 s.d.: this edn; not in F2.
 IV.iv.266 *take*: H&S; talk: F2.
 IV.v.51 *it.*: H&S; it: F2.
 IV.vi.126 *neutral – stay*: Hibbard; neutrall stay: F2.
 IV.vi.127 *him –*: Hibbard; him.: F2.
 IV.vi.140 *man*: Horsman; man!: F2.
 IV.vi.159 *warrant.*: F3; warrant.: F2.
 IV.vi.167 *though. – Friend*: F3; though, friend: F2.
 IV.vi.182 *I have*: F3; I I haue: F2.
 V.i.13 *Prentices.*: F3; prentices,: F2.
 V.ii.8 *prosecute, first.*: after Hibbard; prosecute: first,: F2.
 V.ii.83 *together.*: F3; together.: F2.
 V.ii.88 s.d. *considers*: F3; consider: F2.
 V.ii.91 *Winwife*: F3; Winwife,: F2.
 V.ii.144 *pound, now?*: H&S; pound? now,: F2.
 V.iii.44 *will*: F3; well: F2.
 V.iii.54 *i'faith?*: H&S; i'faith,: F2.
 V.iii.66 *to drink*: W; drink: F2.
 V.iii.153 *pipe.*: F3; Pipe: F2.
 V.iv.8 *what.*: Horsman; what: F2.
 V.iv.86 *WINWIFE*: H&S; WIN: F2.
 V.iv.127 *Leander.*: H&S; Leander.: F2.
 V.iv.147 *at*: F3; a: F2.
 V.iv.151 *that he*: H&S; thhe: F2.
 V.iv.262 *me my*: F3; many: F2.
 V.iv.272 *sayest. What's*: F3; sayest, whats: F2.
 V.iv.276 *her.*: F3; her.: F2.
 V.iv.294 *not.*: F3; not: F2.
 V.v.21 *of the*: G; of: F2.
 V.v.33 *him.*: F3; him,: F2.
 V.v.57 *GRACE*; Waith; QVA.: F2.
 V.vi.6 *too.*: after F3; too,: F2.
 V.vi.7 *man.*: H&S; man: F2.
 V.vi.14 *for*: F3; fot: F2.
 V.vi.45 *enormity and*: Hibbard; enormity, and: F2.
 V.vi.58 *by.*: H&S; by: F2.
 V.vi.68 *you.*: F3; you: F2.
 V.vi.95 *goods, to*: this edn; goods, and to: F2.
 V.vi.95 *in pardoning*: Hibbard; in: F2.
 V.vi.98 *Winwife.*: H&S; Win-wife: F2.
 Epilogue 3 *store*: F3; store,: F2.

The New Inn

- I.i.12 *FERRET. You*: Oc; You: Ou.
 I.ii.16 *gain'*: F3; 'gain': Oc; 'gen: Ou.
 I.ii.33 *also.*: this edn; also,: O.
 I.iii.14 *son*: H&S, after Cunningham; Inne: O.
 I.iii.26 *atque etiam*: Hattaway, after H&S; etiam ac: O.
 I.iii.155 *my*: Oc; o' my: Ou.
 I.iv.19 *silent*: after Oc; silent, *Enter Host*: Ou.
 I.v.11 *Pru*: W; Cis: O.

- I.v.28 *bankrupt*,: H&S; bankrupt: O.
 I.v.33 *pack*,: F3; pack?: O.
 I.v.59 *live*: W; love: O.
 I.vi.22 *hoop!*: Oc; hoop! *En. Cic*: Ou.
 I.vi.25 *Pru*: Oc; Cis: Ou.
 I.vi.25 *her*,: Ou; her, *Ent. Pru.*: Oc.
 I.vi.29, 32 PRUDENCE: Oc; Cis: Ou.
 I.vi.46 *Prudence*: Oc; Cicely: Ou.
 I.vi.47 *condition*: Oc; disposition: Ou.
 I.vi.166 *spark*: Oc; sparkle: Ou.
 II.i.39 *scene. Pru.*: O; scene, Pru,: Hattaway.
 II.ii.8 *him*,: H&S; him, host,: Ou; him,: Oc.
 II.ii.9 *Ho!* SERVANT. [*within*] *Anon*: after H&S; *Ho Ser. Anone*: Oc; omitted Ou.
 II.ii.13 *It is*: Oc; Is: Ou.
 II.ii.14 *do*: Oc; do,: Ou.
 II.ii.15 *to*: Oc; to do: Ou.
 II.ii.20 *Yes*,: Oc; Yes madame: Ou.
 II.iv.24 *Unknow*: Oc; vn-known: Ou.
 II.iv.25 *in*,: Oc; in, still,: Ou.
 II.iv.30 *rooms*: Oc; roome: Ou.
 II.iv.35 *Quartermaster*: this edn, after H&S; Quarter-master Fly: O.
 II.v.3 *yet a*: G; yet. A: O; yet, a: F3.
 II.v.6 *thy*: Oc; the: Ou.
 II.v.7 *and ha'*: Oc; and I'le ha': Ou.
 II.v.24 FLY: H&S; Fly,: O.
 II.v.71 *What*: Oc; That: Ou.
 II.v.73–5 *Sir . . . Hudibras*: Oc; Ou divides: *Sir . . . father / Of . . . styled / Of . . . Hudibras*.
 II.v.76 *why*: Oc; with: Ou.
 II.v.85 *what are*: Oc; what's: Ou.
 II.v.87 *had*: Oc; hath: Ou.
 II.v.106 *great*: Oc; broken: Ou.
 II.v.111 *At*: Oc; A: Ou.
 II.v.111 *weapons*,: Oc; weapons: Ou.
 II.v.115–16 (*that . . . year*): Oc; that . . . year,: Ou.
 II.v.121 *less*: F3; lesse,: O.
 II.vi.35 *close*,: this edn; close,: O.
 II.vi.124 *all*: F3; all,: O.
 II.vi.153 *minutes*,: this edn; minutes,: O.
 II.vi.170 *gentle*: G; gentile: O; genteel: Hattaway.
 II.vi.237 *envy*: this edn, after H&S; enjoy: O.
 II.vi.239 *show*: H&S; sow: O.
 II.vi.246 *constant*,: this edn constant,: O.
 III.i.51 *elegancies*,: Hattaway; elegancies,: O; elegancies –: H&S.
 III.i.54–5 *claret . . . milk*: G; O divides: *claret? / Tip . . . Anone. / Pei . . . milk*.
 III.i.58 *Who is*: H&S; Who's: O.
 III.i.93–5 *Sometimes . . . Fly*: W; O divides: *Sometimes . . . there's – / Fli . . . anone. / Pec . . . Master. / Tip . . . Flie*.
 III.i.95 *horse come*,: Hattaway; horse, come,: O.
 III.i.169–70 PECK . . . *Burst*: G; O divides: *Pec . . . come? / Pec . . . heere. / Tip . . . Burst*.
 III.ii.28 *'Tis*: F3; T's: O.
 III.ii.161 *alters*: G; alter: O.
 III.ii.167 *love*: Oc; loves: Ou.

- III.ii.175 *thorough*: H&S; through: O.
 III.ii.199 *lasting*: H&S; lasting.: O.
 III.ii.277–9 as verse in O, dividing: attendance / To . . . houre, / And.
 IV.i.15 *blew't off*: Oc; blew toff: Ou.
 IV.iv.123 *as it*: F3; as: O.
 IV.iv.145–6 *feign*, / *My subtile*: G; faine! my / Subtill: O.
 IV.iv.239 *first.*: G; first. *Pru.*: O.
 IV.iv.286 *your*: G; her: O.
 IV.iv.288 *No.*: H&S; Not: O.
 IV.iv.302 *deciphering.*: W; deciphering.: O.
 IV.iv.303 *to't.*: W; to't.: O.
 V.i.8 *I Philip*: G; Philip, I: O.
 V.ii.48 *fibres*: W; fiuers: O.
 V.ii.55 *whe'r*: Hattaway; wher: O.
 V.iv.10 *LADY FRAMPUL*: Tennant; Lat: O.
 V.v.55 *against her: poverty*: this edn, after H&S; against, her poverty: O;
 against: her poverty: Hattaway.
 V.v.92 *trouble*;; H&S; trouble?: O.

Ode to Himself

The *Ode to Himself* appears at the end of the octavo text of *The New Inn* and was subsequently printed twice in 1640, in quarto in *Ben Jonson's Execution against Vulcan* (Q) and in duodecimo in *Q. Horatius Flaccus, His Art of Poetry* (D). Numerous contemporary manuscripts also contain copies, of varying degrees of authority. A complete collation of all the variants is plainly beyond the scope of this edition, and I offer here only a selection of some of the most significant of these variants.

- 2 *loathsome*: O; loathed: MS.
 3 *in faction*: O; together: MSS.
 10 *made*: O; born: MS.
 11 *them*: O; out: MS.
 19 *leave*: O; loath: MSS.
 21 *some*: O; a: Q, D, MSS.
 24 *out of*: Q, D, MSS.; out: O.
 27–8 *There . . . meal*: O; Brooms sweepings do as well / There, as his
 Master's meale: Q, D, MSS.
 33 *stage*: O; scene: Q, D, MSS.
 33, 35, 36 *your*: O; their: MS.
 36 *larding*: O; stuffing: Q, D, MSS.
 37 *their foul*: O; rage of: Q, D; rags of: MSS.
 39 *turned*: O; foule: Q, D, MSS.
 49 *strain*: O; veine: MS.; trayne: MS.
 54 *may*: O; may be: Q, D.
 56 *As . . . ours*: O; That no tun'd Harpe [lute tun'd: MS.] like ours: Q, D.
 58 *No . . . stars*: O; Shall truely hit the Starres: Q, D.
 59 *In . . . acts*: O; When they shall read the Acts: Q, D, MSS.
 59 *his sweet*: O; Charles his: Q, D, MSS.
 60 *And . . . chariot*: O; And see his Chariot triumph: Q, D, MSS.

A Tale of a Tub

- I.i.5 *quiristers*: F2; choristers: Wilkes.
 I.i.35 *Rasi*: H&S; Basi': F2.
 I.i.88 *your*: this edn; you: F2; you,: Wilkes.
 I.i.92 *doth*: F2; does: H&S.

- I.ii.7 *'un*: H&S; *'um*: F2.
 I.ii.39 *For aught*: F3; *For I ought*: F2.
 I.iii.41–6 lineation follows H&S and G; F2 divides: *A clown . . . earth, / Ere sin' . . . first, / Which . . . Middlesex. / Tur . . . me. / I had . . . Middlesex.*
 I.v.22 *Nott-headed*: G; *Knot-headed*: F2.
 I.v.49–51 lineation follows H&S and G; F2 divides: *Insinuate . . . Trope - . / Pre . . . Metaphor. / Fetch . . . say.*
 I.v.59 *straining*: this edn; *spraying*: F2.
 I.vi.25 *Without a reverence*: H&S; printed as a marginal note in F2; placed by G after *presence*.
 II.i.36 *Come*: G; *Tur. Come*: F2. A speech may have been lost here or inserted.
 II.i.38 JOYCE: G; *Sc*: F2.
 II.i.56 CLENCH: G; *Ite*: F2.
 II.ii.9 *snarl*: this edn; *snorle*: F2.
 II.ii.74 *o'the*: H&S; *o'*: F2.
 II.ii.87 *mile west o'this town*: G; *mile o' this Towne*: F2; *mile o' this Towne, we*: H&S.
 II.ii.110 TURF: H&S; omitted in F2.
 II.ii.149 *alas! I would*: this edn; *alas I! would*: F2; *alas, I would*: G.
 II.ii.152 *No, in-and-out?*: this edn; *No, In-and-out?*: F2; *No In-and-out?*: H&S; *No, in-and-out?*: G.
 II.iii.7 s.d.: this edn; not in F2.
 II.iii.13 *knavery, Puppy?* PUPPY. *No*: H&S; *knavery, Puppy? No*: F2; *Knavery? Puppy. No*: F3.
 II.iv.13 *lord*: this edn; *Lard*: F2; *laird*: G.
 II.vi.2 *make*: F3; *makes*: F2.
 II.vi.26 *would I*: F2; *would that I*: H&S.
 III.i.49 *Tony*: H&S; *Tomy*: F2.
 III.i.80 *n'attempt*: this edn; *ra'tempt*: F2.
 III.v.56 *I*: H&S; omitted in F2.
 III.vi.26 *name was Vadian*: H&S; *name Vadian*: F2.
 III.vi.46 *on*: F2; *upon*: H&S.
 III.vii.35 *run*: F3; *ran*: F2.
 III.viii.19 *And*: this edn; *As*: F2.
 III.viii.20 *Canbury*: G; *Canterbury*: F2.
 IV.i.38 *leazins*): F3; *leazins*: F2.
 IV.i.42 *zo*: H&S; *za*: F2.
 IV.i.82 *who knows not*: G; *wee who not*: F2; *wee - who not*: H&S.
 IV. scene interloping, 41 *stroke*: this edn; *streak*: F2.
 IV.ii.31 *Oh for the*: H&S; *Oh the*: F2.
 IV.ii.43 *scrapehill scoundrel*: H&S; *Scrape-hill, Skoundrell*: F2.
 IV.iii.21 *empty-handed*: F3; *empty-headed*: F2.
 IV.iv.11 *Miles.*: H&S; *Miles,;*: F2.
 IV.v.17–18 TUB. *How say you? / Was*: H&S; *How say you? / Tub. Was*: F2.
 IV.v.31 *this is all*: H&S; *this all*: F2; *this be all*: G.
 IV.vi.55 SQUIRE TUB: this edn; *Tur*: F2; *D. Tur*: H&S.
 IV.vi.94 DAME TURF: G; *Tub*: F2, H&S; *Hil*: Wilkes.
 V.ii.36 *joiner. In*: this edn; *Joyner, in*: F2; *Joyner: in*: H&S.
 V.ii.36 *it*,: F3; *it*,: F2.
 V.ii.37 *In-and-In*: F3; *In-and-In.*: F2.
 V.v.10 *sauce*: this edn; *source*: F2.
 V.vi.1 POL-MARTIN: F3; *Lad*: F2.
 V.vii.24 *Rumming*: H&S; *Bumming*: F2.

V.vii.27 *win.*: H&S; *win.*: F2.

V.viii.3 *Wisp*: G; *Wispes*: F2; *Wisp's*: Wilkes.

V.ix.14 *tall toters*: G; *tall-toters*: F2.

V.x.101 *Miles*: G; *Giles*: F2, H&S.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

The Alchemist

- I.iii.55–7 Herford and Simpson point out that there is an error in Druggers's horoscope. If Druggers's 'house of life' was Libra, 'the lord of his horoscope' would have been Venus, but Subtle has substituted Mercury who, as the god of businessmen, would have represented a more attractive patron to him.
- II.i.14 *commodity*: goods – often worthless or overpriced – which, to avoid the usury laws, a borrower was often forced to accept as part of his loan, and which he would only be able to resell at a loss; a common Jacobean swindle. In this instance, the borrower is bullied into sealing the loan, and he in turn beats the servant who brings the commodity. Possibly the punk herself (II.i.11) is the commodity.
- II.ii.41–87 Mammon's fantasy of luxury is a mosaic of allusions to Greek and Roman authors, a kind of compendium of classical debauchery. The erotic pictures and sensual mists are from Suetonius, *Tiberius*, 43, and *Nero*, 31; the mirrors are mentioned by Seneca, *Naturales Quaestiones*, 1.16; Juvenal (*Satires*, X.304–6) mentions the employment of parents as bawds; Pliny describes Cleopatra as having drunk dissolved pearl, and refers to dormice and pregnant sows as delicacies (*Natural History*, VIII.223, IX.122); camels' heels and barbels are from Lampridius, *Heliogabalus*, 20. Jonson may also have consulted the recipe book of Apicius.
- II.iv.20 *Anabaptist*: strictly, a member of a sect which had rejected infant baptism; a member of a voluntary, 'gathered' church of the elect, conversion and admission to which was marked by adult baptism. After the Anabaptist insurrection in Munster of 1534–6, which produced communism, polygamy and apocalyptic millenarianism, the name came to be applied as a slur to any Protestant group of unorthodox persuasions. Ananias is one of a tiny persecuted minority who, by Jonson and others, were made to seem either fools or crazy bogeymen.
- IV.v.1–32 Dol's gibberish is constructed out of borrowings from *A Concent of Scripture* (1590), by the godly divine Hugh Broughton, an extraordinary volume which attempts to demonstrate the inevitability of God's historical purposes by elaborately establishing the coherence of the Bible's chronology and its satisfaction of its own prophecies, and which looks forward to history's fulfilment in the destruction of Rome and the establishment of the new Jerusalem. It deals in detail with Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's dream of a great image with a golden head, silver breast, brass belly, iron legs and feet of clay, explained as a prophecy of the future fortunes of the kingdoms of the earth (hence Dol's 'Egypt clay-leg' and 'Gog clay-leg'). For Jonson, Broughton's overwrought style typifies the Puritan's misplaced ingenuity and abuse of language. In particular, Dol quotes passages dealing with language and the problem of overcoming the division of tongues that has accompanied the division of empires, which have symbolic force in a play replete with obfuscation, jargon, and nonsense.

Bartholomew Fair

- Induction 149–54 A series of references to Shakespeare's late plays. Throughout the Induction, Jonson is criticising the romantic aesthetic of the popular stage in general, distancing himself from the taste for marvels and trivial jests possessed by the popular audience for which,

notwithstanding, he is writing. In this passage, however, he identifies specific instances of an illegitimate aesthetic from Shakespeare's late romances. The *servant monster* (148) patently alludes to Caliban, while the *nest of antics* (collection of grotesque dances), *drolleries* and *jigs* probably glance at the spectacular elements included in *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* (the titles of which are explicitly referred to at 150–1). The canons of Jonson's neo-classical decorum are violated by Shakespeare's tolerance of romance, accommodating as it does wonders, coincidences and imaginative contrivances that 'make nature afraid' (149–50) – that is, have no place in the strict order of nature, deeds and language such as men do use (see the prologue to the revised version of *Every Man in his Humour*). The 'fortune' of which Quarulous and Winwife will take advantage will be the random falling-out of gambler's luck, rather than the providential powers of Shakespearean romance. Yet as Jonson's later *rapprochement* with the very popular forms which he here affects to despise shows, his repudiation of popular tastes was by no means so straightforward as it at first looks.

- Induction 165 *Mirror of Magistrates*: The phrase recalls the famous Tudor volume *A Mirror for Magistrates* (1555, later edns to 1621), a compendium of laments in verse, supposedly spoken by the ghosts of dead princes and which peddled a variety of political advice; but it possibly refers more specifically to *A Mirror for Magistrates of Cities* (1584) by George Whetstone, which includes passages encouraging magistrates to go out in disguise in order to seek out evil livers and iniquities. See also Additional Note on II.i.16.
- I.ii.72–9 The Littlewits' account of Busy is designed to establish him as a caricature of a Puritan. *Meal-tide* parodies the Puritan linguistic habit of substituting '-tide' for '-mas' (which had popish overtones) in words such as 'Christmas'; *sweet singers* is another cant phrase, here referring to ministers who have been ejected from their livings for their radical opinions. The length, elaborateness and conceitedness of the *grace* said by Puritans before meals was a notorious jibe, and for this Busy's *spirit* would be responsible, the inner inspiration of the Holy Spirit to which the godly laid claim. His concern for Littlewit's *vocation* echoes the Puritan doctrine that each man had been given abilities that suited him to a particular *calling*, at which he must labour and of which he must finally make account (an idea to which Jonson returns in the dispute with the puppet, in V.v); he is opposed to Littlewit's vocation, since Littlewit works in the ecclesiastical courts of the bishops (which the more extreme reformers wished to see swept away). The *Beast* comes from Revelation; he is a symbol of the power of Antichrist, the unreformed elements still present in the Church of England.
- I.iv.126 *gibcat*: the practical joke alluded to runs as follows: a bet is made with a victim that a cat can pull him through a pond; a rope is tied to him, its free end is thrown across the pond and the cat is tied to it with pack-thread; then those 'appointed to guide the cat' pull the victim through the pond (Herford and Simpson).
- I.v.180 *hypocrite*: a key term in the play's religious satire. Littlewit urges Win to be a hypocrite, i.e. a player, and it was the hypocrisy of play-acting that most horrified Puritans, that actors pretended to be the thing they were not. But 'hypocrite' could also be used satirically to mean a pretender to religious purity of a high order. In the course of the play Busy will be exposed as a true 'hypocrite', no less a pretender than the puppets with whom he disputes in V.v.
- II.i.0 s.d. A payment in the Whitehall accounts for 'Canvas for the

Booths and other necessities for a play called Bartholomewe Faire' suggests that it was probably the case that at Whitehall and the Hope the Fair was created on stage by means of the erection of a group of booths, similar to the 'mansions' in use on the sixteenth-century stage, around which the action could have flowed easily and without interruption. It is likely that several scenic locations, such as Ursla's and Leatherhead's booths, the stocks and the puppet theatre, were simultaneously present on stage throughout all or part of Acts II–V. As the characters move through the play, they tend to gravitate towards one or other of these locales, each of which acts as an organising focus for part of the action. The staging is discussed in detail by E. M. Waith in *Studies in English Literature*, 2 (1962), pp. 181–95, reprinted as an appendix to Waith's Yale edition of the play.

- II. i. 16 In creating Overdo, Jonson may have had in mind the activities of Thomas Middleton, Lord Mayor of London in 1613–14, who claimed to have investigated weights and measures abuses in alehouses and victualling-houses personally and in disguise, and who wrote to the Privy Council concerning 'a reformation of these enormities' among victuallers and brewers. He received the dedication of Richard Johnson's *Look on Me London* (1613), which plagiarises extensively from George Whetstone's *A Mirror for Magistrates of Cities* to which Jonson alludes in the Induction, 165 (see Additional Note). The title of Johnson's book may have suggested Overdo's turn of phrase at V. vi. 38. For full details of Middleton, see D. McPherson, 'The origins of Overdo', *Modern Language Quarterly*, 37 (1976), pp. 221–33.
- III. v. 78–186 Nightingale's ballad is constructed from a number of popular tales and recent news items. Verse 2 uses Thomas Dekker's *Jests to make you Merry* (1607); verse 3 uses an apocryphal story from the life of Sir Thomas More; the cutpurse at court in verse 4 was detected stealing a purse in the King's Chapel at Whitehall on Christmas Day 1611.
- III. v. 314–20 *my guardian*: Grace is a victim of the system of wardship. Her father was a tenant of the king's, who died while she was still in her minority, and her guardianship has been sold by the crown to Overdo, who thus controls her marriage and estate while she is still a minor. If she marries without Overdo's consent she must make financial amends, unless she can prove *disparagement* (321), that her guardian intends to marry her to a socially inferior husband. A major grievance against the crown in this period, the Court of Wards was abolished by the Long Parliament in 1646.
- V. i. 11–15 Leatherhead lists the subjects of five puppet shows, which are variously scriptural and popular: the destruction of Jerusalem, the fall of Nineveh (i.e. Jonah and the whale), the building of Norwich (supposed to have been raised in an hour), the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah (which seems to have got mixed up with a sixth show on the traditional Shrove Tuesday riots of the London apprentices), and the Gunpowder plot. Some of these sound unexpectedly ambitious for puppet plays, but several can be authenticated as puppet-show titles from around this time.
- V. iii. 8–11 Leatherhead's puppet show conflates two famous English treatments of classical myths of romantic love and friendship: Marlowe's poem of *Hero and Leander* (before 1593), and Richard Edwardes's interlude of *Damon and Pithias* (1565). As happens to everything else in the Fair, this legacy from the classical and high Elizabethan past is diminished by the puppets to the same ludicrous level of sex and violently comic knockabout, but the puppet play is

also a reductive restatement of the Quarulous–Grace–Winwife plot (two friends quarrelling over one woman) and of the puppet-like automatism that infects most of the inhabitants of Jonson’s dramatic world.

- V.v.24–9 Busy’s turn of phrase here is a pastiche of two contemporary Puritan prayers: ‘We look for a bickering ere long, and then a battle, which we cannot endure’, and ‘Our souls are constantly gaping after thee, O Lord, yea verily, our souls do gape, even as an oyster.’ See Keith Sturgess, *Jacobean Private Theatre* (London, 1987), p. 173.
- V.v.59–139 Busy’s disputation with the puppet is a devastating riposte to the Puritan opponents of the stage in the period, as well as an oblique travesty of the endless sixteenth- and seventeenth-century controversies over religious ceremonial and doctrine. Jonson’s friend John Selden commented in his *Table Talk* (pub. 1689) that ‘Disputes in Religion will never be ended, because there wants a Measure by which the Businesse would be decided: The Puritan would be judged by the Word of God: If he would speak clearly, he means himself, but he is ashamed to say so . . . Ben Jonson Satyrically express’d the vain Disputes of Divines by *Inigo Lanthorne*, disputing with his puppet in *Bartholomew Fair*. It is so; It is not so: It is so, It is not so, crying thus one to another a quarter of an Hour together.’ (In naming the character Inigo Lanthorne, Selden has confused Leatherhead in *Bartholomew Fair* with the satire on Inigo Jones in *A Tale of a Tub*, V).

Opposition to the theatre from preachers and city fathers was at its height in London in the 1580s, but continued to surface noisily from time to time in the reigns of James I and Charles I. Busy makes use of two time-honoured arguments by which preachers accused the theatres of profanity – (a) that players, being players, did no work and deserved no place in the commonwealth since they failed to use properly their God-given talents and lacked a vocation or ‘calling’ (see Additional Note to I.ii.72–9 above); and (b) that on the Renaissance stage female parts were taken by boys who put on women’s clothing in contravention of Deuteronomy 22.5. The puppet is able to confute the latter argument by the simple expedient of showing that he is sexless, and so demonstrating both the essential innocence of the theatre and the sheer irrelevance of Busy’s opinions. It is worth noting that the opposition of the city fathers to the social menace of the theatre is reflected in Overdo, who disapproves both of puppets and of poetry (see III.v.7, V.iii.80 and V.vi.48).

The puppet has been playing the part of the ghost of Dionysius the tyrant (c. 367–343 BC), but plainly there is a symbolic aptness in Jonson’s contrivance that Busy’s opponent in this disputation should bear the same name as the god of festivity and revelry.

The New Inn

- I.iii.40–88 This discussion between Lovel and the Host echoes contemporary anxieties about the inflation of the ranks of the aristocracy that seemed to be happening under the early Stuarts. Elizabeth had been parsimonious in her awards of honours, but the massive explosion in grants of knighthoods and titles of nobility which followed under James I and Charles I was necessitated by the crown’s pressing financial needs and by the financial advantages which could be secured by what was basically the sale of titles and aristocratic ranks (see 52–5). The consequent decline in the social and moral authority of the Stuart nobility was conspicuously symbolised in the meteoric rise of

the Duke of Buckingham, favourite to James and subsequently Charles. To men of older aristocratic families, such as Buckingham's opponent and Jonson's friend the Earl of Arundel, the royal favourite epitomised the degeneration of chivalric traditions of honour, service and merit into a scramble for power that was both vulgar and irresponsible. Arundel, whose circle Jonson knew well, sought to embody in his career, bearing and patronage ancient values of honour and nobility which seemed to be declining under the modern dispensation; he spoke for many who were offended by the progressiveness of Stuart government and the disappearance of traditional and 'correct' manners and government. The Host's criticism of the education of the nobility echoes in a general way Jonson's own comments in *Underwoods*, 15, 42 and 44 (c. 1624–6).

- See L. Stone, *The Crisis of the Aristocracy* (Oxford, 1965), chapter 3, and K. Sharpe, *Faction and Parliament* (Oxford, 1978), pp. 237–44.
- I.iii.128–36 The idea that 'All the world's a stage', voiced explicitly here and at II.i.39–40, underlies implicitly much of the action of *The New Inn* and is crucial to its resolution. This ancient sentiment, found as a Stoical commonplace in the writings of Epictetus and Seneca, and later Christianised by Chrysostom, Augustine and Boethius, goes back at least to Plato, Democritus and Pythagoras. For Jonson, the most important modern statement of the idea – apart from Shakespeare's, of course – would have been that of Erasmus, in a notable passage of *The Praise of Folly*, 29, describing all men as merely wearing their different masks in the play of life until the producer changes their parts. Jonson himself formulates the sentiment in *Discoveries* (Herford and Simpson, VIII, p. 597).
- III.ii.66–201 Lovel's discourse on love derives from the account of love in Plato's *Symposium* (to which Lovel explicitly alludes at 87–8), modified by the commentary on the *Symposium* by Marsilio Ficino (1424). There are also resemblances to Spenser's 'Four Hymns', Donne's 'Ecstasy', and, of course, to the discourse on love in Castiglione's *The Courtier*, to which Jonson must have been indebted generally in this portrayal of a courtly debate. Lovel distinguishes between merely earthly love, the object of the senses, that urges men to procreate (*Venus genetrix*), and intellectual love, which belongs to the sphere of the mind and is in Plato a step in man's progress towards his divine condition, a rung on the ladder to universal truth and beauty. Lovel's definition does not, however, occupy the same ground as that of the fashionable 'Platonism' coming to be associated with Queen Henrietta Maria and her circle, since he does not repudiate the senses but, quite properly, admits bodily love (rightly qualified) into his scheme (III.ii.153–5) – bodily love here is the servant, not the enemy, of spiritual love; the true enemy is bestial love, 'mere degenerate appetite' (169).
- III.ii.126–7 Beaufort's opposition between a 'banquet of sense' – an abandonment to voluptuousness and titillation of all the senses – and a Platonic 'philosophic feast' derives from Ficino's commentary on the *Symposium*, in which the theme is elaborated in the development of a contrast between the extremes of bestial and heavenly love. Though there is no historical authority for associating Ovid with the voluptuous feast, his reputation as a poet of sensual love caused him in the Renaissance to be pressed into service as a spokesman for the antithesis to the spiritual love described by Plato, and the opposed banquets recur in several English poems, notably George Chapman's

Ovid's Banquet of Sense (1595). The topos is fully treated by Frank Kermode in *Renaissance Essays* (London, 1973), pp. 85–115.

In this scene, Beaufort takes the role of antagonist to Lovel's views, which in the second court scene (IV.iv) will be taken by Tiptoe. (In this respect, his function here resembles that of Alcibiades in the *Symposium*, who too is a sensual intruder into a philosophical debate.)
 IV.iv.34 Lovel's speech on valour is a mosaic of borrowings from Seneca and Cicero. Jonson drew extensively on Seneca's *De Ira* and *De Constantia*, and made incidental use of Seneca's *Epistles*, 85, and Cicero's *De Officiis*. The borrowings are set out in full in Herford and Simpson's commentary, X, pp. 324–6. Lovel's sentiments can also be paralleled in Jonson's non-dramatic verse (see especially *Underwoods*, 13.105–12, 59.14–19). In *The Magnetic Lady*, III.vi.87–97, Compass, Ironside and Sir Diaphanous Silkworm comment on this stoical definition of valour, referring specifically to its exposition in *The New Inn*.

The second half of Lovel's discourse (from 148) takes up the contemporary debate about the social problem of duelling, here treated from an ethical point of view as an instance of false valour, but also relating it, implicitly, to the concern with the true value of the social codes of the aristocracy first raised in the debate between Lovel and the Host in I.iii. In making Lovel rebuke duellists, Jonson, who in 1598 had killed the player Gabriel Spencer in a duel, was implicitly passing judgement on part of his own life.

Ode to Himself 22 *Pericles*: still in the repertoire in 1629, but written in the manner of the dramatic romances of the 1570s and 1580s, hence a *mouldy tale*. Jonson here continues criticism of Shakespeare which began in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, yet the final scene of *The New Inn* exploits precisely the same kind of old-fashioned surprises and transformations of romance that are to be found in *Pericles*.

Ode to Himself 27–8 This couplet originally contained a snide remark about Jonson's erstwhile servant and protégé Richard Brome, whose first play *The Lovesick Maid* (now lost), achieved considerable success at court and at the Blackfriars in February 1629 (see Textual Note, p. 525). But by 1630 Jonson found himself writing conciliatory verses of commendation for the published text of Brome's play *The Northern Lass*.

A Tale of a Tub

The Persons 13 IN-AND-IN MEDLAY: The name In-and-In (actually the title of a dice game) is aptly suited to a character who has connections with weaving and joinery (see IV. scene interloping, 3–9), but it also alludes to the architect Inigo Jones, with whom Jonson had publicly quarrelled concerning their shares in the production of court masques, each claiming the main responsibility for the 'invention' (the design or argument) of the masque. Jonson had been worsted at court by Jones and he received no more masque commissions after 1631, but he took his revenge by pillorying Jones in the verse satire 'An Expostulation with Inigo Jones' and in the country show *Love's Welcome at Bolsover* (1634). *A Tale of a Tub* originally included a character named Vitruvius Hoop to whom Jones took exception and caused to be struck out (Jones was known as the British Vitruvius after the prime architectural theorist of classical Rome), but his lineaments plainly survive in In-and-In Medlay, who is given Jones's characteristic catch-phrases

(V.ii.35–40) and artistic vanity (V.vii.14–26). A cooper is an appropriately reduced ‘architect’ to a dynasty of Tubs.

To Jonson, the quarrel raised the question of the dignity and authority of literature, its capacity to address the intellect and speak of ‘removed mysteries’, and its superiority over the merely mechanical shows produced by Jones’s art. The underlying issues are fully treated by D. J. Gordon in *The Renaissance Imagination* (Berkeley, 1975), pp. 77–101.

- I.i.13 *saltpetre-man*: saltpetre, for use in gunpowder, was manufactured artificially in Tudor and Stuart England from animal excrement, and saltpetre-men were licensed by the crown to break open stables, dovecotes and other buildings and dig for dung without respect of property. This was listed by Parliament as a grievance in the Grand Remonstrance (1641).
- I.iii.3–15 Turf and Puppy contribute to the Renaissance controversy over the ontological status of imaginative literature. Philip Sidney’s *Apology for Poetry* (1595) had evasively exculpated poets from the charge of lying by arguing that they do not pretend their fictions to be anything other than fictions; Francis Bacon’s *Advancement of Learning* (1605), II.iv.1, downgraded poetry as ‘nothing else but feigned history’.
- V.vii.35 *motions*: Medlay’s entertainment appears to be a revolving shadow or puppet show set on top of a large tub and illuminated and driven round by candle power. Jonson may have intended it as a parody of Inigo Jones’s ‘turning machine’ (*machina versatilis*) by means of which scene changes were often effected on the court stage, or of the spectacular revolving lanterns of oiled paper by which Jones created the illusion of whirling fiery circles in several court masques (such as *Hymenaei* and *The Lords’ Masque*). The whole show is a minimalist parody of the pompous masques of the 1630s.